MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

OCTOBER 2011! $4 US/CAN! # 341!

OH YEAH.. AND ALSO: PLATES! DECRANEO! DIET COKEHEADS! ROYAL HEADACHE! ED NASTY & THE DOPEHEADS! BLACK MAMBA BEAT TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA! UNFIT SCUM! MONGREL ZINE!!

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
180, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 229, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-273, 275-306, 308-319, 322-328, 330, 331,333-340

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- RATIONAL ANIMALS-Bock Rock Parade-LP
- RAW NERVE-Midnight-EP
- LOWEST FORM-Infinity-EP / TOTAL CONTROL-LP
- RAZORXFADE-LP / BROWN SUGAR-flexi
- MORBO-LP / POPULATION-EP
- A//NARCOLEPSIA/SIERVOS DE NADIE-split LP
- CERVIX-Life Fucker-EP
- ED SCHRADER'S MUSIC BEAT-45
- DIVORCE-EP / DEATHRATS-Give Up-EP
- INFERNÖH-demo / MALE NURSES-live

BRACE BELDEN

- JUST URBAIN-Everybody Loves Just Urbain-EP
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Everybody Knows-45
- COUNT VERTIGO-I'm a Mutant/X Patriots-45
- PARASITES OF THE WESTERN WORLD-45
- YOUNG IDENTITIES-New Trends-EP
- BLANK REALM-Hey Little Child-45
- JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III / TIMMY'S ORGANISM-split EP
- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- SKINNIES-I'm a Dullard/Out of Order-45
- RATIONAL ANIMALS-Bock Rock Parade-LP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- RAW NERVE-Midnight-EP
- RATIONAL ANIMALS-Bock Rock Parade-LP
- LOWEST FORM-Infinity-EP
- RAZORXFADE-LP
- CONVERGE/DROPDEAD-split EP
- MARABOOTS-A Genoux-EP
- PSUDOKU-Space Grind-LP
- MAJOR DAMAGE-Power of One-EP
- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- ANTHROT-demo / INFERNÖH-demo

TIM BROOKS

- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- DEAD MOON-all reissues
- CULTURE SHOCK-Everything-CD
- MARABOOTS-A Genoux-EP
- THE ENERGY-Get Split-LP
- NERVESKADE-Noise Pollution-EP
- COUNT VERTIGO-I'm a Mutant/X Patriots-45
- THE ARRIVALS/TOYS THAT KILL-live
- YOUNG IDENTITIES-New Trends-EP
- CERVIX-Life Fucker-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- LOWEST FORM-Infinity-EP
- PSUDOKU-Space Grind-LP
- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- VILE INTENT-EP / MORBO-De Baja Calidad-LP
- ISTERISMO-LP / SMASH DETOX-EP
- POPULATION-Artifacts-EP
- NOSEDIVE-demo / PERMANENT RUIN-demo
- MAJOR DAMAGE-EP / LEBAKKO-EP
- INFERNAL ROT-EP / CERVIX-EP
- SYNTHETIC ID-demo / DEKODER-demo

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- PENETRATION PANTHERS-Perpetual '80s-EP
- NERVESKADE-Noise Pollution-EP
- DOOM-Police Bastard-EP
- JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III / TIMMY'S ORGANISM-split EP
- RITES-LP
- THE ARRIVALS/TOYS THAT KILL-live
- SMART COPS-Per Proteggere E Sevire-LP
- YOUNG IDENTITIES-New Trends-EP
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Everybody Knows-45
- WHATEVER BRAINS-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- YOUNG IDENTITIES-New Trends-EP
- LOWEST FORM-Infinity-EP
- DEAD MOON-All Reissues
- RATIONAL ANIMALS-Bock Rock Parade-LP
- RAW NERVE-Midnight-EP / BROWN SUGAR-flexi
- DIVORCE-Love Attack/Meating-45
- BROWN SUGAR-flexi / EAGLE BOYS-Kambalda-EP
- CERVIX-EP / DEATHRATS-EP
- JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III / TIMMY'S ORGANISM-split EP

DAN GOETZ

- MALE NURSES-live
- RAW NERVE-Midnight-EP
- DOOM-Police Bastard-EP
- HYSTERICS-live / CERVIX-EP
- THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS-EP
- RAZORXFADE-LP
- DEAD MOON-Defiance-LP / In the Graveyard-LP
- BROKEN WATER-live / MAJOR DAMAGE-EP
- DIVORCE-EP / DEATHRATS-EP
- TOTAL CONTROL-LP / NARWHAL-tape

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ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

- PIZZA OD-Cigarettes-EP
- RAZORXFADE-LP
- VILE INTENT-Regression to the Mean-EP
- MAJOR DAMAGE-Power of One-EP
- PUKEOID-EP / SMART COPS-LP
- V/A-Best of Unsound Bands 1983-85-LP
- SKINNIES-I'm a Dullard/Out of Order-45
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Everybody Knows-45
- CRISIS OF CONFORMITY-Fist Fight/Kick It Down-45
- NIGHTBRINGER-31st and Michigan/A Better...-45

KENNY KAOS

Out introducing the people of the world to early '80s California beach punk

CAROLYN KEDDY

Out freeing the KUSF airwaves from corporate overlords!

RAY LUJAN

- COPYRIGHTS-North Sentinel Island-LP
- CRISIS OF CONFORMITY-Fist Fight/Kick It Down-45
- CULTURE SHOCK-Everything-CD
- DIRECT HIT-CD / HALF-HEARTED HERO-LP
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Everybody Knows-45
- LIPSTICK VIBRATORS-The Prick...-CD
- POPULATION-Artifacts-EP
- GRAHAM REPULSKI-Into An Animal-CD
- SMART COPS-LP / VOLT GHOSTS-LP
- CHANNEL 3-live / THE CARPETTES-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- DIVORCE-Love Attack/Meating-45
- DEAD MOON-all reissues
- V/A-Bloodstains Across Ontario-EP
- BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS-Nobody Else/Help-45
- ISTERISMO-Vittimo Del Confusione: 2005-2010-LP
- RAW NERVE-Midnight-EP
- PARASITES OF THE WESTERN WORLD-45
- CHAOTIC NEUTRAL-Strangers-EP
- CERVIX-Life Fucker-EP
- CONTRA TODOS MIS MIEDOS-Cólera-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- DEAD MOON-all reissues
- DIVORCE-Love Attack/Meating-45
- POPULATION-Artifacts-EP
- DEATHRATS-Give Up-EP
- LEBAKKO-En Tullut...-45
- ADELIT@S-No Hay Descanso-LP
- COUNT VERTIGO-I'm a Mutant/X Patriots-45
- BED WETTIN BAD BOYS-Nobody Else/Help-45
- LOWEST FORM-Infinity-EP
- BLACK WINE-LP / TENEMENT-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- POPULATION-Artifacts-EP
- TOTAL CONTROL-Henge Beat-LP
- PUKEOID-EP / DARK AGES-Can America-LP
- ISTERISMO-Vittimo Del Confusione: 2005-2010-LP
- CERVIX-EP / RAW NERVE-EP
- MORBO-De Baja Calidad-LP
- CHAOTIC NEUTRAL-Strangers-EP
- LOWEST FORM-EP / MAJOR DAMAGE-EP
- SEPTIEMBRE ONCE, BB KID, TEORA DE KAOS, VICTIMAS, BUZZCOPS, BUSH, SPEED KILLS-live

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Accept the Darkness #6*
- *Broke Ass #3*
- *Rot #1+#2*
- *Stitches In My Head #1*
- *DSS-#3*
- *Get Fit For the Pit #1*
- *Sing Me Back Home*
- *Raging Pelican #2*
- *Standard Issue #12*
- *Negative Reaction #16*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultra-violence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob.

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Blueboods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Ristetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Vakivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Cuasties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antiseet, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Beschöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt I, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykllooppien Sukupuuto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T., FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea.

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Elääköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore.

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta.

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker.

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylma Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A., '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#338/July '11. Zouo, Inservibles, Krömosom, Useless Eaters, Nightgaun, No Problem, Raw Nerves, Family Man, Lost Tribe, Gatillazo in Mexico, Czech Punk History pt 1.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September'11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

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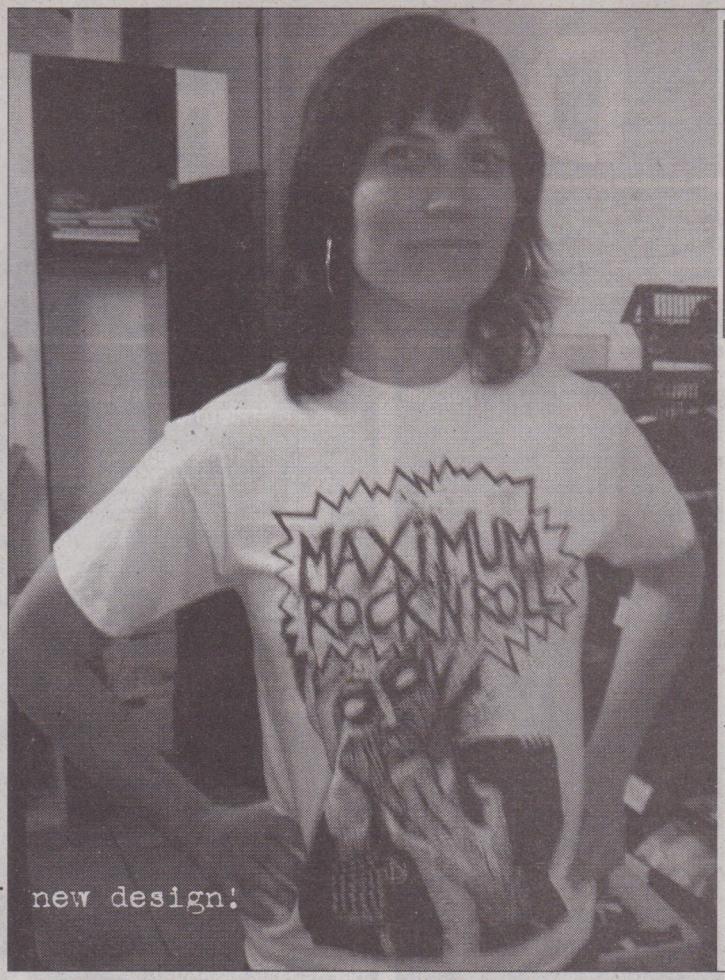

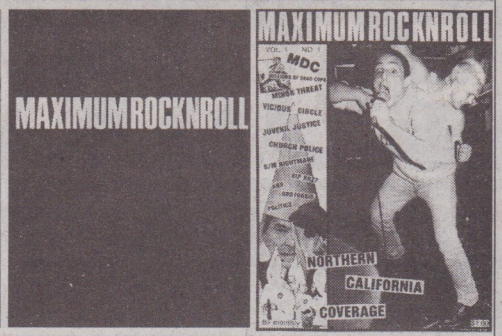

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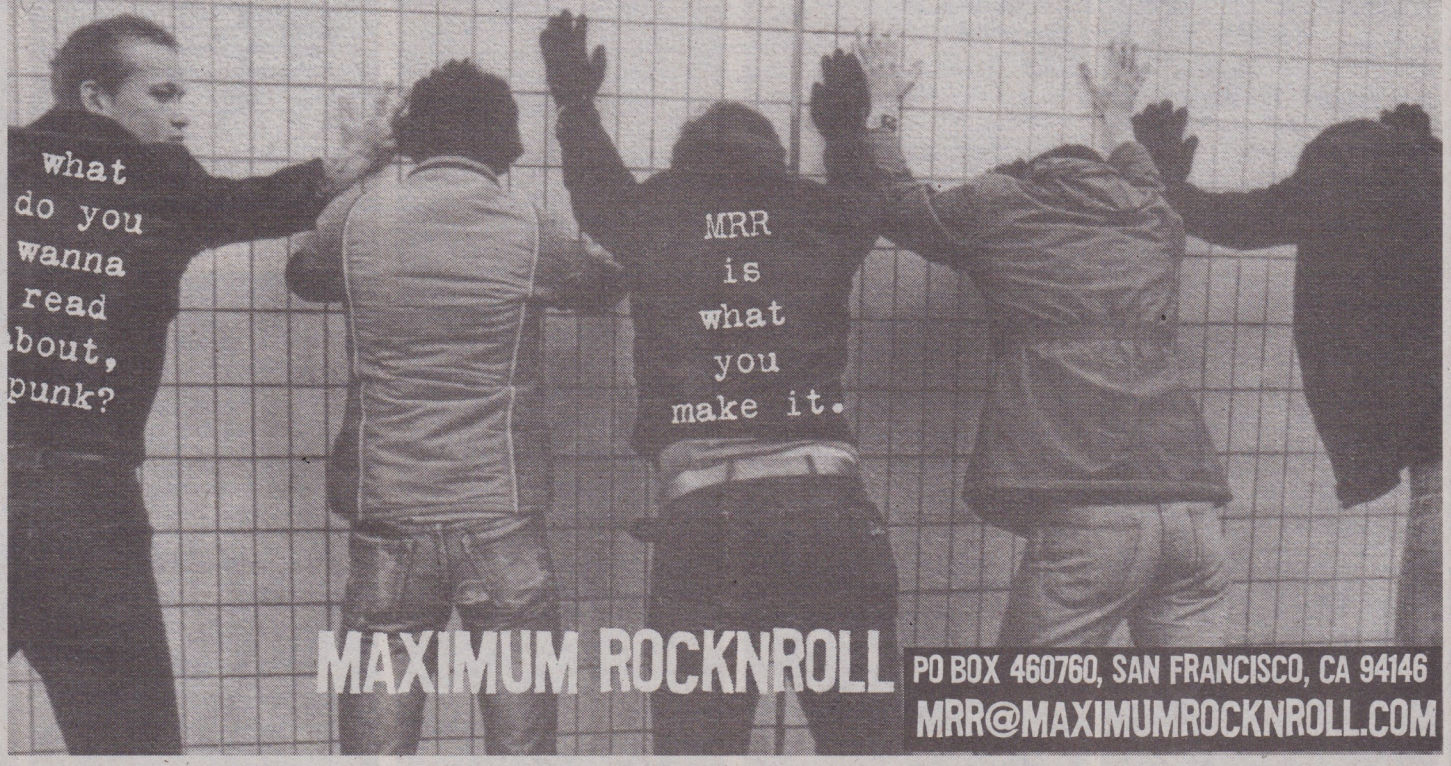

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760,
or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—

So there I was at the old LA punk club, Rajis in the early '90s, hanging at the bar and checking out bands in a new scene to me, having moved from Toronto to Los Angeles a few months before. I meet this friendly couple at the bar, we talk a while and share a drink, and they eventually invite me to a daytime party in Silverlake the following day. I make my way there and head to the backyard — Beck's playing some awful song long before he's famous, a lot of people are milling around and drinking when lo and behold, I actually recognize someone.

It's a guy I'd never spoken with but certainly recognize from the Toronto hardcore punk scene in the early '80s. I went to almost every gig back then at clubs like Ildikos, Steve Goof's DMZ club on Spadina, various speakeasys, on and on... I walk up to him and ask, "Are you from Toronto? I believe I recognize you from all of the hardcore gigs that I used to go to there but we'd never spoken?" Amazingly he recognized me too and introduced himself as Imants Krumins from Hamilton, he was visiting friends in Los Angeles, and we spoke for quite a while about the old Toronto punk days. As the afternoon wore on, he eventually introduced me to his LA friend Katz Seki, an old Flipside zine writer, and we got to know each other and became fast friends. I ended up writing music reviews for that zine for close to five years…

I only knew Imants for a glimmer of time — I wish I'd spoken with him back at those punk gigs in the early '80s but I was far too self-conscious and frankly, concerned with being a "hipster." I was really sorry to learn of Imants' passing. He really was a huge supporter of the scene and from my brief time with him, an excellent guy as well. He'll be missed.

—Doug "Dooger" Cawker

Dear MRR—

First of all, I'd like to start this letter on a positive note by saying that I've been really enjoying *MRR* over the last two years. In fact, I decided to get my first subscription last year at the tender age of 30—partially because my mature age finally allows me to feel like I can pay for something I'm getting over the next six or twelve months—but mostly because I've been really excited about and impressed by some of the changes I've noted. I credit Mariam and Layla for making *MRR* feel more open and inviting, to me, by creating, fostering, and allowing for more dialogue about and open communication regarding issues related to gender, feminism, queerness, sex positivity, race, etc. Having read issues here and there since I was a teenager, I've always noted some attention to these conversations (which are really important to me); however, I think the current coordinators have integrated these intersectionalities (sorry, showing my education privilege) into the entire fabric of *MRR*, save for some nameless columns I will never read. So, thanks for that!

With all of this genuine ass-kissing aside, I preface my letter with this sentiment to explain why it was an extra bummer to see the "In the Heart of the City" comic in issue #340 by V. Martini and A. Spivak.

"Drunk Mexicans picking up tranny hookers..." Really?

Early 20th century caricatures of Asian stereotypes...
Seriously?

I sort of "get" that this may be so-called "equal opportunity" ragging on "everyone" (i.e. "I'm not racist—I hate everyone!"), including fellow punks and weirdoes, but I call bullshit on that:

The race stuff is just weird and othering. (Seemingly) white people in the illustrations are categorized into all kinds of subcultures while people of color are just defined by their race alongside racial stereotypes;

And "tranny hooker" jokes are fucking stupid and transphobic. There is too much to explain why that is incredibly offensive, but for those who don't know why, I'd recommend checking out Julia Serano's book "Whipping Girl: A Transsexual Woman on Sexism and the Scapegoating of Femininity." As if trans folks don't already experience enough shit (discrimination, hate crimes, etc.), the "tranny hooker" stereotype is basically the most prevalent (if not only) representation of trans folks in the media. You know, those trans women who trick and manipulate straight men into finding them attractive.

I guess I just don't see why replicating mainstream stereotypes about Asians or Mexicans or trans folks, or "bros" with their "hoes" is even funny? More importantly, how is that punk?

[Full disclosure: I don't know the gender and racial/ethnic identities of the people who created the comic and I'm an east coaster who can count the number of times I've visited San Francisco (and it's various neighborhoods) on one hand, but I don't think that matters all that much]

I'm under no illusion that *MRR* or punk is some sort of "safe space," but I was really disappointed to see the comic and the way in which it not only offends but, more despicably, "others" identities that are part of punk, too. Hey, I'm a white cis woman and I'm not trying to speak on behalf of anyone else's experiences, but I felt the urge to be an active ally here because it's easier for me to use my privilege to speak up than for already oppressed people to have to do all the work.

There are a bunch of awesome things in the issue that I do appreciate, but this comic really left a sour taste in my mouth and I hope there is something productive we (as a loose punk scene or loose community of *MRR* readers) can do to learn from these "bad apple" experiences. Was I the only one so offended by this? Is that possible? I sure hope not. I'm sure a lot of people would tell me I "can't take a joke" or something for being mad about this, but fuck that. It wasn't funny or interesting or creative, and lazy jokes are shit.

Thanks for listening/reading,

—Jess

To whom it may concern—

The "comic" in your latest issue entitled "In the Heart of the City" is an offensive piece of garbage. Let's name some of the problems with it. Racism, discrimination against sex trade workers, homeless people and drug users, classism, transphobia...to name a few. If this is someone's idea of an ironic commentary, it's not fucking funny. If I wanted to read ignorant privileged hipster humor I would have bought a subscription to *Vice* magazine, not *MRR*.

—Imar

PS That shit is not punk.

Hey Jessica and Imar—

Thanks for your letters. When we first got the comic submitted, we started out with the sentiment that there is no way that we are going to print this. I can't speak for Layla, but as for me, what struck me the most, was the "collaboration" part of this where certain parts are visually offensive while others obvious racist and transphobic parts are in the text itself. This is the kind of humor that claims "ignorance." Being who I am and my background, parts of this comic made me angry.

I talked to the person who wrote it. The conversation got us nowhere. I don't condone nor like the fact that these opinions do exist in punk, because they sure fucking do whether you think it's punk or not. Also, I do not believe that the "anti – PC" backlash is valid in any way. These "why can't you take a joke" opinions are vestiges of some antiquated white boys club that can do nothing more than to make there presence seem bigger now that it's no longer the driving force in punk. It's like people that think the south will rise again, fuck that. So why did we run this? In the end, my part of the editorial decision was to run it was mostly, "Fuck it. Let's see what happens." Is it the best was to get people involved? No, but it does cause a reaction and admittedly, I don't mind starting some shit if it means making things happen...and I don't mean in a "Death In June" way... The general blasé ironic "humor" that uses racism, sexism, etc...is widely accepted as some sort of valid form of expression, but the truth is, is that racism is racism, sexism is sexism and so on

and so forth — skirting these "isms" with humor does not buffer the blow, at least not to those that know better, but somehow it remains unchecked.

In printing this comic, I expected emails like this. Now the next step for me is to forward this, with your permission and without your contact, to the artist and author to see what they have to say to a wider audience, not just me...

Also, I have to say this... There is nothing "hip" about Vice*... While I understand your complaint, I can safely say that* MRR *will never run any dos and don't style photo spreads about "girls I would rape" nor would we ever leave any racist, sexist, homophobic, transphobic, ethnocentric, exotifying material as it relates to punk OR the wider world unchecked. Punk does not exist in a vacuum; it is absolutely a reflection of the environment it is occurring. Also, I personally do not believe in "safe spaces" because it should all be safe, but in reality no place will ever be made "safe" by others... It is up to us to take it, not wait for the ok, not to ask permission. For me, the remedy is to include debate, sometimes force and, more importantly, strong direct opinions that do indeed demand answers... Exactly like your letters.*
Thanks,
Mariam
PS What follows is Avi's response after sending both of your letters to him.

Hey Mariam,
I wanted to take a little more time to write something up, but I am being evacuated from my home and not sure I will be back in time to make your deadline. So here goes...

A few words about the comic strip featured in issue #340...

This was a story written by a friend of mine about his experience in a new neighborhood. I took it for what it was, a pretty straightforward view of the sleazy side of city living. As an urban dweller myself, much of it I could relate to. There's no arguing with reality, it hits you every time you walk down the street. In the couple of occasions that I have spent time in the Tenderloin, I can honestly say that I found these descriptions to be pretty accurate, and in some case fail to capture the depravity of the actual conditions. I understand that when certain social issues are addressed, especially involving addiction or homelessness or sex work, there are bound to be eyebrows raised and fingers pointed. Comics by nature are a visual language, and that being said, sometimes-severe generalizations are made in order to communicate the overall feel of a particular character or situation, and needless to say they don't hold true across the board. We should all learn to understand the truth as we experience it, there really is no other way...
—A. Spivak
Brooklyn, NY

Now for what you didn't see. This is the email I sent regarding the comic to the two artists…
Hey Dudes,

I am emailing you both at the same time because I wanted to talk to ya both... So, remember that time you guys came to the compound and we were having a rad time, drinking some beers, chilling, then one of you fools put on a Skrewdriver record and three notes in I yanked it off? I was really pissed that you guys did that and I gave you the low down on why it was disrespectful and offensive. You guys apologized and the night went on with no beef.

Well, I wanted to say that I had the same reaction to certain parts of the comic you submitted. The use of the word "Tranny" and the really fucked up depiction of the "Asians" in the comic strip are the two things that got me thinking that there is no way that we would publish this. I really appreciate that you are contributing something and I hope that it will continue, but I just wanna let you know that those two things in the comic are alienating.

That said I just want to email you and ask you if you understand why I am saying this. I am not trying to sound condescending or shitty here nor am I trying to be your mother, but you have to know that it's fucked up.
Thanks,
—Mariam

Dear people at MRR—
You have always been kind to our band Vogue and we would love to announce to you that we are calling it quits soon. After releasing two demos, two seven inches and two LPs we decided to play our last shows before the end of 2011. We wanna thank you for the support over the years.
—Sammy Vogue
PS we still hope our records will be released in the US/Canada so more people can hear about us

Hey Sammy
I really loved those first few 7"s, good luck with your future projects!
—Layla

Hi MRR—
This is the second time I write with a fraud-alert... This time it is from the internetshop Basement records from Malaysia run by Shammir and selling Fistula / SMG split 8" hexagon shape limited to 40 copies only. I paid for this record in April 2009 and I am still waiting to receive this record. This was a limited release pre-sold for $30.90. My last contact with Shammir was if I would have a refund because of long delays of this release. Since I mailed to agree with a refund there's been no contact anymore. This is just a warning for future transactions for vinyl freaks with this unreliable record label.
No record no refund....
—Rob van Zoen

WOAH! That seems like an imaginary format! A split hexagon 8"?! Sorry you got ripped off, punks that flake from commitments they have made in this way make the scene shittier for everyone. On a lighter note maybe the next MRR *release can be a parallelogram flexi…*
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Dude what the fuck was up with your review of the Reckless LP?! There are so many things wrong with that review that it makes me almost angry. Let me also say that I'm not in the band or have anything to do with this band. I saw them when they were on tour a few months ago and they ruled. I picked up the album from them and rock it all the time. What troubles me is not that is was a bad review, but an ignorant one. First off the reviewer criticized the band for the artwork on the inside of the sleeve saying it was "high gloss Crass visits Hot Topic with Discharge and the Pogues type track listing." You know what that was? It was an old sleeve from the Blown To Bits / Deathtoll split LP. They took the cover, flipped it inside out and screened printed on it. And then you described it as having "cheesey electric and acoustic guitars" with "synthesizer sound effects." Which made no sense to me. I thought for a moment that perhaps you put on a different record because it doesn't have acoustic guitars or synth sound effects, anywhere. And then I tried listening to the album at 33rpm and nearly died laughing. It does kind of sound acoustic and synth-like at 33rpm. Too bad the record is supposed to be played at 45! No wonder it was compared to Evanescence! Ha ha ha!! For anyone who cares, they are actually a punk band. Dark and depressing with that Northwest meets Poland sound. Super good and worth a listen.
—Donald

Hey Mariam & Layla & MRR crew!—
Sorry for not getting back earlier, been away on tour in South East Asia. We received the copies just before we left and are absolutely stoked about having made it to the pages of *MRR*! Thanks a lot for your work!

Would like to add one other thing, though this doesn't concern you two personally at all (but seeing that this is the official *MRR* email address I'm writing to, might as well get this "off my chest").

I've seen that the latest (August) issue of *MRR* includes a review for our CD on Nikt Nic Nie Wie, which is cool. I know that Michal has sent copies to you, so I've been half-expecting to see something sooner or later. And okay, before I go into rant mode, I want to let you know and understand that I don't mind "bad" reviews or negative reviews at all. We all have different tastes and different perspectives on DIY hardcore punk or whatever, and thus it's absolutely fine when for example a band that I like a lot gets a bad review. Whoever has written it will have invested her or his time in checking out the record and will have come up with a conclusion for herself/himself.

I was, however, a little pissed off when I read the review for our CD, because I think whoever writes reviews for *MRR* should at least be interested (if not passionate) enough to spend some time with a record, and scrutinize it enough to try and get at least a general idea of what the record/band could be about. Here's our review:
FAMILY MAN "Templateers" CD

I think this is a discography of sorts from what I believe to be a band from Germany. The chanted back-ups and heavy-ish breakdowns conjure up images of sweaty dudes at shows with their shirts off and pointing two fingers in the air while grabbing the mic to sing along. I don't think they are going for a straightedge hardcore sound but it does kind of come through in the music (BD)

Okay, I know that it might well be possible that BD (I don't have the issue with me just now, so can't check for her/his name) has written this review before the July issue with our interview came out, and even if, s/he might just not have read it/have been bothered with it. No problem's here. There are too many bands out there (especially over here in Europe) to know 'em all, least of all a very non-hip gang like ourselves. No offence at all.

However, apart from the fact that this was released on NNNW (a label which hasn't been around since yesterday only, and one that is not exactly known for releasing random tough guy shit) - again, you can't know any small DIY label from around the world - I truly believe that you can get a few things from the packaging & booklet alone. If BD had had a wee look at the booklet, s/he could have found out that 1) the CD is s/t, and "Templateers" is nothing but the name

of the first song.,
2) Yes, we live in Germany,
3) the CD does include our two LPs, but we wouldn't call that a discography (however, that's just a terminology-of-choice question),
4) the conjuration of "sweaty dudes" (correct, cos we're getting old) "with their shirts off" (partly correct, as in "old" and "not protestant enough to believe that taking off your tops is an offence"; partly incorrect as in "these dudes [shudder] wanna show off their glistening muscles [what muscles]") could have stopped there and then after a peep at the photos in the booklet, let alone the lyrics.
Sadly, I believe BD also hasn't got past listening to the first song, because the "chanted back-ups and heavy-ish breakdowns" pretty much stop after the first song, and "straightedge hardcore" sound of either the Minor Threat, the Earth Crisis OR the Youth of Today brand isn't ours at all and I think most people wouldn't be able to hear it in our music. HOWEVER, sound is just as subjective as music in general, so if that was all, I wouldn't even mind.

What I find saddest though, is the fact that whatever work we put into writing lyrics, typing them up and including them in the booklet (as well as accompanying them with suitable comments/pictures) is totally lost on BD. I wouldn't have minded if s/he had written the very same review with something along the lines of "although they have made a male (thus half-hearted) attempt at writing feminist lyrics, they are still big, sweaty German hunks". Would've hurt (and wouldn't have been true), but there'd have been a sign that someone had had a quick glance at the lyrics. Instead, a few "think"s, "believe"s and such, and that's that.

In general, I think that such a review shouldn't be in MRR at all. Bad reviews, yes, short reviews, yes, offensive and insulting reviews, yes. Reviews by people who are simply not interested in what they hold in their hands, no thanks. If you sent me a review copy of MRR and I wrote "MAXIMUMROCKNROLL "$4 US/CAN" Zine - I think this is an American hardcore punk zine of sorts, the ink wears off which conjures up images of a bunch of people who have no idea about printing processes and choosing the right ink for the right paper, so I guess they're kind of not DIY. I think they're not really trying to copy this German zine TRUST (which I think I've read before), but in the end that's what they do." you'd be pissed off. I guess.

Now, this is what I wanted to say, although I still think it's just a review, and it's up to the reviewer to write whatever s/he can or wants. Although this is one big rant, I don't *really* care too much. I just think that MRR and myself share the same idea of interest/"sincerity"/passion in punk, otherwise you wouldn't still be looking for a coordinator that would actually know what s/he's doing. And thus it's a pity to see anything as lukewarm as this make it to the pages of *MRR*.
Or maybe BD's just had a bad day.

I'm fairly confident I'd have written the same thing if it weren't one of my babies in question. Hope so anyway. But well, if the main articles keep being as good as they usually are, who gives a fuck.
Feel free to forward it to BD or let it go straight to the Trash folder.
Looking forward to the next issue!
Good luck with finding a coordinator!
Cheers,
Stephan

Hey MRR—

I need some help...
Do you know someone, who is organizing gigs and could spread information about our anarchist social center Ülase12 (www.ylase12.org / ylase12@riseup.net) so that your local bands, that are planning a tour could contact us? Or maybe even someone, who wants to tour and wants to play in Estonia?
I'm looking for any kind of contacts, that could help us (social center Ülase12) with starting to book gigs again. If you can, please spread the information!
Thanks a lot,
—Raul Falderno

Hi MRR—

Just read the review of the Amsterdamned LP I put out. There's a wrong contact address (email) listed it says: gummopunx@gello.de, It must be gummopunx@chello.nl

Also I have to say about the review it says no info about the band. The Amsterdamned EP I released before the LP had the whole band history on the insert. I guess the person who reviewed it never saw that and also didn't hear Amsterdamned before otherwise he/she wouldn't expect brutal Dutch hardcore.
Hope that you can still print the new email in *MRR*.
—Marcel Schilpzand (Gummopunx Records)

Dear MRR and readers—
Let's trade mix tapes. I've been reading a lot in our letters about how much it sucks that only major ticket or other bands don't come to their shitty towns or states. And how evil Scion is and the bands that take their money are assholes or whatever. Now these complaints are duly noted as I live 33 miles above the Arctic Circle in Alaska in a small village where it's 24 hours of sunlight right now. Since I live in the middle of fucking nowhere, there's no record store within 500 miles in any direction, and the local library, let's just say, doesn't carry the best selection of punk literature. Let's get back to being punks and trade some fucking mix tapes/zines/whatever. Send me a mix tape/zine and I'll send one back.
Cheers and thanks.
Please send mix tapes/zines/whatever to:
Arctic Powerviolence
c/o Zach Heffner
PO Box 35
Kotzebue, AK 99752

Dear MRR—
It's harder and harder to find decent bands...*MRR* is still the #1 source to listen / read / watch what is going on in the world of punk.
—Sharkie

Dear MRR—
Though newer issues of *Maximum Rocknroll* always get a flip through when spotted at the newsstand, rarely do I pick up a copy and read it cover to cover, as was protocol in previous eras. Issue #340 came home with me because of the brief coverage of brilliant, yet sadly unrecognized (in the US, at least) Czech Punk legends, Kritická Situace. That said, George Tabb's columns often deliver the welcome surprise of great storytelling and a sense of humor that wonderfully contrasts a lot of the more vigilant, sometimes pretentious writing which *MRR* functions as legitimate host to.

It was a pleasure to read about the common ground and friendship George shared with Raybeez despite political differences. Though never much of a Warzone fan, I was fortunate enough to see them play in 1997, shortly before Ray's death. Identifying as an anarchist and growing-up in suburban environments during my initial explorations in punk culture did not lend itself terribly well to relating to the tough street logic and attitude that seemed synonymous with Warzone. Only much later am I now able to appreciate that the music these folks made was a raw and honest expression of themselves.

There is much to be said for just being down to earth and a real person, regardless of whatever political baggage each of us may attach to ourselves. This is further illuminated by the placement of George's columns directly following that of Bryony Beynon, which brought criticism of fringe-dwelling musicians who utilize aesthetic elements derivative of those historically used by political fascists. Certainly there is beauty in difference.
—Baron Svengali

Dear Baron!—
Thank you for the very kind words, and for "getting it"! You rule and punk rock, and keep up that great interest of yours in Czech punk bands and all political ideas. Only by understanding each other can we move ahead as the human race! But by reading your letter, I see very clearly you understand that!
Bless you, and thanks again for taking the time to write to me! It means a hell of a lot!
Love,
—George Tabb

Maxi Rock and Rollers—
I have discovered the ultimate device for removing hiss and other terrible background noises from old, obscure and unknown punk records.

Just send one copy (two if possible) of your terrible sounding record (or master tape) and I will send you a quality CD of your recording with all possible background noise completely gone. For your convenience this service is totally free. Just send a return address. I week turnaround guaranteed.
James Nathen Reed
85 Garfield Ave. South
Hamilton Ontario Canada L8M-253

Are you for fucking real? I think you got the address wrong... Punks, please send all of your records to MRR PO Box 460760, SF CA, 94146.
—Mariam

Dear MRR—
MRR is the spring water and the river of punk subculture worldwide. Unfortunately I just found it recently even though I've listened to punk, HC and crust since 1992. The work and the effort you have (and still) put forth while having two jobs, (*MRR* and a day job), might be very hard, but let me tell you this: the result is superb. I am not talking only about the content of the zine (great columns, news section, interviews, etc...), but also the iconoclastic graphics, the chosen photos and more. Plus the fact that you did / do it for a cause, punk subculture, without getting paid.

There's another thing that can keep my soul alive, my heart beating, my mind balanced, no matter how hellish life can become. The huge effort that you give to *MRR* as well as all the other people involved in it,

is the proof there is resistance is out there showing the way to an alternative life (way of thinking, feeling and being), far from mindless consumption, pop vomits, envy, greed, cheating, sexism, brutal exploitation, racism, mind control forced on innocent people by secret rotten societies, religions, sick multi-national corporations, families, mafias, etc., corruption, hypocrisy, oppression, repression, endless alienation, refined totalitarianism, etc. etc. etc., and close to a more simple honest, equal, real life, still life. This small independent space is here and the time is now — so all those who don't have a punk / HC / crust / thrash bone in your bodies just go back to your rotten worlds and let us be!

It's also true that there are many more punks / crusties / etc... out there but unfortunately not all countries conquered enough civil liberties and a fairer re-distribution of wealth so that those people could have more personal freedom to express themselves and develop capabilities crucial for this cause. I was one of those cases since I escaped from Portugal to Finland. Anyway, thanks a lot for being there for us after all these years, because we will also be here for you till the end.

Greetings from Finland,

—Manuel

PS I sent you an article that I wrote on food waste: hope that can enlighten someone and that you like it. Feel free to publish it or not!

Thank you so much! We will run your article as a guest column in the near future!

—Mariam

Hey MRR—

Now usually I'd write to tell you all to keep up the good work, but this time I'm kinda pissed about the *Free Beer / Shoot Darts* zine review. If you are gonna talk about something *at least get your facts straight motherfucker*! Twenty years is a long time to be doing anything, but honestly if it comes from the heart you don't ask too many questions, you just do. Even if you hated my stupid zine, why should I give a jolly fuck? I write cuz I've had a wild life and I enjoy spreading some of the wisdom and knowledge that I've picked up along the way.

Besides, I find it motivating, a lil' exciting (at times!), and even at times inspiring to some of my readers. May I ask you who crowned you the paramount of punk rock? Or are you the newly elected president of the Anarchist club? And why should I give a fuck? Thankfully I don't know you and luckily you don't know me, but here are some numbers for you to digest:

Free Beer zine was only an idea back in 1989 between three good friends who had started a band together and also wanted to do a zine to cover the local happenings. By the time 1990 came around only one friend had written a story, so I compiled some of my crap and printed the first issue. It was awful I admit, but as I got older and learned a few things, the content of by dumb zines got a lil' bit better. With very irregular release dates and time off to go on tour as a roadie, hospital visits, therapy, or even teaching English in Nepal for a few weeks; it's awful hard to keep a regular work on this, but one set of hands can only do so much. But it still comes out no matter how long it's been.

So go ahead and do the math, maybe I fucked it up somewhere (being a corn fed hick and all). Since you seem to know so much, why don't you tell me something useful? In the meantime I'll never write you again and tear up the stupid scene report I wrote so you can save that space for something useful. Have a nice life and you save your $3 for something better, and I'll save my $4 for a much better brand of toilet paper; maybe even the quilted kind.

—Barney

If you can't take a bad review, don't send your shit. "Even if you hated my stupid zine, why should I give a jolly fuck?" Well said and it only took you 412 words to say it.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

In the list of reviewers in the record review section, wouldn't it make more sense to alphabetize the two digit abbreviations rather than the last names?

If (ML) reviews a record, I have to scan to the "J" section in the list to find Mike Josephson—though nothing in (ML) indicates "J". It would be more logical if (ML) feel between, say, (MB) and (MM).

Thanks.

(SD)

PS Keep up the good work with the zine.

It's of our version of a crossword... No index, no page numbers, no gods, no masters...

—Mariam

Dearest MRR—

I was pleased and relieved to read Marissa's column in *MRR* a few issues back and hope it can conclude a conversation that long ago spiraled into tediousness. The battling forces here, of righteous indignation, academic dissection, and slick ambivalence have nothing left to offer us and the whole argument is symptomatic of a classic weakness in the punk / leftist cultures: identification by differentiation. It's unsuccessful and reactionary to define oneself by what you're against and it allows your ideological enemies to define/ control the dialogue. It's more radical to ignore that which is contrary to the purposes of your scene — or at least not give it so much space, so Marissa rightly points out.

Take it a step further and address the root causes of corporate defection: is there a funding crisis in punk? (Yes, sort of.) Is there some weakness in DIY that makes it susceptible to celebrity fetishism? Yes, since punk is a microcosm of the sick sad world at large, certainly. Instead of struggling to define a genre to fit the argument du jour I wish folks would use their energy to share the exciting projects they're working on, or devote zine space to real issues, like how to break up the surplus of uninspired bands drawing our resources (see funding crisis in DIY) and the gritty logistics of redistributing their gear and instruments.

All my love,

—Beck.

PS Can I be the MRR ombudsman? Ombudsperson?

PPS M and L, you should checkout the band "Fucking Dyke Bitches!!!"

Hey Brontez,

Your column in the April issue of *MRR* was so F-ing right on. Thank you for saying this in print. God, do identity politics ever make me want to barf! I am a straight woman who grew up in the "Queer" community. I adopted a gay dad when I was twelve years old (Mom's best friend and the only stable male figure in my life). Mom dated a cross-dresser, then "married" an M to F tranny and they were together for ten years. I've got lesbian and ex-lesbian friends and family. And have watched some totally wonderful blossoming fag friends in the past have their hearts smashed by some fake-ass bi-sexual party boys who only want to make out when there are girls around.

I've spent a lot of years trying to be supportive of the rainbow of sexual diversity, but now that all the dykes are turning into trannies and any girl who can grow a mustache demands a special pronoun, I'm having a hard time. All this Evergreen College, post-feminist studies, gender queer business can take a big heave-ho as far as I'm concerned. My fag-dad was one of *the most uptight gays* I've ever met and he was awesome!

Just figure out who the fuck you are, make peace with it, and stop trying to ram it down everyone else's throat people! All sex is equally ridiculous, and ridiculous situations are only made more so by the development of special names and rules to go with them. You don't need a special book to justify your occasional muff diving or tendency to screw anything that will have you.

Anyway, thanks for writing a great column. Keep it up, and my friends and I love-love-love Fag School.

Have a bitchin' summer,

—Kate

Yikes... This is pretty incendiary stuff, particularly in the way you phrase some of your judgments. You indeed have some degree of an informed opinion, but I think you are missing some of the point... Or maybe illustrating why intelligent conversation and some open dialogue may be needed, especially with those who are carving a space out for themselves. Also, I don't care who you are, but the term "tranny" is tired, rude and offensive—even if the people you are referring to use it... It's not anyone else's place to decide how a group of people is referred to aside from that group. Shitty terminologies like that will often deafen people to your meaning and negates your point. Have some respect for yourself, who you are talking about and who you are talking to.

—Mariam

Hey Jeff—

Thanks so much for reading and reviewing my zine *Trampled Flowers*! It is honestly really fuckin' cool to see something I made acknowledged in *MRR* (which I've been reading since the early '90s and still look forward to every month). Also, as a former homeless teenager who has most definitely done stretches in rehab, I think it's kinda cool you were so spot on with your review.

Though my gratitude is sincere, the real reason I am writing is just to respond to your comment about Spokane being "full of ill-read degenerates." While your statement is pretty accurate, the wise-ass punk in me can't resist pointing out the kinda ironic fact that *I'm reading MRR*.

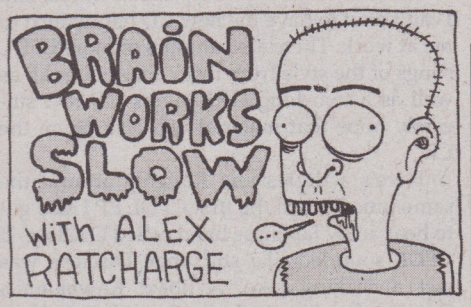
Thanx to Mr. Mason and the rest of the *MRR* volunteers for hooking us up with reading material even the nearly illiterate can enjoy!

—GSR

802 (not 805) E. 5th Ave, Apt D, Spokane, WA 99216

PS Don't listen to 'em Brace, keep representing!

COLUMNS



"Hello. We don't find any importance, for you as well as for ourselves, in simply answering the questions you sent us. It seems very clear through your letter that you really believe in what you're doing, but that is just where the very mismatch is 'cause this isn't believing—it's aggression, life-longing, restlessness, and heart. Punk use to set you aside from things and give you the ultimatum to invent your own life. Things aren't like that anymore. Now instead you get the silent breeze and its heartaching whisper. It's all around us in the timeless 2002 borezone—in the underground. On the highfashion streets. It whispers "die sucker, die." We Got Ways *is directed towards all the old rebels who glorify the cruelties of the time of their youth in order to find what self-respect and importance might have been left in them through the classic crutch phrase "in my days there were something to fight for." Try to be young in the dryland of this age, assholes...And, oh yeah, we certainly do think it's alright to kill cops. Young Wasteners."*

I received the above letter in 2002, after sending a bunch of genuinely naive questions to a Danish punk band called Young Wasteners. Those of you who've heard their 12", *We Got Ways*, know why I wanted to interview them — to this day it is still one of the best traditional punk records of the '00s, dripping with attitude, violence, and a strong sense of what punk was, wasn't, should, and should not be. The kind of record the old saying "punk as fuck" seemed to have been invented for, with killer artwork and lyrics to boot. Too good to be true, really. The letter caught me by surprise, I didn't know what to think of it — it was the first time a band had taken the time to express disagreement at the very fact I was sending questions for an interview. Was I lacking aggression? Life-longing? Restlessness? *Heart*?! In those days I could barely ever look in the mirror without wanting to puke, getting out of bed every morning felt like landing on another planet, and punk was pretty much the only thing that seemed worth living for, so I didn't take the letter personally — in fact I was flattered the band had bothered sending an answer at all. They seemed to be "real punks" and I just felt like a fuckin' waste of a suburban stoner. This all seems so ironic, now. A few days later I received another letter, this time from only their drummer, who said that the rest of the members were pretentious assholes on a rock star trip and provided in-depth answers to my twenty or so questions. These questions included such landmarks in journalism as "Do you think it's alright to kill cops?" "Why do you dress so retro?" and "Can you explain the song that's about buttfucking Ecuador?" (they couldn't) alongside the usual "Tell us about your city" and "What are your favorite Danish bands?" A few months later *MRR* asked permission to reprint the interview but the band refused — I think they were probably pissed at their drummer for ruining their master plan.

It is now 2011 and looking in the mirror doesn't bring to my mind any thoughts other than "Wow, some hair's growing outta my nose," getting out of bed every morning has never been this easy, and punk doesn't seem like so much of a religion anymore. Still, I've been sitting at my desk all afternoon, translating a Pink Reason interview from English to French, so some things definitely haven't changed. As I wanted to write about the strange subject of politics in punk but can't seem to find the inspiration, here's what Kevin from Pink Reason had to say about it when he played Lyon in July:

"I have a hard time understanding what it means to be a political punk in the U.S. I grew up involved in a scene that considered itself very politically oriented, we were like, anarcho punks and stuff, but there was always confusion with this for me. I'd already been listening to Siberian punk (Grazhdanskaya Oborona, Yanka, etc.), which to me lyrically was far more advanced—these were people who were able to take political ideas and express them in a way that was both poetic and existential. There was depth to it, and in America the politics tended to be so black and white and cut and dry, the kind of things that you can expect from a 14-year old. Some of these people were 34 and they're still speaking the same way... So I always wondered, what's really political about American punk? I don't know if it is really political; I think the most political stuff in punk and hardcore is the stuff that's not accounted to be political but is just about everyday life."

"In the '90s people cared about politics, and even if I don't have a lot of good things to say about that time period and politics in punk, today people don't care, their message now is just *"rock'n'roll, have fun!!"* — you know? I think it's kind of empty."

The words are simple, yet something rings very true here. The more time passes the more I feel stupid for having taken this or that part of "political punk" seriously, yet I still need some meaning, y'know? What is there for the likes of us? Right-wing punk? Ebay punk? Car-selling punk? Chaos in Tejas, endless reunions, contracts, guarantees, beer-sponsored punk? Should we just grow and give up already? Come on... In the past decade I found and lost interest in a lot of the things that mixed punk and politics, invariably ending up viewing 'em as plain jokes. Remember Crimethinc, "lifestyle anarchism," freeganism, train hopping? Remember that book that claimed "Homelessness—if you're not having fun, you're not doing it right?" Was that some kind of joke? Remember *Profane Existence* trying to spread the anarcho gospel through glossy, expensive magazines and a message board to which you had to pay to register? Remember empty slogans and witch-hunts for those who didn't yell 'em loud enough? Even when the ideas were good in the first place, they were always ruined in no time. You can't blame some 14-year old for seeing things this black and white, but what about those who grew older still buying into the same old joke? There must be something else out there.

By the time you read this it will be September 2011. Ten years ago, after the planes hit the towers, *MRR* featured one of its most poignant covers ever — it depicted a soldier looking backwards facing a white void, holding a machine gun; next to him was this simple question, "Still apolitical?" That was when the US had just invaded Afghanistan in search of blood and revenge. I've been thinking about that cover, about the Young Wasteners letter, about how politically charged that time period felt for me. Have things changed that much in ten years, or have I already fallen into the "in my days there were something to fight for" category? Nah, screw that. I'd just like things to not feel so black and white, to have fun and not be dogmatic, yet not be *all* about rocking out and being cool... Maybe I'm just asking for punk to be more mature, more adult. Maybe this is

a lost cause if there ever was one... Or maybe this is just another weird day.

Endnotes:

1. I'll be in San Francisco, Seattle, and maybe Portland from mid-September to mid-October. Recommendations of places to visit, gigs, and random events to go to, hints on how to to get all kinds of free food and such are all welcome.
2. Royal Headache from Australia is playing Oakland on September 30th and SF on October 1st. You like music with soul, music to dance and sing along to, songs that will stay stuck in your minds forever? You'll love it.
3. Watch the Sun Ra movie (*Space is the Place*) and tell me what you think—ratcharge@gmail.com

I hate air conditioning. Fake fridge air from big noisy machines that are most likely speeding up the green house effect on the environment. Talk about fucking irony. It is retarded that I have to bring a shirt just so I can take the Overground train to work and it is retarded that my tinnitus (*damaging noiiiiize!*) goes ballistic every time I take a train. Cheers fuckers. This summer I've been sweating it out with an old fan someone left behind in our old Hackney flats. It sits on my desk at work. My office turns into a sauna during the summer. On the wall next to me is a Disclose poster and five postcards with the face of Bin Laden, which I bought in Paris when I had the great idea to send postcards to friends with messages warning them about immanent terrorist attacks. In the end I never did post them. I also have a bunch of Confuse fliers on the wall, next to drawings by my three-year old girl purporting to illustrate "flowers," "mother, the wife of daddy," "the wife of house," and "the house flower." I also have a big box of hardcore CDs and CDs sent to me for reviewing in my fanzine. The review pile is massive and contains about 0.01% DIY hardcore punk and 99.99% utter drivel alternative shit aspiring for *Vice* magazine type mainstream acceptance. The CDs I play the most are WRETCHED (second LP and last live), SVART PARAD (discography), FRIGÖRA (discography), *Tokyo Sound System 1+2=3* compilation on two discs and the *Varning För Punk* three-disc compilation with previously hard-to-find Swedish hardcore demos. For all the aggro about CDs I do tend to play my CDs more than records, since I am more often at work than at home. One day I will bring a turntable to work. This summer I have also played the ASOMVEL *Kamikaze* CD a lot, released by Miskatonic Aggro Chemicals records. Asomvel is an obsession band, obsessed with M-beat. That's for Motörhead-beat, just like D-beat stands for Discharge-beat. Asomvel is so damn good I even got my two drinking and skateboarding friends Sami and Dennis a copy each, but I doubt they have even played the CDs yet. Dennis complained to me the other day that he does not have a CD player anymore. As for Sami, who knows?

Sami is the vocalist of a new London-based gang of Finnish drunkards—and one English drummer who saw Discharge in Norwich in 1982, the bastard—playing a mix of Finnish tango and Finnish surf garage rock. Apart from the lady boy upfront and the man's man way back, the band also consists of one long-haired hippie called Saska, who plays the bass guitar, and a professional vert skateboarder named Jussi who tinkles the surf-guitar. The name of this foul group is HERMOT. And here's the hype: I'm the manager of this band. Get in contact for record contracts and such. I am ready to lead the old timers into the abyss if necessary for me to get my share of free alcohol. I have dreamt about this since I saw the *Great Rocknroll Swindle* on TV with my parents in 1988. It was, as they say, a life-defining experience of unspeakable importance. I have always wanted to be the manager of a band of impressionable youths. But in the case of HERMOT, it turns out I am the impressionable youth, as the average age in this group is my age plus ten. This is a reassuring fact in light of the sour note of my last column. Incidentally, the late Malcolm McLaren came into a shoe shop I worked in twelve years ago. I did not say a word about knowing who he was. That would have been very weird. Oh, the time of my youth! Just a year or two into living in London! It was great fun working on Oxford Street! All the staff at the shoe shop stole shoes to sell on the black-market to feed their heroin and sex addictions. During dayshifts we took turns hiding in the stockroom to smoke weed. I spent many a high times laying on top of the stockroom shelves listening to the MISSBRUKARNA cassette. But contrary to my hopes at the time, unfortunately, I never did get to sleep with any of my colleagues. Regrettably.

Here are some exciting pieces of information I have managed to pick up via the international hardcore punk whispering trail. Yes, it is silly to talk about reissues and old bands all the time but this year there will be two amazing reissues and I need to speak a little about them! Firstly, Japan's In Crust We Trust Records is releasing a complete discography CD of Japan's legendary CRAZY FUCKED UP DAILY LIFE (aka CDFL). Named after the Disorder song, CDFL was one of the first Japanese hardcore bands I ever heard. In the late 1990s it seemed CFDL shared a 7" with many Western bands, like DISCHANGE, SPAZZ, and HELLNATION (I think CFDL has probably aged better than any of those bands). I believe I first heard CFDL on the great *Discharged* compilation LP. Those two songs continue to play a significant role in my ever-expanding personal hardcore punk mythology. But I remember when I first heard CFDL's ultra-classic debut 7": I thought it sounded like shit. The premise of the record was a Japanese MOB 47, right? To my young, innocent, unspoiled mind, that record did not sound at all like Mob 47!!! Anyway, these days I can't stop returning to CFDL's first record and those two compilation tracks, and I can't wait to have the new CD handy next to me at work. There are rumours of more CFDL songs of the style from that compilation LP as well as a two-song GAI covers CD-R; I sincerely hope that material will also be on the CD.

Here's a digression: Roughly around the same time I heard the first CFDL EP I also got to hear anew Japanese band called Disclose. If CFDL sounded like shit, then Disclose was just a fucking joke. A hoax! Kawakami's Swedish hardcore tribute, *Swedish Feast*, had all these great songs on it, you know, but they all sounded like shit and nowhere near as good as the original songs!!! At this time I was still crazy fucked up every day playing the first PERUKERS EP as well as DOOM's *Hail to Sweden* EP. Both are excellent D-beat records featuring a clean Western guitar sound, and the contrast with the raw, distorted sound of Disclose was (is) immense. You will maybe find it amusing to hear that I don't currently own any Disclose records (I think).

The other substantially overdue and incredibly important hardcore punk reissue of 2011 is Skrammel Records' forthcoming MISSBRUKARNA discography release, which is currently scheduled for September. The promise here is the first split 7", the cassette, live tracks, and unreleased shit presumably found hidden under Rolf's bed. To my mind Missbrukarna is Sweden's VOGUE, MINOR THREAT, and BLACK FLAG all in one band, and consequently Missbrukarna is only comparable to HEADCLEANERS. But Missbrukarna had much better songs. Skrammel Records has put a couple of sample re-mastered songs up on the internets and they sound as incredible as the re-mastered CRASS songs I mentioned last time around. Seriously, please play Missbrukarna at my funeral. Now can someone make sure Headcleaners get reissued? Speaking of recent *MRR* cover stars, Japan's ZOUO is also rumoured to be on the verge of reissue, by a Japanese label, but to the best of my knowledge the original masters have all disappeared. Regardless, it will be cool to have a legitimate release, particularly as there have been numerous bootlegs of inferior quality.

Gather around lads, have you heard the news? Pogo punk rebels TOM AND BOOT BOYS are back in business again! Fuck yes! Only six months after disbanding! Nori and his fellow beer drinking nudist punx are already sharing a 7" EP with the rude boys in Rough Stuff. Instant classic thinks I!

Meanwhile I will continue to dig into my CD drawer to fish out the two Tom CDs I got via Connor from the Nori-obsessed band THE INJECTiON and his Pogo Punx Japan-imports-only distribution firm up in the north somewhere. Make sure to check out the Injections tape while you're at it. Connor has promised a London gig with NEKROMANTIKER and the WANKYS in October. It will be the greatest prissiest boot-boy wank-up I am sure! Full coverage in the only boot girl magazine in the world today—*Mo re Noiz* fanzine—already laid-out and ready to go! Oi!

There is finally a new EXITHIPPIES record out, namely a split 7" with FILTH MILITIA courtesy of Jesse from the underrated D-beat band NO FUCKER and his No Real Music label. Rumour has it there will be yet another Exithippies and Filth Militia split release shortly, this one from northern Europe. Fucking stone!!! More forthcoming news: NYC raw punks DEFORMITY, who I have interviewed for my own zine, have recorded a bunch of killer tracks. Expect to be blown away. The world's number one THE SWANKYS rip-off band is currently VAGINATORS from down under. These Aussie cunts have recorded songs for a LP and a 7", which sound almost precisely like the Swankys. I am still sitting on the fence about a lot of things but damn these new songs are amazing! What a year this is turning out to be!

Arguably, there are more things to life than records. Like reading about records! Unfortunately, due to me having fallen so far behind the publishing schedule of *Mor Noize* fanzine—the last issue came out in December 2010—I haven't read any new zines for a long time, because in my opinions zines should only be acquired through zine-to-zine trades. I do have three issues ready for print, but apart from being old, fat, and sexually inactive I am cursed with perpetual financial negativity so no doubt it'll be another bunch of columns before I can open shop for issues six to eight. But with the help of modern technology and a network of nerds I've been moved one step closer to completion as far as my legitimate and bootleg collection of *Distort* zines goes. Fuck that DX kid, he is too clever and writes to well to be allowed to write about hardcore. He should be writing about modern dance or something.

On Street Harassment

I was walking up the street this morning to get a coffee and possibly a donut or whatever else when a car pulled up to me with some random dude attempting to get my attention. I have a general rule that if someone is trying to get my attention but isn't explicitly saying my name they most likely don't know me so I don't react at all. Not even a glance. Not even a twitch. Occasionally I try to find hope in humanity and will actually give a strange man the time of day, though it almost always ends badly. The worst being the time I was trying to be nice to my neighbor and it ended in him groping me in my kitchen. But yes, occasionally I'll give being nice to my fellow man a try. This was one of those times. He asked my name and I refused to tell him, asked if I lived in the neighbor and I said no (not true), asked where I was going and I vaguely said around the corner, asked if I wanted to smoke a joint and I said no, asked if I needed a ride and I said no, asked if he could buy me a drink and I said no, asked if I had a job and I said yes, asked what I did and I again vaguely answered "I do administrative work". He then told me he was a photographer and wanted to shoot me some time.

Ok, really? *Really*? You're going to spend all that time hitting on me and then act like you just innocently want to take my picture? Like you just wanna do business with me? Does that approach even work for you? Ever? I actually get this style of proposition a good amount. Strange men (as in strangers, not just weirdos) approach me and say they want to take my picture or have me sing for their band or whatever else only after they spend ten minutes making passes. I've gotten some business cards and actually taken the time out of my fucking day to look at some of these dudes' websites and more often than not its mostly naked pictures of girls. The guy asked for my number as he started to get out of his car at which point I loudly said "OK bye!" and speed-walked away as the dude continued to try to talk at me. I spent the rest of the walk glancing over my shoulder and taking a mega circuitous path home. If it wasn't already painfully obvious from reading this it sucks to find yourself in this type of situation and be forced to be on guard simply because you happen to be a lady walking down the street.

It doesn't matter what I wear, what time of the day it is, what neighborhood I'm in, if I'm walking by myself its pretty much guaranteed I will get harassed at some point and I am far from the minority in this type of thing. I have yet to meet a woman who doesn't experience some form harassment on a regular basis. It ranges from "you make my dick so hard" to "girl, you got big legs!" to dudes literally attempting to grab my crotch as I walk past them in broad daylight. I've had people follow me for blocks trying to get my attention until I finally turn around and growl out a fuck off at which point they either look surprised and confused or suddenly the relentless adoration turns into a quick "fuck you, ugly bitch."

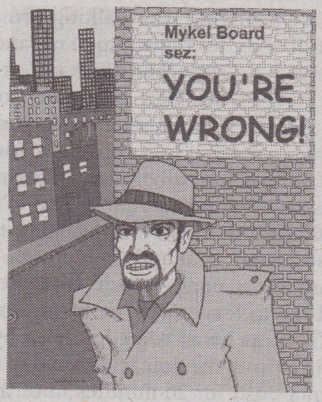
Even when its merely words being bandied about it still manages to be just as terrifying as actually getting grabbed. I know enough women (myself included) who have been followed home or been assaulted, read and heard enough stories about women getting dragged into cars or behind bushes that having "hey baby" hurled at me from a car as it speeds by isn't just some asshole yelling at me but very well could be some asshole either stalking me or physically assaulting me. Sometimes it begins and ends with stupid shit being whispered in your ear and sometimes it doesn't. One night I was walking home when a van full of dudes pulled up to me and asked "how much?" I screeched "fuck off" at the top of my lungs while they continued to amble along beside me when all the sudden it occurred to me that I was on a desolate street. Alone. With a van full of men following me. I ran the rest of the way home. That is fucking bullshit. Or the time I was walking to work and someone grabbed my crotch, which resulted in a panic attack that ultimately forced me to leave work early. Fucking bullshit. The time I was being followed by somebody in a car to the point that I had to run and hide in a bush for 20 minutes until the dude quit circling the block? Fucking bullshit.

But really, harassment is just another one of the myriad things that works together in order to exert constant control over women. It is another thing that dampens our autonomy and steals away control over our own bodies. When we do demand to be left alone in an angry and loud way we either get written off for being a bitch or being hysterical. We are told to get a thicker skin, that we should enjoy it, they are just trying to compliment us. It creates a bullshit situation that says, "Oh, you got harassed / assaulted / raped? You shouldn't have left your house." We are told that simply because of our existence we are "asking for it." Being in public either begins to feel too dangerous to bother or at least too bothersome to bother. Women become out of sight, out of mind.

Do men truly believe that saying lewd things to women in an attempt to compliment us is actually a compliment? Fuck if I know. That shit does not make sense to me. Has any woman ever had some random dude whisper, "I want to eat your pussy" on the way home from the grocery store and dropped everything just to fuck him? Or what, go on a date with him? I have never fucking heard of this happening. Not even as an urban legend. Yet, it continues.

So what is it then? A reminder of domination? Is it less about sex and more about control? It would be really cool to feel totally at ease whilst walking around alone. I truly believe that one of the reasons for the continued harassment of and violence against women in the world is because of our collective avoidance of fighting back. This is something that is taught since birth. An avoidance of being violent, a complacency in the face of an endangering threat is deeply ingrained in

women the world over. Do not take this as me blaming women for the assaults against us. This is much more of a "I see no end in sight what can we do?", a bit of "it doesn't seem like anyone else is fixing this, now what?" I truly think that if street harassment were met with violence instead of fear it would probably dissipate pretty fucking quick. If harassing a woman on the street no longer meant an exercise of power over someone but instead meant you would get your ass beat? Pretty sure men would think twice about it.



If people vote themselves into slavery and give up their liberty, is this freedom? —Isaiah Berlin

It's 1995... the same Toronto anarchist festival I wrote about last time. That was the Vegan Reich story. This one's about Alekz Vermont and some other girl, I can't remember her name.

It's like a dream. I'm in an open field. Two girls are chasing me. Two attractive girls... the kind I usually wouldn't run from... but would turn to...nuzzling my muzzle between their legs... savoring the clitoral sea breeze…lapping languidly between the labia.

But now they have an agenda. They want to hurt me, I think. So I run.

Blam!!! Something hits the back of my legs. I'm down...tackled...like a football player. The other girl... the one who's not Alekz... grabs my KLANARCHY t-shirt... *scrrrttt*...tears it...tears it off... Then Alekz is on my shirtless self... her knees on my shoulders... She does not lower herself, pressing her luscious *mons veneris* into my face. Instead, out comes a magic marker... a thick one... indelible. She draws two arrows on my chest, one pointing to each nipple. Under the arrows, equally indelible, she prints, *"THESE ARE TITS TOO."*

Then they skedaddle...both of them...waving my shirt like a captured flag...off to wherever girl anarchists go when they strip a boy. Gone, leaving me to walk around half naked... for the rest of the day... smiling at cops who have better things to do. Some anarchists ask me what it means. I shrug.

1999: I'm happier than a Christian at a book burning. At ABC No Rio, watching one of my top 20 live bands of all time. Mmmm boy.

They were on the cover of *Flipside*. I heard the record, saw them at CBGBs. Now I can get even closer.

As usual, Esneider is at the door. I hand him my $5. He stamps the *"no value"* rubber stamp into the pad and then on the inside of my wrist.

"Be careful today, Mykel," he says. "Stay out of the pit. They've got the most vicious pit I've ever seen."

"I'm five foot three inches tall," I remind him. "I weigh 130 pounds. I *never* go into the pit."

"But Mykel," he says, "sometimes the pit goes into you."

Inside, the tiny club is packed. Back in those days, the shows were in the basement. There was no ventilation. It was always hot. A packed house and a tough pit means *superhot*. Maybe people will take off their shirts. Yeah!

I stand on the side, in back of a short attractive girl. She'll be a buffer in case the going gets tight. I've got a great view of the band. Shirts have already come off because of the heat.

Then the music starts. Wowee! Slam away. Fuck, right in the ribs... in the shoulder... *OUCH*! ...in the balls... I back off more... a little more peace...

Then the lead singer, Lynn, takes her shirt off. Yeah, it's TRIBE 8, the best lesbo band in herstory. And Lynn, the greatest of the great, has the balls to take her shirt off at a punk rock show. Just like everyone else. Tits like everybody else has. Yeah!

The academic part: Kurt Vonnegut once wrote a story about equality. In that story, the society required everyone to be equal. So if somebody lost the sight in one eye, *everybody* had to wear blinders on one eye to make them equal. In the quest for equality, people walk around with weights on their legs or an arm tied behind their backs. That makes them equal to the cripples among them. They are braced, their backs forced into a curve, to make them equal to those with scoliosis. They have earplugs to make them equal to deaf people. You get the idea. Equality is the first value.

Vonnegut is dead. (Sometime soon, I'll be *his* equal.) But he was not against equality. He was against a narrow view of equality—a *negative* equality that makes people equal at the bottom rather than at the top.

I'll explain further: Imagine I have a gold pen. There are ten people sitting with me. We can make everyone equal in two ways. One is to give everyone else a gold pen. The other is to take away my pen. The former is a *positive* equality. The latter a *negative* one.

The *marriage equality act*—homo marriage—is an example of *negative* equality. Right now, you can only get "free" health insurance if you're married to someone with paid insurance. You can only get hospital visitation rights, or child adoption rights if you're married. You can only file a joint tax return or get easy citizenship if you're married. You can only pass on your apartment to a spouse. Share veterans' discounts on medical care, education, and home loans with someone you're married to. You can only receive crime victims' recovery benefits if you're married to the victim (or if you *are* the victim.)

There are two ways of dealing with the inequality of laws related to marriage. *Negative* equality is to force more people into marriage and thereby strengthen the institution. The other is to get the government out of the marriage business completely and make no special privileges based on what should be a religious institution. *Positive* equality is to eliminate all marriage laws. Make all people—married or not, homo, het or neither—equal. Instead, homos decided to put blinders on the rest of us. Weigh down one leg to make us equal. So now New York has gay marriage. And insurance companies that used to insure "domestic partners," now require *marriage*! The freedom to marry becomes the *duty* to marry, and with gay marriage it's harder than ever to escape.

2011: I'm reading *Razorcake*, home to former *MRR* columnists and those who'd like to be. Amy Adoyzie is one of my favorites... a girl that doesn't act like one... until now.

Jeezus fuckin' Christ. She's writing about how punk rock boys make girls uncomfortable... You know how? *By taking their shirts off.* That's how:

"When you take off your shirt in a hot, muggy basement show, you're not just trying to cool yourself off. You're saying something with your body and who you are. You're saying 'I'm a dude and as a dude, I can take my shirt off in a room full of other people...' You're unknowingly asserting your dude-ness for all to see. You're saying, "Check me out. I'm a fucking dude. And you know what? That makes some people feel unsafe. Just because you think it's innocuous doesn't mean it is. Just because you don't agree that it makes people feel unsafe doesn't mean it doesn't. Put your fucking shirt on."

Fifteen years after Tribe 8 opens the door to a *positive* equality, we've got a girl here saying *not* that girls should be able to take their shirts off, but that boys shouldn't!

Just like the *right to marry* is actually the *duty* to marry, and increases inequality for those who choose not to. The *right to comfort* is the way to limit the freedom of others who choose to... to... show their tits.

In Europe, toplessness is the order of they day—for men and women. Alas, even in the punkrock world, this is not Europe.

Hey Amy, these are tits too! Instead of saying I shouldn't be free to take my shirt off—you should be saying you should be free to take off yours. Instead of saying *cover up boys*, you should be saying *take it off girls*. Your freedom doesn't come from my repression. It comes from your own liberation.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykel board.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—> That gives me an idea dept: The Texas

Office of the Comptroller granted tax-exempt status to The Church Of Freethought, an "atheist church" in Texas. After an initial denial and run in with Americans United for Separation of Church and State, government officials backed down. The Comptroller's original objection said if they granted the status it would lead to applications from "any wannabe cult who dresses up and parades down Sixth Street on Halloween." Hmmm, dress-up anyone?

—>*Where? dept:* We all know that the locations of most phones can be tracked, either via their built in GPS devices or by triangulating the signals they bounce off the cellular towers. And not only is it possible to figure out where a phone has been, you can also get software or online services that will let you track the location of a phone in real time. You can keep tabs on your teenagers, other family members, employees, or someone you want to stalk. In addition to the location (as it moves), you can also find out how fast it's going.

One such service, which works with certain Blackberry, Windows Mobile, and Android phones, is AccuTracking. Since it's probably illegal for me to say some hackers should get on 'em ASAP... I won't. But I can imagine posting some way you can attach a fake tracking chip to a stray cat or a street crazy. Attach a fake device to a hamster, and let it loose in the subway. Watch a panicky parent call the cops as their "child" runs down a subway tunnel in front of a raging train.

Not that I'd propose such a thing. Who me? Such a proposition is likely to be illegal.

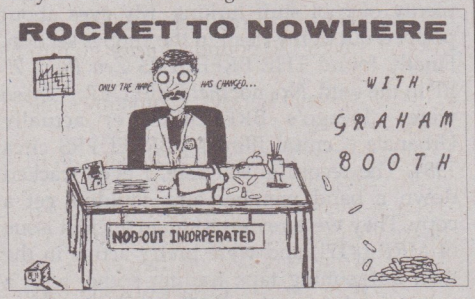
—>Speaking of where dept: Gizmo.com reports that Google has a bunch of places that Google Maps won't show you. According to the site, most of the censored places look like imaging anomalies, rather than some big black bar with "CENSORED" written in large text.

You can see 18 of them at: tiny.cc/mapcensor. You can also ask Google what's up widdat?

—>*Corporate humans vs. union humans:* The Supreme Court ruled that corporations and unions are "humans" with the ability to fund candidates with no limits. The corporations go to the conservatives. The unions go to the liberals. *NOW* do you get why so many Republican state governors are trying to break the unions? And there's a new law now in the House of Representatives. Republicans introduced bill HR 1135 that denies food stamps to any family if a member is out on strike. How low can they go? Maybe I shouldn't ask.

—>*For the good of the kids dept:* The UK Government says it's fighting against "the early sexualization of children" by blocking internet pornography unless parents request it. The move is intended to ensure that children are not exposed to sex as a routine by-product of the internet. Instead of using parental controls to stop access to pornography—so-called "opting out"—the tap will be turned off at the source. Adults will then have to "opt in." ...And then probably be arrested for exposing their kids to Internet porn.

—>*It shudda been my parents dept:* Landon & Anette Parris of Nashville pleaded guilty to hiring a stripper for their son's 16th birthday. They were sentenced to two years probation and ordered to take "parenting classes." I say they should be *teaching* those classes!



Whoa, what a day! There I was, running to the bank on my skateboard. I've been riding this weird '80s SANTA CRUZ deck I got at a flea market lately. I don't even know what it is, some generic team board, the graphic is just SPECIAL EDITION in those SANTA CRUZ triangle-y letters and it says real small "LIMITED EDITION by SANTA CRUZ" on it. It's pretty much the worst shape ever, a super boner-y hammerhead shark profile with a ridiculously tiny 1" nose. It's actually hard to ride, I'm 10 years out of practice, and there's barely enough nose for me to ride the board up a 4" curb.

Also, San Francisco is fucking crazy with the hills. Jesus. I literally just bought the deck at the flea market to have some fun, maybe save some time from having to walk everywhere since everywhere I want to go is at least a mile away. Little did I know, these hills are ruthless. It seems like if you're going up a hill, one block will be a small incline, then the next block will be a little steeper. By the third block of this my knees were literally giving out under me. So I started walking up hills.

Then there's downhill. Man. There are a shitload of cars in this city. I'd love to go just bomb the shit out of some of these hills, see what happens. But every time I start coasting down, I'll see a car crossing the intersection in front of me, I gotta slow down. It's hard to slow down. Also I suck, very weak power-slide game, so I'm all stopping with my foot. I need a new gameplan. I actually started walking down hills. UGGH.

Anyway, so I rode downtown to the bank, and hey, there's that one record shop down here. Might as well stop in, prolly haven't been here in a month. This place is usually pretty raw, I usually just hit the dollar bins since the regular stock is always hella stale and picked over. Well today the dollar bins were stocked. Decent '60s/'70s rock that isn't completely torched is tough to find in a dollar bin these days, but it looks like a collection just hit the floor. It's been ages since I found any ZAPPA / MOTHERS OF INVENTION / RUBEN AND THE JETS in a dollar bin, but here were about six of 'em, some light scuffs/marks, not the torched copies you'd expect. I wonder if I will ever get around to listening to them. Probably not.

I ended up with a hefty stack including many CRAPTON, FLYING BURRITO BROS, some Red Vinyl SISTERS OF MERCY 12", there was even JFA second LP in slightly off condition. I pressed my luck and hit the Jazz and Soul sections. Even though my pile was already looking unwieldy for my skateboard ride home. Huh, cool jazz. PHAROAH SANDERS on Impulse? A couple CANNONBALL ADDERLEYs on Riverside. Kind of cleanish. Wow. I must have 40 LPs by now. *Heavy.*

I'm not exactly sure why I decided to brave the bins at that particular moment, maybe it was the vague promise of classic rock that had just hit the floor. But I did. Pretty typical. These bins are kind of the worst because it's hard to tell if you're looking at the same records they had last time, or if these are new records that just look like the same records they had last time. Every classic rock staple you'd expect to see... BOSTON, EAGLES, FRAMPTON, JEFFERSON STARSHIP. Are those the old copies, or new old copies? If you've looked at as many stale bins as I have, it's almost comforting going somewhere knowing exactly what to expect. Like seeing an old friend, yes that $5.99 FRIGHTWIG LP is still here after all these years.

Well today, the bins apparently had changed, as I flipped through the first couple titles in the "R" bin I glanced down at a familiar Yellow sight. WTF. No way. Is there a reissue of this? A reissue for $2.99? No way. Is it really? Can it be? A little telltale ringwear? YES. Folks, I was holding in my hands the lone LP from San Antonio's utmost '70s boneheads, of course I am talking about ROKKER.

Who is this ROKKER you say? Let's see. A couple years ago (in my mind this is two years, but when I do the math that's like six years ago. Wow I am old). Yeah a "couple" years ago whilst living in Texas, my KBD mentor told me to keep an eye out for an obscure '70s Texas hard rock record with a punk song on it. Maybe this mentor even sent me a soundclip of the good punk song, I don't really remember. I just remember wanting to try and get a copy.

That shit was on eBay forever. Some guy in Texas had a neverending buy-it-now listing for like $100, I thought that was a total joke. The record kept popping up semi routinely, but those price-fixing assholes weren't coming off of $50. I don't think they even sold for that much, but I think those copies are long gone. So I just sat and waited for a copy to pop up on eBay for $9.99 and bid like I do with all that shit like PUKE SPIT & GUTS and GG ALLIN and PARASITES OF THE WESTERN WORLD and CHROME and, well it actually never happened with DEBRIS yet, but it *should* happen, and I get the stuff for like $25-30, maybe $40. Classic.

Well, that $25-30, maybe $40 copy of ROKKER never materialized. I went to ARC

(Austin Record Convention) 4 times and the fucking bloated geezers that actually had it all asking $100 cash for that shit. Not happening. So I waited. And waited. I kinda gave up. And then kids started talking about ROKKER on messageboards and shit and I knew it was all over for me. Turns out, ROKKER doesn't just have "A" punk song, but the whole record is kinda punk boneheaded rock'n'roll which is pretty much what everybody wants to listen to *instead* of punk rock these days. So I snoozed and I lost and that was the end of it.

But then I got it for $2.99. This is a good record. I will once again say hard rock, and many of the lyrics are "funny" incest themed which spread over an entire album is sounding more like questionable backwoods behavior and less "funny" to me. But that said it's still kind of a killer rural Texas item, even though San Antonio isn't that rural. Shit is blogged or something if you care. Or you can wait out a $2.99 copy like me.

So that was today. This month I had a bunch of crazy travel shit tho. I went to Chicago for a friends "punk rock" wedding, which was more like a "power-pop" wedding or actually a "skinny tie" wedding without ties. All was redeemed when I heard Ohio biker punks STRYCHNINE "Jack The Ripper" on the dancefloor with the groom doing his best lip-syncing swashbuckler imitation. That song is a monster—listen to it on YouTube.com already, the singer's name is Weasel Strychnine, you can look it up in a Clevo phonebook.

I took a couple extra days in Chicago to do some deep digging. I was all whining because it seemed I'd find like one or two records here and there, but when I looked at my box full of shit at the end, I actually got some sick stuff. Even some *punk* stuff, which never happens anymore. Reckless Records. I went to two stores in Wicker Park and Broadway. A friend got THE END *Holocaust Hop* 7" in front of me, that's a rad kinda rare Chicago punk record from 1982 that actually sounds like a UK Anarcho / Hardcore record with political lyrics. I think *MRR* folks would prolly like it.

At the other Reckless, I got a Chicago "punk" 45 I'd never managed to find, SCREAMIN' RACHAEL & REMOTE *Insult To Injury* 45. They have a girl singer, duh, but it's kinda punky girl pop from 1980, it's cool. It's funny because I keep seeing dance 12"s by SCREAMIN' RACHEL with headshots of her on Hype-Stickers, I guess she went on to do vocal tracks on House records in the late '80s in Chicago. I'll def keep the REMOTE 45, although if I wasn't from Chicago it would probably end up in my "to sell eventually" box. Hell, it still might end up there. It's cool though, and early.

I was really looking forward to hitting a new shop in Chicago, it's called Favorite Records. Their location is kinda crazy, on the big triangle at that three way intersection of Division / Ashland / Milwaukee, about a block from Dusty Groove, a killer store for soul/funk/jazz/12"s. Favorite Records was maybe three months old, I heard that TERRY NELSON, Chicago's first punk DJ in the '70s on WZRD and a fanzine contributor to ancient Chicago rags like *Coolest Retard* and *Gabba Gabba Gazette*, is helping with the store, so someone with good taste is involved. It showed in the record selection.

I'd heard that people hit the store pretty hard when it first opened, but there was still plenty of cool stuff lurking. My eyes about popped out of my head in the singles section. Finally found THE BREEDERS *Zen Punk* 7" EP in the wild. No, not *that* BREEDERS! These were Chicago's BREEDERS, er actually Urbana's (Central Illinois') BREEDERS circa 1984. The record is shit rare, I even tracked down a band member and couldn't get a copy. They were reviewed in an ancient issue of *MRR* (#17!) and were pretty active in the then burgeoning tape trading scene, with a cassette release as well. This is a low second/high third tier US hardcore record, first tier if you're talking Illinois. Shit's blogged on kbdrecords.com and other places if you care. At $9.99, it was practically a gift from G-d. Also snagged an elusive UK pink back SEX PISTOLS *Never Mind the Bollocks* LP for more than I remembered, a *Los Angelinos* LP compilation with the best THE BRAT song, and a bunch of not punk records.

Another great new store I barely stumbled upon via word of mouth is in Evanston, called Squeezebox Books. It's actually more of a bookstore with a well-stocked record nook, run by an ex-Hifi Records honcho who seems destined to keep a record store going against all odds. The place was around the corner from Second Hand Tunes on Dempster, and you'd think that long-standing store would have the Evanston record game on lock. Not so. I'd love to get the hour back I wasted at Second Hand Tunes browsing the same tired stock from twelve months ago.

Meanwhile, in Squeezebox's maybe eight bins of LPs, I saw better records than most stores in Chicago, and without the utter exhaustion and defeat that usually accompanies them. I grabbed clean UK '70s Harvest press of Syd Barrett *The Madcap Laughs* LP, an early ALTERNATIVE TV LP and some other random odds and ends. There were a lot of deeper classics stocked, UK imports, etc. that I would've bought if I didn't already have them. They also had several hundred cheapo 45s. I remember feeling like Hifi was always a little on the pricey side, but lately with the internet and seeing what other shops are charging for records, this was downright reasonable. He also said he'd much rather sell cool shit in the store than waste his time on eBay, a rare sighting for a shop in Chicago.

I'm not gonna front like Chicago is some untouched record mecca. It's pretty rough out there like most cities. A few of the longest running shops are some of the most grueling places on earth with impossible to browse stuffed bins of the same old shit, and mounds of "off limit" records destined for the internet. That said, record-wise, I'd say Chicago is looking up compared to a year or two ago. There seems to be potential with several newer stores, and the tight grip of eBay seems to be loosening, allowing for some rad Real World finds. If you're trying to pay rent on the stuff, I probably wouldn't recommend it, but if you're there on a weekend bender and you've got a few hours to kill, you're sure to come home with at least something good.

New Generation

Sometimes it seems like you're treading water; the days go by unnoticed as you wake up, punch in, punch out, eat, sleep, and drink the weekend away. Other times, there's so much going on you're not sure how you can squeeze it all in. This summer feels like the latter. My job is as busy as ever but I get home and there are still a few hours of daylight left and there's no shortage of stuff to do. Oakland can be a great place to live in the summer. It's a lot warmer than SF. I can drink a beer with Kenny Kaos on the ferry back from work on a Friday then stop off at Beer Revolution on the way home. It's just one of the booming local businesses owned by punks. Within a few blocks from my house alone there's a cheese shop, barbershop, and plant/garden store all owned and run by folks who could have spent the '80s or '90s passed out at The Farm or Burnt Ramen. Not to mention 1-2-3-4 Go!, the record store down the street owned by sometime MRR contributor Steve Stevenson. 1-2-34 Go! just celebrated its tenth anniversary as a label and third as a storefront. In those three years the store has expanded twice, most recently into a much bigger space that includes an all-ages venue and rehearsal space. Who would have thought that in this economy, a record store specializing in punk vinyl would be surviving, never mind thriving? As you can imagine, Steve works very hard to make the store and label a success.

On top of all that work, this past month he organized a four-night festival to celebrate the aforementioned anniversaries. It started with an art show by Janelle Blarg at the shop, and continued with three nights of shows at the Metro, a cavernous venue near Jack London Square (and Beer Revolution). Various bands from the past and present of the 1-2-3-4 Go! roster, along with some others (including the band that gave the label its name, Zero Boys) played. Just attending all three nights was a bit of a slog, I can't imagine how much work it was to organize and coordinate the whole thing. Shannon & The Clams, the Cute Lepers, and the Zero Boys

were some of the highlights for me (at least once the Zero Boys had gotten past the new material portion of their set and the bottles had stopped flying) but far and away the best band I saw all weekend were locals Neon Piss. To my ears their sound has elements of early DC emo like Rites Of Spring and Embrace, with the vocals of Youth Brigade. Fans of the Observers/Red Dons will not be disappointed. All in all the weekend for me was marked more by seeing old friends and making a few new ones than for the music itself, but I think there's something about that particular venue that saps the atmosphere a little. As a celebration of, and tribute to 1-2-3-4 Go!, though, it was perfect right up until the lights came on at the very end, and the bouncers let some dude who had earlier been thrown out come back in. He took the opportunity to attack Steve, the one moment of violence I witnessed all weekend. Figures.

The next night found me in San Francisco at the Elbo Room to catch Danish blogosphere phenoms Iceage. This was another show that brought some old faces out of the woodwork, probably to see what all the internerd fuss was about. I hadn't heard the Iceage LP, but the songs I'd checked out online were great: moody and youthful post-punk with hardcore energy. Live at the Elbo Room, it was difficult to see what all the fuss was about. I enjoyed them, but I can imagine some Vice/Pitchfork readers drawn to their shows being a bit confused by the out-of-tune, blown-out, vacant hardcore played by 19-year-olds that greeted them.

The next night the action moved to a more suitable venue. Originally booked at a basement in West Oakland, it became obvious that Iceage were going to draw significantly more people than could fit. Steve 1-2-3-4 Go! came to the rescue: despite being exhausted from the weekend, he let us move the show to his new, as-yet-unopened space. We rustled together a PA and sent a few emails and texts and it was on. My favorite local band Rank/Xerox opened the show with their Mission Of Burma meets UK DIY meet Urinals post-punk, then my band played, followed by Steve Lake from Zounds, then Cult Of Youth, then over 100 people squeezed into the cramped space to see Iceage. It's not every day your band plays a show with a band young enough to be your kids, *and* someone old enough to be, if not your dad, then at least your much older brother! It had me humming that old Dag Nasty song, "All Ages Show." I think the average age of Iceage is eighteen, Rank/Xerox are in their twenties, I'm in my forties, and Steve Lake must be in his fifties. There was no trouble, the bands got fed (courtesy of my missus, who points out that in typical teenage fashion, Iceage didn't eat any vegetables), and the whole thing was over ten minutes before the 10pm curfew. Sometimes things just work out!

To me this all marks the start of a new generation for Oakland's punk scene. There are some great new bands and energetic young kids, while the older generation of punks is becoming the new generation of community leaders and business owners, setting an example of how to move into adulthood without selling out your ideals or becoming either a toothless has-been fuckup or a suburban drone. It warms the cockles of me heart, it really does!

I'm writing this coming off of two weeks far removed from my normal life, in close quarters with family and disconnected from the usual channels of stupidity in which I immerse myself. Writing about hardcore punk amidst the travel frenzy involved in returning back home from halfway around the world in India seems like strange timing, but fuck it…

Boston's Brain Killer put out a new LP this spring which follows the same path of destruction that their 7"s took, featuring a bombastic and tightly wound blast of precision drum attacks, layers of searing buzzbomb guitars (think Crass times ten), and throaty, blood-curdling vocals (kind of) like that one Japanese band. While the 7"s (the demo repress and the self-titled EP) relied more on song craft and crushing riffs, the songs (if you could call them that) on this slump against each other, co-dependent in creating a vile mass of an LP. In other words, the 7"s probably produced better individual songs, but this record actually sounds like a coherent album—if that's even possible in these outer rims of scum-ridden noise. This marks a widespread departure from their short-sharp 50-second noise blasts influenced by raw hardcore; Brain Killer is clearly taking more queues from the anarcho punk bands who existed before that term *solely* meant "shitty"—i.e. Icons of Filth, Crass, Antisect, and the like. Spoken word lyrics over feedback and drum rolls occasionally rise out of the Bastard/Framtid/Deathreat inflected HC violence, and the presentation of the record is firmly rooted in a territory clearly inspired by those ancient relics of pre-sterilized anarcho/crust/peace punk. Since few bands have put out records that meld political sentiment with actually good music, Brain Killer's LP made me start thinking about why that sect of punk has quickly become irrelevant in a lot of ways.

Re-evaluating revered peace punk stuff like Antisect and Crass, the attitude behind their words is filled with such an inhuman sort of contrast despite their lyrics ringing true in many cases. Dogma fills their rhetoric, and this rhetoric ignores human nature while attracting the attention of mindless sheep, after which the mindless sheep aid them in swelling up their egos and pretensions. This sort of petulant dogmatism is happily removed from a lot of what you see in punk now. Antisect presents their now-clichéd anti-war, pro-animal stance from this nauseating accusatory position: "if you are on board with what we are talking about, let's all give ourselves a little pat on the back while we throw passive-aggressive glances at those primitive filthy savages who don't." It's no surprise that the big fans of skinhead/Oi! bullshit, youth crew/straight edge bullshit, and anarcho/crust bullshit are mainly the rich suburban sects of people, because those things are so far removed from reality and so easy to swallow without any confrontation. Everybody nods their head in agreement and stays in easy niches. It's not about music, visceral release, or (despite what it may superficially appear) rejecting what you feel is wrong, it's about slipping into an easy support group so you can lick the wounds of rejection from the kids at school or the people at work. Rather than facing the things that reject you with gnashing teeth, a glare, and a fist, you burrow in your shirt and act like if you can't see them they can't see you. I feel like this kind of enlist-now-it's-easy attitude is what swelled up so greatly to make the backwards looking '80s and '70s worship so overbearing in the previous decade. Luckily, these people jump off the boat like a pack of lemmings and punk has mostly been left to its own devices while these separate factions of stupidity branch off and explode within themselves.

Aside from the obviousness of that gang mentality that pervades so much of the "political punk" that is revered, the other major failing of the so-called politically aware bands is the lack of any visceral nature to their protests. There is no rabid foot stomping, brow sweating, fist clenching type of emotion in the grooves of half the crust or anarcho bands out there ('80s or not), just regurgitated bullshit spewed to appease. Maybe that is why I get more gratification out of "Dicks Hate the Police," "Fledge Flight," "17 Years of Hell," "Indochina," or "Near Dark" than I get out of any Crass Records release. Music is not a logical or objective form of expression, neither is any art in general, for these are things created from the imagination of humans, the creatures farthest from objective or logical than anything else you could hope to find. Therefore, music should not make any room for any objective sort of statement, and if you are singing about cops beating up kids in the street or bombs funded by hypocrites harming innocent lives, you best not be objective. But, art and music are also personal creations, and while songs like the ones I mentioned are just that, that is exactly where bands like Antisect and Crass, in many instances, and

most of the bands that worshipped them, in every instance, fail to make even a splash of interest. You shouldn't have to be using language to convince someone anything, if something means enough for you to write about, it's meaning and relevance should stand on its own, rather than being held up by the crutch of persuasive rhetoric.

Unlike their preceding releases, this new Brain Killer record doesn't fall far from the tree that Crass planted, as the lyrics hang lifelessly in a similar impersonal territory. Despite that, you are given the salvation of genuinely angry, intense hardcore: on point/well penned lyrics or not, that is an achievement in itself.

1. *Fuck Angela Chase*

I was sitting around with a (really hot) friend one night snorting X, touching, melting into one another, *wanting* to have sex (though the amphetamines in the tab turned all of our dicks into taffy) and talking about childhood bullshit. Taking drugs always makes me want to talk about my childhood, which—if you're on drugs—is always the worst fucking idea *ever*. No, really, like *EVER*. It's like textbook definition bad idea—like walking around in a tough neighborhood with no pants or underwear on and a shirt that says, "I'm A Faggot—Kill Me" (though I think talking about your childhood on drugs is worse). I fucking *hate* X for this reason, but at least it's not crack (though I kind of wished we were smoking crack—its less hippy dippy and it gets you "there"—but I digress).

I hate when people don't have problems with the world. It gets to be that butt crack of dawn, sun peeking out, hearing garbage trucks going (the *worst*) and then the drug depression hits. Now my friend is sleeping and I'm still up and I think back to the hours that passed and the subjects of conversation and how (*of course*) I'm the *most* troubled of the two of us. I spilled my guts about my overweight teenage awkward virgin hell and he just *sat* there looking blank in that way where I was like "am I revealing to much?" (Whereas I'm thinking "it's *ME bitch O-F C-O-U-R-S-E I'm revealing too much!*) I made my declaration about how I (like Janis Ian) had learned the truth at seventeen—the hot people (no matter how fucking stupid they are) always get what they want. But when I stopped talking about *me* long enough to talk about *him* some interesting things surface. Like how A. He'd never really felt so awkward in high school. B. He actually got laid in high school and C. He thinks I should calm the fuck down.

I know he's right but I just can't let it go. (I can't ever let shit go.) It's *hurtful* to try and let go! I probe my inner well of hurt to look for clues for why I still carry the pain of not getting laid as a teenager. I'm still too high to think of anything meaningful so I invent a total bullshit reason that's so entertaining I *have* to fly with it: it's because I had to watch the first man I ever loved—Brian Krakow—get his heart *trampled* by that angsty bitch-goddess Angela Chase...

2. *Fuck Jordan Catalano*

My mom hated my obsession with *My So-Called Life*. "Why do watch white people shows?" (Good point!) But seeing as how there were no shows then (and *still*) really about sarcastic disaffected brooding ethnic teens it was the best I had. Now looking back that show was *such bullshit*. The dialogue! Jesus! "So um, do you ever like, look at the sky, and think like, how its, like, well, blue?" *P Fucking U!*! Who wrote this bullshit?!? Yet still I ate it up. It had everything! A stoner, a gay, a druggie, a goodie goodie, and the slutty good girl with big boobs. It was ahead of its time in many ways. Back when I was a latent homosexual (unbeknownst to me) I had a *total boner* for that Brian Krakow. Angela Chase was supposed to be my generation's Molly Ringwald—only '90s-i.e. *brooding* as fuck and minus all the fun dance moves—which I guess would place Brian as a '90s Duckie but not really. Admittedly, Duckie was *waaaaaaaay* fucking cooler and—maybe I'm just projecting this—but seems like Duckie would have gay sex if drunk enough. Brian Krakow? Not so much. Yet stilll...he was like the patron saint of *all* of us awkward, sensitive boys (remember the episode where him and Rickie the gay dude walked around school all day and talked about how lonely they were? Sniff, sniff…) Little did I know that in Brian I had found one of the several types I go for. All gentle, sensitive, tender, Jewish, overly-mothered wimps. I Eat That Shit Up. *Soooooooooo* hot. Seriously. He was just like me! Except for the blond hair blue-eyed Jewish thing. And he was smart! (I can't really remember the last time I fucked someone who was really smart). But alas, I was to learn about the world through the eyes of his character in the harshest way possible.

Fuck Angela Chase! What a poser! She spent all that time eating carrots and writing poetry and shit being *sooooo tortured* and whatnot and does she pick a man that reflects her intention??? *Fuck no*. Who does she pick????? *Jordon Catalano. Ewwwww*!!!! His band sucks, his bangs are *always* in his eyes which *fucking* annoys me and worst of all... *He's fucking illiterate!* EW! I can deal with bad spellers but I would *never* fuck an illiterate person. Like, are you fucking kidding? My pussy is *too good* for that bullshit. Guess whose pussy will put up with that bullshit... Angela Chase's. Upon writing this I realize that I still hate that bitch for what she did to Brian and what she subliminally taught/reinforced in us—i.e. its okay to love a stupid boy as long as he's hot. YOU RUINED MY LIFE ANGELA CHASE! What did Brian even see in her? To this day I Google Brian Krakow—I could Google and find out what his real name is but I kinda don't give a fuck. It would ruin the fantasy.

We might as well have defaulted.

Regardless of where you stand politically, the deal to raise the federal debt limit came too late for the U.S. to achieve its main objective, avoiding the downgrading of debt issued by the U.S. Treasury that would have followed a default.

"The political and financial world surely thinks less of us now, and one demonstration of that will likely be a downgrading of the credit rating of the U.S., probably imposed in the next few months," writes John Keefe of CBS's Moneywatch. "The net result will be higher interest rates on U.S. government debt, which is likely to bleed through ultimately to higher costs for all sorts of other interest rates."

The buzz on Wall Street says that Standard & Poor's will soon downgrade T-Notes from a sterling "AAA" either to "AA+" or "AA", the same as Slovakia. That's exactly what would have happened had there been a default.

It is true: Our leaders are idiots.

"I have a home in Nevada that I haven't seen in months," said Majority Leader Harry Reid on the floor of the Senate. "My pomegranate trees are, I'm told, blossoming." Too bad. He missed his pretty flowers for nothing.

Liberals got rolled.

Just like on healthcare.

Just like on everything else.

Everything about the way this deal went down, from the initial posturing to a compromise that will make the Great Depression of 2008 even worse, along with Congress' total lack of concern for the hardships being faced by the 20 percent-plus of Americans who are unemployed, has people disgusted.

"The big loser after this exercise is Washington," Republican strategist Scott Reed tells The New York Times. The 2012 election "has the potential to be an anti-incumbent feeling in both parties." Gee, ya think?

If any good comes out of the debt limit fiasco, it's that this embarrassing showdown could serve as a long overdue wake-up call to liberals who still have faith in the Democratic Party. Maybe, just maybe, these ideological rubes will finally accept the obvious truth:

Those corrupt corporate-backed pigs just

aren't that into us.

So boycott the pigs. It is time for Real Liberals to kick Team Democrats to the curb. It isn't hard. Next November all you have to do is…

Nothing.

Just.

Don't.

Vote.

In other countries voter boycotts have a long and proud tradition as a way to effect pressure on a non-responsive political system. Think the politicians won't care if you don't vote? History proves you wrong. Even in dictatorships where only one candidate appears on the ballot, regimes go to desperate lengths to get people to turn out to vote. Why? It proves the government's legitimacy.

Samuel Huntington cites the example of apartheid-era South Africa in his book *The Third Wave: Democratization in the Late Twentieth Century*: "In the 1988 municipal elections, the [pro-apartheid] South African government…clamped down on pro-boycott opposition groups and made it unlawful for individuals to urge a boycott." The African National Congress then upped the ante, declaring its intent to "use revolutionary violence to prevent blacks from collaborating [by casting a vote]."

Extreme, perhaps. Effective, definitely. The ANC is now the majority incumbent party in post-apartheid South Africa.

Are you Real? Or do you play for a Team?

If you're a Real Liberal, you espouse liberal values and policies that you think would make America a better place. If you're a partisan of Team Politics, you only care about one thing—whether the Democrats get elected. You couldn't care less about policy.

Which side are you on?

Like Clinton and Carter before him, Obama has sold out core liberal Democratic principles, such as fighting for the weak and poor and expanding the social safety net, as well as civil liberties. He can't point to a single major liberal policy achievement. Heck, Obama hasn't proposed a major liberal bill. Even so, Team Democrats will vote for Obama in 2012. Team Democrats are Democrats first, liberals last.

Real Liberals, on the other hand, have no reason to support the Dems. The debt limit deal makes this painfully clear.

Paul Krugman, the only reason to read The New York Times op/ed page, calls the debt limit deal "a disaster, and not just for President Obama and his party. It will damage an already depressed economy; it will probably make America's long-run deficit problem worse, not better; and most important, by demonstrating that raw extortion works and carries no political cost, it will take America a long way down the road to banana-republic status."

Krugman is a Real Liberal. Real Liberals care about liberal policies—defending old liberal victories such as Social Security and Medicare, as well as struggling to achieve new gains like a public-works program to put the unemployed to work.

Real Liberals give Democratic politicians the benefit of the doubt. But after they prove themselves to be a DINO (Democrat In Name Only), Real Liberals withhold their support. Classic example: Joe Lieberman, the senator from Connecticut. Current version: Barack Obama and his allies.

Obama has been locked in an epic showdown with House Republicans for weeks. Matador vs. bull. Scary and exciting.

First and foremost, the debt ceiling debate was ridiculous from the start. The economy is at a standstill. Recent GDP numbers came in at a sub-anemic 1.9 percent, so low that the real unemployment rate of 21 percent will continue to increase. Foreclosures are emptying out whole neighborhoods.

The traditional, historically proven Keynesian response to Depression is for the government to spend more. Members of both major parties know this. Yet here they were, both agreeing to spend less, indeed to slash the budget by historic amounts. If the Democrats had an ounce of sense, much less principle, they would have refused to discuss budget cuts at all. (Although an end to the wars would be nice).

Obama and Congressional Democrats went along with trillions in cuts, cuts that may lead to Soviet-style collapse. The Dems' only demand was that a final agreement include tax increases on the wealthy.

In the end, the Hopey Changey matador hopped the fence and fled the stadium. The GOP got their cuts. The Dems didn't get a cent of taxes on the rich.

OK, Real Liberals. It's been three years. You know Obama's record. Obama never fights. When he does, it's for conservative values, like slashing the federal budget and giving our money to millionaire bankers.

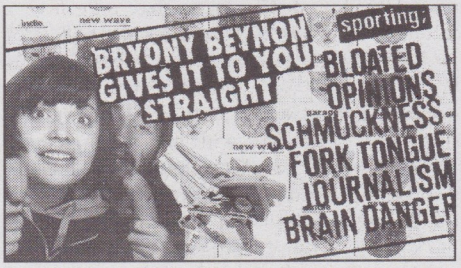
Why would you vote for him, or any Democrat, next year?

I know, I know: the Even More Insane Evil Republicans would take over. Après nous, la deluge. To which I ask, really, truly, no sarcasm—what difference would it make?

What if John McCain had won in 2008? Do you think we'd be at war in more countries than Afghanistan, Iraq, Yemen, Somalia and Libya? Would the Republicans have done less than Obama for the unemployed and homeowners getting evicted from their homes?

How much longer are you going to tolerate the sellout Democrats? How many more times are you going to stand in line to cast a vote for these treacherous scum?

Contact Ted Rall: www.rall.com or POB 2760 NY NY 10163

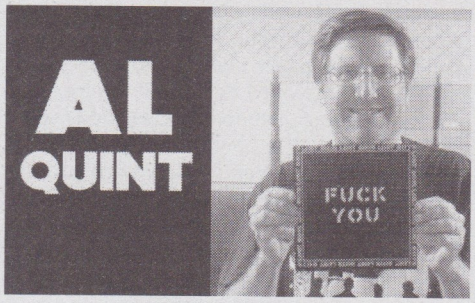


As I type, my city is on fire. As the fourth night of rioting approaches and I hear that the police have been granted permission to use rubber bullets for the first time ever on English soil, it still doesn't feel real. Images digested from various social networking sites and the rolling news, of burnt out buses and raging fires on shopping precincts I visit most days, feel like some kind of crazy simulation. A video has been shot and uploaded, from an upstairs window, of a man being robbed of his possessions as he stumbled from an unseen punch to the face, dripping blood, his assailants don't run, duck, or dive; they slowly and calmly remove what they want and saunter away. The image of a woman jumping from a burning building in Croydon. The vox pop interview with the proprietor who owned the furniture shop, now razed to the ground, an entire block of a street, where he ended with "My life is over. Goodnight, SkyNews." And of course everyone knows someone: my boyfriend's colleague's ex, whose flat was above one of the first jewellery shops to be looted and burned in Tottenham, is now homeless, with every single possession destroyed. A friend's friend who was chased to his front door by a group of kids carrying bats, bricks, and scaffolding poles. Today I walked to the job centre to sign off the dole after a year of under-employment, for what I hope will be the last time. The tension, anticipation, and bizarrely, the sense of broken down barriers strike me suddenly, how speaking to strangers in the street, usually a sign of mental instability or over-familiarity, is somehow allowed today, as people ask each other who's seen who do what and where, and where the police lines are now. The security guards employed by the Job Centre, usually slouched against doorframes, today seem to have taken on a new role of policing the whole street, with bemused patrons lurking outside, making quips about how "no one" is gonna burn down the job centre or we'd all lose our Giro. Shops are boarding up their windows pre-emptively now, which makes the streets seem even less familiar.

The riots were sparked by the police murder of a man travelling in a taxi through a borough of North London called Tottenham a few days ago. It was carried out as part of Operation Trident, set up to combat drug dealing amongst what is universally known as "the black community"—a foolish label that homogenises and erases so many people, but persists in public and media discourse in Britain nonetheless. The resulting protest march to the police station was peaceful, with a women-only deputation leading it to diffuse potential tension. The retrieval of a police bullet lodged in a police radio stinks of cover up, and this, added to the fact that the man, Mark Duggan's family was not told of his murder by the police, and were instead left to see it announced in the local news. One of the women in the peaceful march, who was 16-years old and waiting to be seen by a senior officer with news of what had happened to Mark Duggan, became involved in a con-

frontation, and was soon beaten by police officers. Cue the skirmishes with riot police and before long looting and a crazy amount of arson. The action has spread across the city and as of last night had spread to cities outside London including Bristol, Liverpool, and Birmingham. So what does this mean systemically? That this new outrage, this feeling of "not being safe" has been briefly shared by a much larger spectrum of society than normal, with the aggressors being those who are usually the silenced ones, is significant. Looting iPhones and Plasma screens is not a sign of the "interminable greed of the underclass" (a direct quote from a national paper) but just one particularly unpleasant action someone might take when put in front of a situation like this. People spouting on the internet about "our brave police" are forgetting the bullet in the chest of the man in the taxi already.

If it wasn't all so close to home, I could chance some commentary or political diatribe. Like, what use is the ritual condemnation of civil unrest, as every politician and talking head has done so far, when, even if it doesn't come with placards, these actions have political significance written all over them? Or what it means that supposed punks are making statements online about "looter scum?" As shops board up pre-emptively on police advice, the sense of consensus curfew leaves a pit of jelly in my stomach, and as it is, I just want the night to end without anyone getting killed.



A Plethora Of Punk (and Hardcore, Garage, and More...)

I'm going to start with my favorite record of the month, *No Sensation* by Boston band FOREIGN OBJECTS. On their first 12" release, the Objects go from being a good band to a great one. The songs are sharp and catchy, and the musicianship really gels here—from Melissa's jabbingly melodic guitar lines to Meghan's solid, full-bodied bass playing, to Dan's straight-ahead, skillful drumming. Terry sings in an impassioned, high timbre, stretching the lyrics around and over the stirring music. Foreign Objects are somewhere in that region between punk and post punk. It might just be by accident, but the Objects would have fit in well with some of the '80s-era Propeller label bands, a loose-grouping of Boston bands that generally favored a jarring approach but combined it with memorable hooks. The song "One Made Two" brings that reference to mind in particular. Actually, that song reminds me of MISSION OF BURMA or even SORRY, a younger, underrated Boston band from the early-to-mid '80s. The lengthy closer "Obliteration" pushes things into an abrasive realm, although they don't stray into free-form territory. *No Sensation* is an album that is probably headed for my top ten of 2011; this band transcends any easy category. (Vinyl Rites, PO Box 924, Gainesville, FL 32602, www.vinylrites.net)

Another full-length debut that's been logging a lot of stereo time comes in the form of the self-titled CD by POOR LILY What a walloping effort—it's always a pleasure to be blindsided by something out of the blue like this album. The musical pedigree of some of the members include various New York hardcore bands, but that isn't all that relevant here. Let's take this album/band on its own terms, without any preconceptions. Imagine NOMEANSNO and the MINUTEMEN off on a hardcore bender or even bands like RHYTHM PIGS or VICTIMS FAMILY—music that's ostensibly punk in attitude and intensity but incorporates a tight musical dynamic to the proceedings. Like those bands, these guys are a trio (I know NMN eventually added a second drummer) and incredible musicians. While the chops are obvious, they don't let things get so busy or overcooked that it dilutes the power—even with the jazzy interplay on a song like "Regular Guy" or "Pretty Little Uniform." There's a nervousness in Poor Lily's music, which also comes out through the edge-of-a-breakdown lyrics espoused on a number of songs and, what the hell, "sanity is for the insane," anyway, as they sing on "Decide To Sleep." Although that might be debatable—I'm thinking of when GANG OF FOUR sang "some are insane and they're in charge" on "To Hell With Poverty." Enough thinking, though—I'd rather have the brain cells rattled in a more positive way and this might be ticket. (www.poorlily.com)

Another New York band—this one based in Brooklyn (although some of 'em have Mass roots) is GONE BAD, and on their four song self-titled EP, they bash away at their songs crudely and rudely. Gone Bad plays loud, boisterous garage punk powered by a stomping beat and a full-on guitar roar. Coco's vocals convey a don't-fuck-with-me rage. "Let The Poison Out" goes on a bit long, timing out at a shade over four minutes, but it's entertaining listening to them beat their songs to a bloody pulp. (gonebadrocks.blogspot.com)

THE SHIRKS also play garage/punk/rock 'n roll, and their latest release is a three song 7". The hallmarks of the sound are here—guitar riffs with a rockin' swagger delivered at a mid-to-fast pace. "Prostitution Summer" is a decent SAINTS knockoff and there's a NEW BOMB TURKS-ish inspiration as well. Those aren't bad touch points and, while it doesn't get the walls shaking as much as I'd like, they get the job done. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

The guv'nah of Texas, Mr. Good-Hair Rick Perry, recently had a day of prayer and fasting at a big-ass football stadium in Houston and there were gospel and Christian rock performers. Somehow, I doubt that a Texas band like THE CREAMERS would have been invited 'cause this kind of music just invites sinnin.' Not to be confused with the old L.A. band, these Creamers actually come from Austin and play spirited '77-informed garage punk. The Creamers feature braying vocals—the vocalist sounds like he might have downed a few Lone Stars—accompanied by plenty of gnash and slash. I wanna hear more. (jollydreamrecords.blogspot.com)

In my last column, I reviewed the latest BRUTAL KNIGHTS album on Deranged and now it's time to get to the other records in that generous package. First on the list is the latest 7" from CÜLO, *Toxic Vision*. Damn, what an ornery bunch these guys are—they are vocals, guitar, and drums with no bass so there's almost a garage-y quality to their old school hardcore sound. They're inspired by old Boston stuff, VOID, and early DRI. Raw guitar, squealin' feedback and, if the drumming gets a little sloppy at times, the purity in their aggression will still win you over. The title track, a cautionary tale about addiction, flirts with catchiness. I'm looking forward to seeing them again—they played a killer set on my home turf last year.

California's NEO CONS follow up their solid demo with a scorching vinyl debut that includes re-recordings of all four demo songs. They're a scrappy punk band with an appealing roughness. And, the more I've listened to these guys, the more I realize that Jason Halal's vocals are semi-reminiscent of Mark Sheehan (RIP) from OUT COLD; there are times where they have that kind of buzz, especially on the last song (and one of the new ones) "Don't Touch Me." It has the same sort of lyrical sentiment as Out Cold, too, i.e. "leave me the fuck alone!" The title to "Teenage Snark" had me laughing on its own—snark is such a great word—and the song is a complete ripper.

The final Deranged entry comes from NO PROBLEM on their first album *And Now This*. In addition, they also have a new 7", *Paranoid Times* on the Handsome Dan label. They continue to crank out rousing, spirited punk. The 7" preceded the album and the title track ended up on the full-length. The difference between the two is in the recording quality—the album sounds rough and trebly by comparison and it really gives the songs an edge. Slamming guitar riffs, strong melodies, and heartfelt vocals with some killer choruses—"Enemies," in particular. Paranoia (duh), turmoil, and even bands cashing in on past fame are all part of the lyrical oeuvre here and it meshes well with the songs' punch. (Deranged: www.derangedrecords.com. Handome Dan: www.handsomedanrecords.com)

Finnish band KIELTOLAKI also has a pair

of new releases, one of 'em a compilation LP of their previous 7"s, demos, and compilation appearances on Moo Cow Records as well as the *Dying System* EP on Feral Ward. There's a respect for the Finnish hardcore tradition but it's not a pure retro trip. Loud, fast, and blistering throughout—although they slow it down on occasion—and with harsh vocals accompanied by ripsaw guitar, thundering bass, and charging drums. *Dying System* has throwback artwork that looks like it could have come out on Propaganda Records in the '80s and musically it's more of the same, taking the best of that era and bringing it up to date. A double dose of destruction—and even a DESTRUCKTIONS cover on the LP! (Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02478, www.moocowrecords.com. Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

Feral Kid and Warm Bath Label team up to unearth some snotty punk by DEATH TRAP. They were from King City, on the central coast of California. According to the liner notes, that was basically the middle of nowhere but, like many far-flung areas across the country, there was still punk rock to be found. The four songs on this 7" are taken from a four track recording circa 1983. This is rough in more ways than one, as Pat Grindstaff rants along with and sometimes out of sync with the music, with all the venom he can muster up about their surroundings ("No Hicks," "Peer Pressure"), though environmentalists might be bothered by "Fuck The Whales, Save The Humans." This is garage-tinged punk—there are even cheesy keyboards and odd guitar noodling on a few tracks; it's a wonderful mess. (www.feralkidrecords.com, www.myspace.com/warmbathlabel)

Tankcrimes has unleashed the latest album from VICTIMS, entitled *Dissident*. This Swedish band has been around since the late '90s, having released five albums, a split LP with From Ashes Rise, and a number of 7"s. Over the years, they've moved towards a heavier Swedish sound with thicker, lower-tuned riffs that accompany the speedy attack and harsh vocals. All of this is in line with their countrymen SKITSYSTEM and WOLFBRIGADE among others. The new album gets the job done with concise bursts of rage that will warm the heart of anyone who wears a studded vest. I do prefer the earlier recordings, especially *Neverendinglasting*—which is much rougher and raw sounding—but Victims remains a pulverizing live band and that comes across pretty well on this album. This one features a full gatefold sleeve with some wild artwork.

Finally, KICKER has a pair of 7"s on two different labels (*Innit* on Tankcrimes and *Broke* on Inimical) that showed up around the same time. Both of them are packaged in heavy stock gatefold covers. I figured they might be a UK band due to the vocalist's accent and verbiage ("shite," "nicked," etc.) but it turns out they're from the Bay Area—the disparaging commentary about the college students on Telegraph (as in Berkeley's Telegraph Ave.) on the thrashy "Two Hats" should have been a giveaway. Kicker is *not* a bunch of happy campers—this record describes a life of pain, poverty, drugs, and god knows what else. Although "Two Hats" follows a traditional HC blueprint, that's not always the case here. "Broke" has a FALL-ish lope and "Wrong Things" favors more of an anthemic punk flavor. Likeably gritty buzz. (Tankcrimes: www.tankcrimes.com, Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com)

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10 YEARS

I've grown to dread September. The end of the summer approaches, it has a "back to business" vibe and you wonder where the last three months went. Autumn closing in, quoting BOB SEGER's "Night Moves" (the last time that will happen in this space, I promise). Above all, there's the unavoidable specter of September 11, 2001. It's not so much dealing with it myself but being bombarded by what will no doubt be over-the-top remembrances awash in mindless, jingoistic expressions of patriotic fervor—even more than usual since it's the tenth anniversary. I imagine there will be an endless loop of such songs as Lee Greenwood's "God Bless The USA," Toby Keith's "Angry American" (aka "Courtesy of the Red, White, and Blue"), or Darryl Worley's "Have You Forgotten?" Incidentally, not one of that trio of patriotic 'mericans ever served in the military. Cowardly chicken-hawks, in other words.

I don't want to dwell on it—over the years, I've written a lot about what happened on that day, about the effect on the country and about the loss of one of my closest friends, who was more like a sister to me. It's something I'll never completely get over. A lot of bad shit has gone down since then, both personally and in a national/global context. I miss my friend's insight, her intelligence, her kindness, and her wicked and profane sense of humor. More than anything, I just miss hanging out with her. I used to love going to shows with her and we saw some great ones over the years. One of the best was when we went to see the mighty RAW POWER, one of the best bands I've ever seen. And not only did my band at the time, NO SYSTEM, get to open for them—and their bass-player even used my shitty 40 watt Peavey amp—but I got to interview their vocalist Mauro. She had an even better time with them. She always *hated* it when I told the story about how she got a bottle of booze, consumed all of it with the Raw Power *paisans* and, as you can imagine, got quite inebriated. She couldn't remember how to get back to her house when I drove her home and that wasn't much help in the pre-GPS era!

She turned into more of a metalhead later on and we had a great time seeing the likes of METALLICA, PANTERA and, especially, the 1999 Ozzfest with BLACK SABBATH and SLAYER headlining. We did a joint review for that show and she even included the vital stats for the event: *Number of albinos: 1, Number of midgets: 1, Number of drunken assholes in handcuffs: 5, Number of dicks to chicks: 9 to 1."* She called ROB ZOMBIE *"Pentagramorific!"* I could never have written something as funny as that.

So, in closing, this column—and every column, radio show, blog, or music that I create—goes out in loving memory of Jane Simpkin.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, www.sonicoverload.net

Needless to say, politics suck.

Yet, in the wake of the recent debt ceiling Congressional debacle, nearly all of my liberal friends, and even some of my radical comrades, are making excuses. Obama made strategic blunders in negotiating with the GOP. Or, the president is congenitally weak due to his innate desire for consensus and compromise. Or, the office Obama occupies is constitutionally powerless, toothless, incapable of standing up to Congress in the debt ceiling negotiations.

Bullshit.

I agree with Glenn Greenwald who, on 8-1-11 on Salon (salon.com), commented: "The evidence is overwhelming that Obama has long wanted exactly what he got: these severe domestic budget cuts and even ones well beyond these, including Social Security and Medicare, which he is likely to get with the Super-Committee created by this bill." Obama isn't a progressive. He isn't a liberal. He isn't even a moderate. Obama is a right-of-center asswipe bent on destroying this country's working classes, poor, and people of color. Drew Westen only scratched the surface when he took Obama to task in his article "What Happened to Obama?" in the 8-6-11 issue of the *New York Times* for abandoning the Democratic Party's tradition of reform as advanced by Teddy and Franklin Roosevelt.

People forget history. They also forget some basic truths about American politics. The Democrats and Republicans are the two faces of a single ruling class. Each party acts

when the other cannot. The party in power initiates the action that the party in opposition finds politically inexpedient. The Democrats were labeled soft on Communism, so the Republican Nixon opened relations with Red China. The Republicans were considered hostile to the poor, so the Democrat Clinton gutted federal welfare programs. It's a symbiotic relationship, and Obama should be understood in this context.

The anti-political opposition to this status quo fares little better.

The tactical and strategic depth of the present day antiauthoritarian milieu is nonexistent. As a recent joke has it, two anarchists are hiding behind a dumpster, manufacturing Molotov cocktails. One anarchist turns to the other and says: "What exactly are we going to target with these Mollies?" The second anarchist retorts: "What are you, some kind of intellectual?"

Then there's the recent crop of insurrectionists, a motley mix of anti-statist communists and insurrectionary anarchists who take their lead from the Invisible Committee's *The Coming Insurrection*, and who throw around slogans like "Occupy Everything, Demand Nothing" and "We Are The Crisis." When radical autonomist feminist Marxist Silvia Federici was asked about the role of feminism in recent insurrectionary and occupationist actions, she commented: "The problem, I believe, is when these actions become an end in themselves, carried out, as 'We are the crisis' states, 'for no reason.' For in this case, in the absence of any articulated objective, what comes to the foreground tends to be the glorification of risk-taking."

Loren Goldner, in describing why 60s radicals rarely returned to their Leninist, Maoist and Guevaraist origins once they got a taste of ultraleft politics, quipped: "Once you have played grand master chess, you rarely go back to checkers." If American politics amounts to a game of checkers then, by analogy, today's anarchists and communists haven't even mastered tic tac toe.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@ mac.com.

Jesus man, I take one measly month off and they give goddamn Gunnarsson a column. Hopefully he'll stick to writing insightful and interesting columns about the big picture of punk and noize in 2011 in historical context and leave the tedious record reviewing to yours truly. As always I stand in awe at the sheer amount of work Tony is capable of. Did you read that HEADCLEANERS piece? Damn, we're lucky to have him on board. While reading his column, I was glad to see that he mentioned the *Heal* comp CD as well, since this is far and away the best compilation of 2011. 27 tracks with not a dud among them, even the live and remix tracks. Indeed, the live STAGNATION song is one of the standouts, primarily due to the brain-shreddingly awesome bass line. I have listened to that track at least once since I got a copy of this and the same goes for the remixed tracks from the FILTHY HATE demo, the live PEOPLE song and the contributions from the always stellar ZYANOSE and ISTERISMO. Seriously though, every track is good to great and all the profit goes to relief for the victims of the earthquake and tsunami in Japan. There is absolutely no reason not to pick this disc up on principle alone, but to top it all off it comes in a lovely package with fat booklet and badge included. Total no-brainer. Check out the full lineup at http://hcsurvives.exblog.jp or email kaotik-hero@hotmail.co.jp.

While you're writing about the *Heal* CD, you might want to check and see if they have any copies left of the AVFALL *Now!* EP, because this thing straight rips! I've heard this band compared to SKITKIDS, and they definitely have a similar swaggering rock approach to hardcore, but there's a definite NIGHTMARE influence in the vox and the recording is warm and blown-out in that distinctly Japanese way. These tracks are a lot different than the material on the split demo (and later 7") with HAAVA, much more mature and original than their earlier Scandi-worship. I love the way the drummer just bulls forward, playing tight fills all over the place while seemingly only being a second from totally pulling away from the band.

By the way, if it seems like I mention the Hardcore Survives label a lot it's because I can't think of a better label going these days. They've been consistently putting out some of the best new stuff, month after month, including now a reissue of the MOB 47 *Hardcore Attack* demo and a forthcoming KROMSOM/ISTERISMO split (yes please!). Hats of to So and company!

Alongside the growing international appreciation for noize in the Japanese style, there seems to be a revival of interest in Japanese street/pogo punk ala DISCOCKS and TOM AND BOOT BOYS. If you're a fan of either band, you need the new ERECTIONS *Stand Up Fuckin' Punks* EP. This is 100% fun Brit-worship, replete with "Oi-s" and sounding better than any band playing this style since the first two CASUALTIES EPs. Gloriously dumb, simple melodic sing-along punk that has no message beyond "being punk is awesome" and "drinking is also awesome". Get up and sing along! (Oi!'s Alive Records, noise_for_the_boys1979@yahoo.co.jp)

Speaking of bands with a British influence, I got a demo in the mail from PROLETARIAT PUNCH that drinks deep from the anarcho-punk well. The best stuff can be favorably compared to the very best of the genre, both in political lyrical content and music. I'm talking *Increase the Pressure*-era CONFLICT style on the more hardcore stuff! The dub material is a little rich for my blood, but honestly not bad at all if you're into later CLASH either. I love a pleasant surprise in my inbox, and this was the best one since the CONTORT demo. Looks like is band is quite prolific, as the label has several tape and CD releases available by them, and I am totally willing to vouch for this one. (Recluse Records, 3957 Park Ave., St. Louis MO, 63110, www.recluserecords.ne)

The latest issue of *Upheaval* 'zine (#14) is a brief 1-pager but I'm really glad Craig sent it. Besides the fact that it recalls the classic leaflets of my '90s youth, I think it's awesome that his reaction to a personal crisis is to crank out a quick issue. Not that this reaches '90s per-zine levels of drama by any means. Aside from a brief editorial this is all well-written reviews of bands from every corner of the globe and a broad range of styles. I can't wait to see issue 15. Copies of this issue cost a 1st class stamp in the US and $1 internationally, email upheaval.fanzine@gmail.com for details.

One last brief point: while the ISTERISMO discography LP (reviewed in this issue) is a fairly bare-bones release in its lack of lyrics and graphics, it's still the complete works (to date) of one of the best bands going today. It's really a marvel to compare the demo and EP tracks to the more recent comp tracks. This is a band that's constantly evolving while staying true to their crasher crust-meets-Italian HC sound. Brilliant stuff.

Alright, that's all I have for you all this time. Keep an eye out for that KROMSOM/ISTERISMO EP, yeah? Hate mail and rad demos to me c/o *MRR* or email me at agunderwood@gmail. com.

MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

I just finished watching a replay of Jim Thome joining the 600 HR club. Couldn't have happened to a better guy. Number 600 for The Pride of Peoria was a 3-run shot to the opposite field in Comerica Park, not exactly a towering blast, but it was enough of a blast to make him only the eighth man in history to post 600 taters in a career. Thome was my

favorite Tribesman for many years, and although it was sad to see him wear the uni of another team post-2002, I was never bitter. Whether he was going yard for the Phils, Chisox or even the Twins, I was always rooting for the guy. A class act and one of the best at drawing walks in the history of the game. A shoo-in Hall of Famer if there is any justice in this world. The fact that he beat up Chipper Jones in the minor leagues is just another bullet point on the long resume of the man who reached the 600 level faster than every man in history other than Babe Effin' Ruth. We salute you James Howard Thome, and hope you hit 10 more to pass that dickhead Sammy Sosa.

Speaking of dickheads, I bet you want to hear about some hot punk records, right? Well then missy, I suggest you go and look up everything ever released by this band of teenage pisspots called the SLEAZE. They hail from the Twin Cities and have to be the punkest thing on earth since SHOOT IT UP are supposedly broken up now. They have two absolutely essential singles just recently released for you to enjoy. One is called *Weird Truck*, and it just might be the best song you're going to hear all year. The guitar solo will make you want to quit whatever lame band you're in, I promise. Vocals sound straight ridiculous. There's another 7" out on Total Punk records, which is equally obnoxious. "Called You Once" is on it, and it's their second best song. Or maybe "PCP" is...it's so hard to tell! You really ought to buy these now. *All of them*. (www.threedimensionalrecords.com)

I've watched the batting average of HozAc Records dip closer and closer to the Mendoza Line with each release, but they still pull a chestnut out of the fire every once in awhile. This time around it comes in the form of a 7" single by the heel stable known as PUFFY AREOLAS throughout the Midwest territories. Three songs, which qualifies it as an EP I suppose, with "Gentleman's Grip" being the titular cut. It's the punkest record they've released so far, putting a razor's edge on their mind-melting bad-trip biker psych. The lineup has added Bim Thomas of BASSHOLES fame on the drums, which should propel them to a shot at the Rust Belt Psych Championship vs. current titleholders HUMAN EYE by the end of the year, hopefully in a steel cage. This is a fucking sick record, take two of them, chase it with some Fernet Branca and never call me again. (www.hozacrecords.com)

Yellow Eyes and the Sound of Vomit is the title of the latest 12" EP from FACTORYMEN, who hail from the mighty town of Cleveland, USA. If you're familiar with any of their previous work, I have to say this might be some of the most listener-friendly material I've heard from this guy so far. Abuse and manipulation of tape and the molding of it into rhythmic components is a recurring theme, but there is also plenty of real rock'n'roll instrumentation here as well, but played in untraditional arrangements perhaps. Some found sound tripping, some actual vocals, very minimal synth work, there's the always-present maniacal attention to detail here. Music for staying up late at night made by a guy staying up late at night. I think this might be their/his best record yet. (testos tertunes.blogspot.com)

So, after you've wrapped your mind into a pretzel listening to Factorymen, what better way to unwind than with some adrenalin-pumping punk rock action in the form of *Bock Rock Parade*, the debut LP by Rotchester's RATIONAL ANIMALS. The WNY scene has long been aware of the raging these kids are capable of, and I think this LP catapults them from AA ball into the major leagues. The easy tag on them is BLACK FLAG-esque, and while it's certainly true due in most part to their guitar player's Ginn-like ability to riff hard and spew string-melting solos, I think they are more than just some cats mimicking *My War*. They play the fast modern style as well as the slow ground-and-pound of yore, all peppered with guitar work to drool over. The lyrics (and vocals) are a real treat as well, which is a rarity for modern punk-core. These dudes have their chops honed and are just waiting to remove some skin from your face and hands. A real home run here, ladies and gentlemen. (Katorga Works)

I feel I need to say a little something about the new DRUGS DRAGONS 12" called *The Milorganight EP* (figure it out yourself) and here it is: this is their best record. I know, I know, I thought the LP was real good, but maybe it didn't have the staying power I'd hoped for. I can admit when I'm wrong. But I think they really nail their "thing" here, which is crossing ALICE COOPER BAND with modern trash-punk like CLONE DEFECTS. The recording this time around really cleans things up and lets the tunes fly on their own, and even though they made a terrible decision in trying to cover BRAINBOMBS, I can forgive them. Five great cuts here with broken-neck guitar squelch from Tony Sagger Esq., one of my favorite axemen of recent vintage. (www.dustymedicalrecords.com)

I'm usually not a fan of compilation records, but every couple of years a spectacular one is released. This year, it's called *Wings Over Gabba: The Best in Songs of Negativity*, which is a comp of only the most primo of nugs from the various CD-Rs that came with issues of the spectacular *Negative Guest List* zine over the past couple years. This thing is packed with hits and does the right thing by presenting unavailable elsewhere cuts from bands that are just on the periphery of only the most astute record hounds. That's what comps are great for, breaking new ground, not giving us the latest rehash bands we've already heard far too much from. The first cut on this LP might be the best, an absolutely primal bit of post-rock'n'rolling from Montana's MORDECAI who are my favorite band you've never heard of. There's plenty more where that came from, as this line-up card is stacked: MEAT THUMP (SUN CITY GIRLS in the Outback), HATEFUCK (pre-PINK REASON drugrock), BLANK REALM (Aussie Krautheads), BITS OF SHIT (#1 Melbourne punkers), BUTCHER COVER (most hateful band in sport) and more Aussie specialties you must hear like RUBBISH THROWERS, SEWERS and KITCHEN'S FLOOR. A diverse and absolutely enthralling collection of music, buy this at any price with any sort of currency you have handy, as it is an import from foreign lands. (negative guestlist.blogspot.com)

LOCAL ROCK DEPT.: It was bad enough when cassettes seemed to be making a comeback, but now people are issuing flexi-discs again just to rub salt in the wound. Flexis?! Were these ever an acceptable format anywhere outside of Japan? Adding insult to this injury, a couple bands have actually released good ones recently: HEAVY AIR, DRY ROT and now Buffalo's #1 sons BROWN SUGAR have given birth to one of the best looking examples of the despicable format I've ever seen. A two-color silkscreen with the artwork printed on the underside so it's seen through the clear flexi, and the actual back has the lyrics and more. Did that description make sense? It's a real work of art, let me tell ya. And the tunes are smashers too, the last taste of the Shug you'll get leading into their soon-to-be-uncorked LP called *Total Fucking Garbage* due out in the Fall. It's gonna kick your teeth in.

COOL REISSUE DEPT.: Exceptional reissues are coming out at a record pace, probably outselling a lot of modern releases, and rightfully so I suppose. Just recently we've seen stuff (authorized and fan-club) from FUNGUS BRAINS, REALLY RED, SHIT DOGS, DEAD MOON, ASTRONAUTS, COUNT VERTIGO and that's just a small sample of the heavyweights. The one I want to hip you might not be as obvious though, as it's a 7" from Dutch punks COITUS INT. who you might remember from some KBD-style compilations of yore. Six songs of post-punk frenzy from the time when punk was actually becoming oversaturated, and a slower and more methodical approach was a left hand turn. Impeccable exact repro packaging and from an American source as well. Let's see some more! (Bunkerpop)

That's all for this month mates, I just heard Steven Strasburg got called up and want to go watch his arm fall off on ESPN. GO TRIBE. RIP GENE COLAN.

We've got the end times on our minds.

Libertarian billionaire Peter Thiel, cofounder of PayPal, is sinking big cash into building oil rig-like islands in international waters. On these newly constructed countries the right-leaning super rich can live out their dreams of no minimum wage and weapons

for all. They call it "seasteading." Their stated purpose is to act as scale models of society, to prove that a no-rules society with no social safety net is where it's at. I can't help but suspect they will also be convenient escape zones if the end is nigh, or at least make really great evil lairs.

At the anarchist book fair I impulsively picked up a beautifully screen-printed zine called *A Steampunk's Guide to the Apocalypse.* Here the end of civilization is met with an eager kind of adventurousness, one that rejects our current dependence on oil and ever evolving technology: "Our future lies in an honest technology, a technology that is within our reach, a technology that will not abandon us, a technology that requires not the dark oils of subterranean caverns."

Making the rounds on the Facebook is the "find your zombie apocalypse team" game, where you randomly assign your friends tasks and tell them if they live or die. And the number one movie at the box office is about the fall of civilization to apes, made by our own science, more precisely by animal testing.

People have been saying the end is near for millennia, but in turbulent times like these the vision of a crumbling future is in the forefront of our imaginations. What will it look like? How will we go? Will anyone survive? Will I survive?

If you aren't actually worried about it, these imaginings can be kind of fun. I mean, I've always kind of liked the idea of the apocalypse: crumbled buildings, cracked streets, decay, ruin, the inevitable consequence of man's hubris. Probably because I've always liked a good comeuppance. But my fantasies were decidedly of the grind-crust LP cover variety: a crumbling world, stark and dead—without people. My *World Without Us*-style scenario, however romantic, is unlikely. Or, if you enjoy the Mad Max scenario, then life will be hard but stylish, in a leather clad, muscle car sort of way. But without the stylists.

I had a peek a real world Mad Max style dystopia: camping at the Pismo Beach Dunes on a weekend in late summer. It's not pretty.

As we walk onto the beach in the early evening twilight a pink Cadillac is dangerously close to the rising tide. The owners are distracted by a circle of people singing and playing guitar, the line "trust in him" rises out and down the beach, their voices competing with the Eagles song blaring from a RV sporting a giant Coors Light wraparound logo. The sneaking waves reach up near the Cadillac and carry away a beach chair before the middle aged vacationers realize what a mess they are in.

The Bible group circle continues their guitar worship, but the Coors Light guy sends his tanned, blond children to the Caddy with shovels and cardboard. The kids are experts and have the car dug out before the next round of "praise hims" have died out. A nearby woman in a visor carefully picks a jellyfish off the fender of her truck. As we move south down the beach to find my brother's campsite there are hundreds more RVs; the campsites snake down the beach growing denser and louder as it winds on. The smell of burning plastic, gasoline, and exhaust are overwhelming. The whine of racing engines drown out the sea. Groups of young kids race their ATVs down the beach, making the occasional group of pedestrians scatter.

I feel like my sixteen-year-old self again; I am oozing disdain from every pore. Confederate flags flap behind some the racing bikes and above campsites. I stop counting when I get above twenty. (Yes, they are really flying the sketchiest banner American culture has to offer. I ask around and gather they equate the flag with this notion of rebel, of outlaw, but to me it says white ignorance. It says, "I don't know about history and I don't care.")The people best equipped for this are the people I least want to be around. We reach my brother's campsite and find he has thankfully chosen pirate flags to express his own rebellious feelings. I ask him why he likes to camp out here. He tells me it's the only beach in California you can drive on, that being out here you get to do whatever you want (mostly) and that other campers look out for you. "Plus," he says with a smile, "I paid too much for all these toys not to use 'em." He looks at his little stable of ATV's and dirt bikes, then to his kids running in and out of the RV. He tells me next time he comes out he's bringing the flat screen and the mini satellite dish. "It can get kinda boring at night." A big set of booming aerial fireworks light up the darkening sky, and another set of young riders races past us and over into the dunes.

Punks like to think we are best prepared for the end times. We certainly sometimes look like road warriors, but the weekend ATV riders with their off road vehicles and their generators and trailers, I think they have us beat.

An older punk guy I do some work for sometimes expressed dismay that he wasn't as prepared as he should be for when the shit inevitably hits the fan. "I should be working toward being off the grid, growing my own food, things like that." He shakes his bottle of coconut water before taking another sip. "The way we live now just won't last. Can't last."

He's probably right — this can't last. But can we really begin to prepare for something like the collapse of society as we know it? Is it even a good idea to try?

The end of society as were know it sounds romantic, but only from a glossy Hollywood-filtered distance. The rich and extravagant, who I think deserve to sleep in the beds they've made, will be fine. They'll helicopter away to their seasteads. The upper-middle class outdoorsy types will be alright too in their monster truck rally enclaves. But the poor? It will be tooth and nail, the way it's always been.

So this little vacation to the apocalypse has inspired me, not to stockpile guns, build a bunker, grow my own corn, or learn to hunt. No thanks. It has inspired me to spend more time imagining a sustainable society, one that won't by its very nature ensure we are hurtling toward a future as bleak as the one I had envisioned. Sure, life could be worse than camping on motocross beach with rednecks, but not by much.

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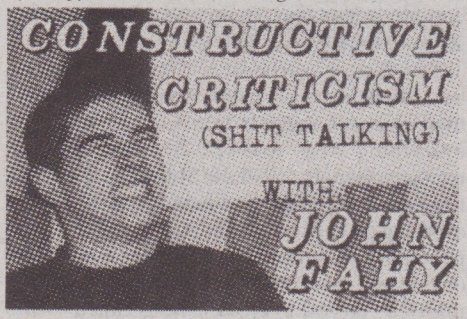
Send all recently revised visions of your ideal apocalypse to arielawesome@gmail.com



Thumpings, Ass-Whippings, and Kickings

At around the age of nine or ten, I'd befriended an older kid named Joe Casey. A certain point came along into our short friendship, and Joe began to round the corner into adolescence ahead of me. He lived two blocks away and the kids on his street were older and therefore cooler than me and my crew of eight-to-nine year olds. A rift began to develop.

Joe and his older cohorts Billy and John started popping up in our neighborhood from time to time, usually doing some shit that sketched us out even though we didn't let on. They smoked cigarettes and generally seemed to not give a fuck. We'd not quite reached that point yet, though in time we would. The serious dividing line, the gauntlet of fear, was laid down when they torched a building contractor's trailer late one evening. This fucking thing went up like a haystack. They were never caught, but we saw them flee the scene, knew they did it, and heard them talk about it. We weren't about to rat them out to anyone, it was fucking arson and they were kids like us. Now we just approached them with fear of their obvious badassery and our stomachs sank when we'd round a corner on our bikes and see them lurking, scheming. "Shit. *Those* kids."

One day, Joe and Billy were on my block. Something Joe said fell afoul of me so I began to talk shit. I had a year younger crew-member at my side, a lad named Jeremy. Billy, at Joe's side, began to stoke the flames, ready to see his younger friend beat on an even younger kid, me — if only for temporary entertainment. Joe was a bruiser, a stocky kid. The only fighting advice given to me at this point came from my father — "watch out for the stocky ones." Noted. Thanks, Dad. The verbal warm-up came to a close and it got physical. Joe repeatedly pushed me down, kicked me, punched me in the stom-

ach and generally made a total fucking clown out of me. He literally began beating me up and down the length of my entire block, as after a thumping, he'd move on, I'd get up and run after him, attack vigorously and yet pitifully, and get thumped once again to the street. The ultimate humiliation was Joe pulling the old trip-and-push on me with a well-placed foot and a frontward boost from his arms. Landing on my back for the third time, I was completely demeaned. How the fuck did he get that foot behind me again, you know? This kind of dishonor made me get up again and again to beg for another diminishment. Joe only had to swat me down again.

Jeremy could see my obvious frustration and like a fucking solid crew member, up and gave Joe Casey the old trip-and-push. Down he went. After a most public, thorough embarrassment, I'd reached boiling point and decided this fucking kid had some shit coming to him. With Joe still down from Jeremy's revolutionary act, I seized the moment to deliver the coup de grace. I leaned over him, pulled my arm back as far as I could and brought it down with everything I had. Twice — right in Joe's fucking face.

Now up until this moment, I'd been taking a thumping. Joe put me down, I asked for more, and got put down again. I'd fucking awakened the beast now. His face went red and his eyes alighted and I knew I'd taken it upon myself to receive a full-blown ass-whipping. So I did what made sense and got the fuck out of there in a goddamn hurry. Totally blew out of there with Jeremy in tow and Joe in pursuit, pronouncing me dead as I ran like a son of a bitch. Joe was a bruiser, but not a runner, so that day the children of the neighborhood got the last word. Because if you can't take down a motherfucker, why not just deliver a couple of sharp hits and bail the fuck out until you meet (maybe after eating a lot of protein or something) again? I still stand by this.

A thumping or an ass-whipping will definitely make you wake the hell up. Any attention deficit is disappeared during those moments. A solidly delivered kick in the ass will have the same effect. I once got such a kick in the ass, also during my childhood. Delivered by an old man — my grandfather, no less. The toaster in my house erupted into flames one evening during a waffle-bake gone wrong and started torching the kitchen cabinets. Without a plan, my grandfather unplugged the machine and picked it up and kind of hopped from leg to leg, a run-in-place of sorts, while he held the burning toaster in his bare hands. He finally yelled, "the back door!" With this revelation he delivered a kick to my asshole that brought me about a foot into the atmosphere, completely off of the ground. This was a fucking solid kick in the ass; it felt like he nailed some inner bone I hitherto did not know existed. All of my nerves were suddenly at attention and I got to that back door quick so he could throw the goddamn thing in the snow.

The only other thing that can totally engross my attention like a thumping or ass-kicking, save for maybe a disgusting, terrifying horror movie, is a solid record. Something that when you put it on for the first time, your eyebrows go up and your eyes get wide. After the initial shock, the eyes become distant as you realize "Oh, they're doing *this*, and whatever *this* is, rules." The number of killer records and tapes coming across my path lately is totally fucking splendid. The following are some records that completely steamrolled over me. The DEAD LANGUAGE LP is rock solid — bludgeoning mass death and precise, blasting rampage. The oddest parts are the ones with some emptiness, some kind of void from the rest of the onslaught. These elements are the most enigmatic, off-putting, and hair-raising; that kind of chilling effect will definitely keep you one your toes. DRAINLAND's split with CELL GRAFT is an unlikely but stellar matchup. CELL GRAFT is completely blown-out, drilling wrath and treadmill bombings, a truly nasty sound that may match them with D.O.C. for top grindcore spot. They open their side with an entirely enslaving intro and then launch into obliteration. DRAINLAND lumbers forward from one uneasy part to the next with a much slower though equally disgusting sound. The weight remains and the riffs get very unpleasant and quite fucking ugly. I think this band is going to be on an upcoming comp from the recently resurrected Bovine Records. They'll fit in with that roster nicely. RESURRECTIONISTS of Germany have released a split LP with LICH that is as oppressive as anything they've done. RESURRECTIONISTS sound is like that of a panicked, massive, excruciating symphony played out over rapid explosives, shrieks and regurgitations to a bleak, grim fucking end. As soon as the panic is over, the slow march of battery begins. Finally, the CHURCHWHIP demo is a fucking entrance into utter psychosis, a total disorder. The songs march forward while spiraling from one unhinged riff to another, riffs that spell violent impatience. A nasty recording, complete abandon on the vocals and music of unsound mind make this a totally killer debut. Deeply unsettling, this is a record to smash your fucking head against the wall to.

Next month hopefully I'll endure some more ass-whipping listens. Until then, take care of yourselves.

Endnotes:

1. For info on the Dead Language LP, check out lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com. Resurrectionists/Lich and Cell Graft/Drainland splits can be found here: www.ifbrecords.com. Churchwhip demos, here: 1905 N. Central Ave. Number 5 / Tampa, FL 33602 / USA.
2. Send me your shit — mixtapes, demos, thoughts on what the fuck is going on in this planet to John Fahy / 15011 Lakeview Dr. Apt. 2402 / Ft. Myers, FL 33919 / USA fahy_john@hotmail.com.
3. Meredith Graves of Syracuse has a fucking excellent zine out called *National Handbag*. Be warned, there is much fashion content within and yet for someone with no grasp of fashion, I still enjoyed this zine cover to cover. Meredith's writing is clever and her spontaneity, creativity, and work ethic show through here big time. There is probably an equal amount of music writing featured and that is what I enjoyed most—this included the show and record reviews and her tour report from SHOPPERS' East Coast jaunt. This is definitely an inspiring read. Get one here: M.G. / 1003 E. Fayette St. No. 6 / Syracuse, NY 13210 / USA.

(Some years back my stepfather, Nick, and I, had a bet. He told me he could write a column like mine any day of the week. I told him "no way" and to "go for it." I told him if he could do it, I'd eat my hat. Aside from the "Made In China" taste, some plastic mesh is still stuck between my teeth....)

So the phone rings, and it's my pussy stepson, George, on the line. He starts to tell me that his band, Furious George, is going to play Boston. Like I cared. I had just got done walking my dog, Yeti, a white Maltese, who was picked out by George, and Wendy and me. (Wendy was George's wife at the time; she later disappeared off the face of the earth with a lot of my money and all of George's heart.) Yeti was now barking like crazy.

She does that a lot.

Barks at the air.

I think she just does it cause she gets jealous when I'm on the phone. Damn dog.

So George is going on and on about how the band is going to drive up there and come back the same day. He tells me that Evan, his bass player, is a great driver, and blah blah blah. You know George, he never shuts up. So I got Yeti barking in one ear, and George blabbering in the other.

Kids.

"So Nick," George says, "Listen, I know you are going to go out tonight to see Stephen play at CBGB, be careful, and take a cab home!"

I tell him to shut up. He always tells me to "be careful", and makes me promise to take cabs and stuff. He treats me like I'm twelve. I'm goddamn sixty-five, and I can take care of myself. I tell George this for the zillionth time, and he won't let me hang up the phone until I promise.

So I do.

He'll believe anything.

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I get to CBGB by walking there. At night. It felt good. There was a nice fall breeze in the air. Fuck George. Fuck taxis.

I enter the club and Brendan from S.F.A. is at the door. He tells me hello, and to go in. I thank him. I don't even know if he looked at the guest list. I sure hope he did. I don't want to waste a favor at CBGB on Stephen's band.

Stephen is in a band called "HEAL!" "HEEL" would have been more like it. He used to be the lead singer of George's old band, The False Prophets. I've done loads of photographs for him in the past, and my favorite is the one when I had him tied by the ankles, hanging upside down from a tree in Tompkins Square Park with a bag over his head, holding an umbrella. It made a great album cover.

Lately, Stephen has been calling me with all sorts of ideas for pictures of his band. Stephen is great to do pictures of because he is crazier than most people. And I mean that in a good way. Sorta.

So when he told me that he was gonna have his band walk on fire soon, I was in. Especially since he didn't really know how to walk on fire, and I could easily imagine them all hopping up and down with hot feet, smoke and everything. It'd be like a fucking cartoon. An ultimate photo opportunity. As George would say, "Punk Rock."

So I hang out in the club and wait for the band to go on. I see lots of George's friends, and they all come up and say hello. Being fat, bald, and with white hair makes me easy to recognize. I have trouble remembering their names, but that's OK, I sometimes can't remember my own.

Everyone asks me where George is, and I tell them Furious George is playing in Boston. It kinda feels like the umbilical cord is somehow still attached.

I can't be my own punk rocker.

I gotta have George for that.

Half the time when he is around, he's babbling something about his PlayStation. Oh yeah, he's real punk rock. Half the time I'm embarrassed to be seen with him. He has to have little girls fight his fights for him.

Pussy.

So HEAL! takes the stage and begins their set. Stephen comes out like a bag lady. He's got the same old shit he used to have when he was in False Prophets. Lots of props, masks, women's hats, a birdcage, blah, blah, blah. They start their first song and it's loud. I really can't hear Stephen sing because all the instruments are too loud. And it's a shame, because I really love to hear Stephen's voice. He's a great singer and the reason for the band's existence.

The band continues their set and I take lots of pictures. I'm a photographer, dammit, not a music critic. I get all the necessary pictures of Stephen doing all the things he always does. Birdcage on his head, climbing on chairs, rolling around on the floor (he's getting old, he doesn't do that too much anymore), etc. I also get some great pictures of Jay, HEAL!'s guitarist, who scares the hell out of me. He is tall, lanky, and looks like either Mr. Wint, or Mr. Kidd, from the James Bond movie, *Diamonds Are Forever*. I can't remember which one of the guys, but the scary one. The one with the long hair. *Diamonds Are Forever* was a great movie. As were all the Sean Connery James Bond movies. But when they got to Roger Moore, I started rooting for the bad guys. Roger Moore is a pussy.

The band finishes their set, and Stephen asks me how they were. I try to say that they were great, but I can't, so I tell him the instruments were too loud and I couldn't hear the vocals. I think he was a little disappointed. But I reminded him I like Furious George, so you really can't count on my criticism. I think he agreed with me.

We spoke a little more about the set, and then about the future fire photos. I reminded him that they would have to be at night, because you can't see fire during the day. It wasn't his idea to do them at night, but I think he saw wisdom in what I was saying. We figured out that if we lit the scene with the headlights of cars, we could get some drama going. But I still pictured them hopping around. Feet on fire.

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I left CBGB and started to make my way home. I knew I was forgetting something, but couldn't remember what. Then I passed a blood red truck, and it came to me. The Candy Snatchers were playing at Continental. I promised George I wouldn't go to that show, but he wasn't around. He was in Boston. So I went.

I got to the door of Continental, saw the doorman, also named George, and asked him when the Candy Snatchers were going on. He told me that they were playing late. About 12:30 or so. That was about two hours from now. I didn't know if I was gonna make it, so I hung out on the sidewalk talking to George, and he asked me if I knew of a band called Heap. I said that I did. He asked me what I thought of them, and I said not much. He then told me he had just joined the band. Then I told him I had to go get a falafel.

I took off for a while, and got the Falafel, and then went to Kim's on St. Marks. I looked at all the used records. Mostly jazz.

I didn't find anything that interested me. I then went back to Continental and hung outside listening to the band on stage. They started to get to me. So I went inside. George let me in. And I wasn't even on the guest list.

Punk Rock.

The band was called The Nashville Pussies, and they really rocked. On the bass was this at least six-foot tall girl dressed in black with red dyed hair, which was all over her face. On the guitar was a full-bodied blonde woman, whose hair looked like she got her finger stuck in an electric socket. She wasn't wearing much in the way of clothes. The lead singer and guitarist, I swear, was Charles Manson. He was semi-bald, had fuzzy black hair, and those crazy eyes. I kept looking for the swastika. On the drums was this really fat guy. I mean fat. He was so fat he made me look like Twiggy. Fat.

But these guys really kicked ass. They really played loud and hard, and together. They showed more energy than I have seen from the last ten bands put together. So I got into it, and took a lot of pictures, but had to stop myself, so I could save some film for The Candy Snatchers.

I've seen The Candy Snatchers before. What they don't have in talent, they make up for in blood. Lots of it. All over the stage. All over their instruments. All over the fucking audience. They are great. Especially for me. I'm a photographer.

The last time I saw them, the guitarist, Matt, bled so perfectly, he had no white skin left on his face. Nobody who sees the slides I took believes they are real. The singer, Larry, also bleeds a lot, and likes to do crazy things like bang his head into PA cabinets. The bassist, I think his name is Willie, sometimes catches on fire. And I have no idea who their drummer is. Who cares. He's good. And that's hard to find. Ask George.

So, I'm hanging outside waiting for the Candy Snatchers to go on, and I'm talking to George's fan club. Sam, Mike at 18, Jesse, and the rest of them. They were debating whether to pay nine bucks to go in. There was only one band left, and everyone would be surprised if they lasted ten minutes. Finally, I think only Mike at 18 decided to spring for the show.

Inside the club I saw more of George's friends, and they all came up and said hello. I can't remember any of their names except for Chloe and Suke, and of course, Alec.

Alec is insane. But nice insane. Annoying insane.

But nice insane.

Alec explained to me for the umpteenth time that he was waiting for his chance to be in Hammerbrain, who are a great NYC band. He explained to me that Hammerbrain had a hole, and he was what they needed to fill it. He explained that the singer, Al, wasn't quite sure of this, yet, but he's waiting. Meanwhile, Alec explained that he practices Hammerbrain songs everyday, and soon will be in the band. He said that the hole thing was kinda like a donut, but I didn't quite get it. Sometimes Alec doesn't make sense. I was impressed that I followed the conversation that far.

Alec and I talked some more, and he told me that the Nashville Pussies enthralled him. He said the only problem with the band was that they had chosen the wrong covers to do. Of course he had to find the tall lean lanky girl in the band to tell all this too. He tells all lean lanky bass players what's wrong with their sets. I think Evan is tired of listening to him.

Finally The Candy Snatchers start setting

up, and I move up front, so I can get good pictures. Before the band starts to play, Larry, the singer, hobbles on stage with crutches, and some kind of cast on his leg, and a chair. He sits in it, and starts to talk into the microphone. As he is doing this, the band is kicking and hitting equipment behind him, because nothing is working. So, Larry, on the microphone, starts to rag on Noel, the booker of the club, and calls him "the king of punk rock who doesn't have a fuse for his amp." This goes on for quite a while, and it is amusing to watch the band get more and more frustrated. I figure the angrier they get, the better the set will be, thus, more blood, and better pictures.

Meanwhile, the club is jam packed, and there is starting to be a heavy crush towards the front, and towards me. The band and Noel finally get it together, and the Candy Snatchers kick into their first song. All of a sudden I find myself in the middle of a mosh pit, which is not easy to get out of with ten pounds worth of camera equipment around my neck and in my hands. But what the hell, I figure. I'm here, I'll take some pictures.

I see some bottles start to fly, and figure it is a good sign. There will be blood tonight. I'll get some good pictures. More bottles fly, and I get my camera ready to capture some real punk rock. Suddenly I feel something thunk on the back of my head, and I thought, "Oh, that's what it feels like to be hit in the head with a bottle." Not good.

I put my hand on the back of my head, and then looked at it. It was covered in blood. This was going all wrong. It was supposed to be *them* bleeding all over. Then I thought, "OK, it was time to get out of here," and I pushed my way through the crowd.

I went outside, passing by various friends who saw my bloody head. Outside on the sidewalk, everyone asked if I needed help. I told them I didn't, but thanked them. Hey, punk rock. What's a little blood. Or a lot.

You gotta pay your dues.

I then went back into the club and watched the rest of the set with tissues I held against my bloody head. The band played incredibly, but didn't bleed, once. I felt ripped off. Disappointed. Screwed. Fucking pussies.

After the set, I talked to Matt, the unbleeding guitarist, then took a cab home.

***

So the next night, the phone rings, and it's my pussy stepson, George. He tells me that the show in Boston was lame, and everyone just stood around. He asks me how my night was, and I tell him I saw The Candy Snatchers.

He gets all huffy, and asks if I took a cab home. I had to admit I did.

Take George's Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. RIP — Matt from The Candy Snatchers. He passed away a few yeas back and was really a sweet guy. Drugs suck.
2. Remember to enjoy your friends and the time you have with them. Things can and do change on a dime.

(Some Words For St Dymphna)

I live in a basement. To some, the town folk, the Midwestern types and the East Coast sort, living in a basement doesn't mean much besides maybe a bit of mold, a constant hacking cough, or a place of refuge from a tornado that'll probably never come. But I live in a city, The City, in fact, and with a basement apartment comes basement responsibilities, and which lead naturally to a basement sort of life, and, eventually, a basement sort of mind. I have a basement nose for basement dust, a basement mouth replete with basement teeth and tongue for basement words and food. A basement body and all of it's organs and limbs, and, to crown the whole thing, a basement head, with a basement brain corralled, of course, by basement ears. It's what these ears, these subterranean down deep ears, hear, is what is giving me all this basement grief.

Terrible things happen, everywhere, everyday. A hell of a lot of them seem to happen on my street, Leavenworth Street, it's called, in weird, obnoxious, beautiful San Francisco. This street at night, it is a madhouse, a great concrete madhouse, peppered with gibbering, drooling geeks so destitute that they posses not even a chicken to defile. I hear them all. My window is open four inches, exactly four inches, it can open no further, or at least I should hope not, as I have two locks installed and a third ready, but that is all the space necessary for me to hear all of their nonsense chants and screaming nowhere pleas. Some nights I can't sleep because of the noise. I hear them curse everyone and everything, the ground, the sky, their insane, narcotics-mad comrades and rivals, women, men, the milk in all young mothers breasts the whole world over, those sort of things. They hate themselves and each other and they are insane. Some nights I hear them clearly, and I am able to make out the individual complaints and the short, obscene things they scream at themselves or each other. Other nights, the streets sound as if a thousand amphetamine-wracked chipmunks are boiling in a vat of pigs lard. I say this because while, yes, they really do sound like that, but almost more horrifically, they smell of that, too. I hear them each and every night and I don't know what kind of person that makes me, if that makes me any kind of person at all. I see them, too—covered in their own filth, the bums. Sashaying to an amphetamine beat that plays only to them, the whores. Vomiting upon vomit and shit, the drugged. I see them and I shudder, and I close my eyes and wait for the dawn.

During the day, Leavenworth Street, indeed the entire City, likely the whole world, is a different place. There's the rare days I am awakened by the beautiful sound of click-clack high-heels, and I'm drawn out of my sleep sharply, but pleasantly. Every woman sounds beautiful in high-heeled shoes. I listen to high-heels in much the same manner as a sommelier might smell a new exotic wine, with deep careful passion and carefulness. I never look. As I gather myself up to face the day, I hear other daytime noises: European families, blonde and healthy, laughing with each other and telling jokes in sharp, guttural tongues. Young, smiling office people walking towards lunch. Mexican workers, walking from their night shift jobs at the marble-and-brass hotels that top Leavenworth, down to their cramped ten-man one-room apartments filled with screaming children and sad-faced mothers at the bottom of that same crazy street. I hear them all, and while the words I've used here might make them out to be more pleasant, more sane, at least, than the night-people, they are essentially the same. I relate to them not at all, not even those beautiful women in high-heeled shoes. No, they fill me with a similar terror, not as immediate and not as physical, but just as crippling, and I'm left just as frightened. You see, these are regular people, normal people, who go about each day as millions of other people go about each day, I can only relate to them if I really squint, and Lord, how I hate to squint. I realize that I have absolutely nothing in common with them, and in fact hate the things I overhear, hate the whiney tones of voice and the creepy things I hear them say. An absolute horror, made only pleasant by the daylight.

The worst, though, are the evening-folk, the post-dusk people who crawl out of SUVS and train stations and city cabs like maggots in meat. They ooze down streets, their limbs lubricated by twelve-dollar beers and their voices amplified by restroom cocaine, itching for a fight, or at the very least a confrontation, viciously attacking each other or innocent strangers or sometimes myself. I hate them and would prefer not to waste words on such human detritus, but I must throw away a few more, if only to make some small point. I hear them, most of all, I hear these people, above all, I hear these cretinous goons who are our countries present and future, and I tremble with hate at the sound of their existence.

Life can be lonely, when you're a basement-man like myself. I've heard war described as long patches of boredom, punctuated by extreme terror, a funny thought. Maybe, then, my life as a basement boy is a bit like war, which is a somewhat comforting feeling, as many view war as a great and

noble thing. Of course, I personally view war as a completely insane and almost entirely useless thing, so perhaps it is not such a good quote after all. Yes, lonely I am, sometimes, and not always just on account of the location of my bedroom and the apartment it is a part of. No, I'm lonely, because sometimes, when I hear these sidewalk sounds and street people talk and laugh and move and yell (and a thousand other things), a part of the big hatred crumbles away, and I'm filled with overwhelming sadness and awareness that no, I'm not like them, not at all, and this thought hits me like a great wave, washes over me like I'm some filthy beach, and Christ, I tell you, I nearly scream at the insanity of it. How is it that these oafs are the majority? I wonder. How could it be that I, a relatively sane, normal, empathetic and essentially fair human being, am in the minority, the small, almost infinitesimal minority? I rage silently in my basement room.

Yes, it's been rotten, dear readers, rotten as all hell, more rotten than I'd ever thought possible, so rotten that my mind has been opened and whole new vast frontiers of rottenness have been revealed to me. Endless rotten roads leading to a hopeless rotten future. I sound like a teenager who has read too much Celine. But I'm not a teenager and I've read very little of that curmudgeon. You see, reader, I am afraid, openly afraid, truly afraid, because in these past few months, I have seen that insanity knows no bounds or borders. I have seen the madness that grips our nation, our world, that has infected the young and old alike, the sick and healthy. A diseased, dying world peopled with characters who want nothing more than a cold, domestic beer after work and maybe some good news from Iraq, for a change. I want neither. I want a bathtub full of rye and a house with a comfortable bed and a beautiful woman in a country where I won't be shot or robbed. I want the impossible. I want every person to come to their senses, to look down at themselves, and, after a moment of sharp, almost physically painful burst of self-awarness, to strip themselves naked and hurry and scream help, help, help! Because that, that, that, my friends and readers, is what the world needs. Help. Insanity, madness, wild-eyed viciousness reigns supreme and unchecked among every strata of our decaying society, and it is as if no one notices. I notice. I notice, and despair, and I would weep if I felt it would not be a waste of tears.

And listen—how all of this came about, how this creeping madness overcame the world, that is not my concern, for there is nothing at all I can about the past, just as there is very little I can actually do about the future. No, my concern is this: If there is anyone out there, anyone at all, who feels this way, who can relate in even some small way to what I am writing here, please, find someone, anyone, at all like you. If you know a person, any person, that feels the same way that you or I do, please, for your sake, for mine, for any sake at all, find that person, tell them that you know, tell them that you know the world is wracked with crazy hatred and insane doings, tell them that you know all this and that you yourself are somehow, luckily or perhaps not, exempt, and that, yes, luck of luck, they are too, and get yourself to some secluded place as fast as your legs or car or credit card can carry you. Maybe, someday, things will be different. Jesus, what a world.

I realize that this column may have about as much to do with many readers perception of punk as a cold shower, but to me, this is much of what the spirit of punk represents. Abject fear and skittering, but smart, hatred of everyone and everything surrounding you. Punk is much, much more than a couple of records and a haircut.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

LAKES released a perfect soundtrack for this Melbourne Winter, called *Winters Blade*. Over the past couple of years his records have had a ritual quality, and this one is the most obvious...

English pagans, blood religion, some kind of vicious, festive cruelty. This is the sonic reference point for LAKES. But, most strongly, isolation. This is music that expresses solitude. In this internet age, artists and musicians seem so anxious to reveal the most insignificant details of their lives, because their creative work lacks depth, they cannot endure solitude. There's no sense of communion in their creative work. They know it and shield this fact with politics, personalities, sex, drugs, death. They need to connect with the listener on another level, psychic rapists that they are, and internet vanity pages reveal photos of cute cats they saw on the way to work, or a petition they have signed to prevent the Chinese from eating unicorns, interviews detail the struggle they had with Chlamydia or nicorettes to reveal suffering, but it's all floss, there's no loss.

From teenage hardcore bands to goth / post punk to sneering GERMS punk to solo synth punk to this neo-folk inspired ritual music, Sean Bailey has purified his musical vision.

The virtue of music born out of solitude is easily over-emphasised, but I think you can hear a more potent isolation in other LAKES records. The walls closing in, the rain falling outside the room. *Winters Blade* has a rich quality lacking in the other records, the first time that Bailey has involved someone else with the recording process, and the songs have more of a sense of (there's that word again) communion. Jon Michel has a detailed C.V., I'm not going to explore it. He did an excellent job and Bailey's instincts were sharp in capitulating control of the sound, perhaps opening more space to experience the songs without having to overthink their sound? Speculations.

This is a full record that he might not have made otherwise, and it's evident from the first chorus of the first song, "Altered Grey Night." An actual chorus of Baileys, plural, imposes itself across the taut soundscape of cavernous drums and the paranoid guitar-line, crawling up your neck. "Sacred Reich," follows. Uh, it's actually called "Secret Rites." Kicking over idols, knee deep in blood. They played this song in Greece when the Romans came through, the Pythagoreans took their secrets to Hades, tight lipped homophiles. I'm not going to bother with a blow by blow, but I'm rapt with the sound of "Winters Blade": the cymbal crashing of the drum machine sounds like a television ripping in two, a celebrity chef denotes culinary advice and is eviscerated.

These songs have a sense of longing and desperation for contact that the other records lacked, being more content with the dark, lonely spaces. Last time I saw LAKES live he'd incorporated a band for the first time in years. The band was a necessary addition to presenting these songs at their strongest, to complete the connection that Bailey's ritual evoked. I'd be surprised if he's not continually turning down people to play these songs with him, as what he has evoked is a sense of warmth, a primal connection, like seeing a scribbling of titties on a cave wall must have felt to some ancient hairy hun, clutching a femur bone for a club, burning a fire to keep away the wolves.

Winters Blade is a record that sounds like a certain time and a certain place at a certain temperature, Melbourne Winter 2011, but will resonate for many years, will grow richer, fatter, wiser.

The Indonesian hard rock / psych / funk compilation *Those Shocking Shaking Days* is, no doubt, the most outstanding archive reissue record I have ever seen. A triple LP of tracks, exhaustively researched, an essay outlining the social and cultural provocations which provided grounding for such a strong collection of *hard* music, tasteful artwork that doesn't push the hippie nerd angle... and the tunes...

Look, I know this is not *Wire* mag, and I know that it is pushing the boundaries of *MRR* taste to write about a record of rock based musics that take nothing from the VU or STOOGES and plenty from LED ZEP, SABBATH and JAMES BROWN. But, if you believe that ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS are the punk band, then you will LOVE the way this record sounds. The RFTT demos of Alice Cooper / Stooge rock exploit a blown out, savage drum sound and guitars that pierce in and out of the tunes, and a lot of these Indonesian bands have crafted fairly conven-

tional '70s psych jams which bristle against the confines of low fidelity murk, making everything sound, probably against the desires of everyone involved, like *crude punk music*.

Listen to early "proto-"punk music of the mid-'70s: crafted out of amphetamine indulgence against the peace trip, a conservative reactionary response to communitarian ideology, using loud guitars to disperse the group and arrest the individual. The early SAINTS demos, the aforementioned heavenly glory of ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS, nihilistic free jazz of ELECTRIC EELS... nothing funky about any of these assholes. The Indonesian hard psych and funk jams here are a celebration of cultural and political permission to rock, something that does not and could not translate into what punk was attempting to do in the Western world. But for any *MRR* readers that respond strongly to the primitive sound of '70s punk, there are plenty of BLUE CHEER-esque thudders on this to forget to call your grandma to!

LOOKING FOR HOT TIME CALL ME:
DX / PO BOX 239 / NORTH CARLTON / VIC / 3054 / AUSTRALIA / ALL PIGS MUST DIE

It's debatable to some whether a "punk community" exists. I personally find it more useful to take it as a given that the social connections and relationships formed by our overlapping interests and experiences constitute some kind of community and instead ask what that community looks like (from varying perspectives, because it sure as hell ain't a monolith) and what we'd like it to look like. Part of punk to me has always been questioning the status quo no matter how it manifests (whether self-imposed/internalized or not) and deciding for yourself what you want the things you make and do and the relationships you have to look like. Another part of it involves envisioning a world much larger than you and working—together—against systemic inequities wherever they might occur.

I got involved in this (often awesome, sometimes frustrating) world in the first place because I was a weird, nerdy kid from a loving but tumultuous, sometimes violent, and rarely stable home. I was too small, too book-smart, too shy, too opinionated, too full of conflicting and messy emotions. I was going through things I hope no kid (or adult) ever has to go through, though so many of us unfortunately do. Punk gave me a chance to have a voice and to start connecting with other weird kids, an outlet to make art on my own terms and with my own tools, a world of music and road trips and absurdity that made more sense to me and dazzled me more than most things. Sometimes it still does.

What I never did along the way was pause, shut up, and learn to listen.

I listened when I could, when I wanted to, when it was convenient for me. I was too wrapped up in my own bullshit, battling my own demons—and yes, sometimes I was too enamored with the sound of my own voice (once I started speaking up). Most of us don't get maps in this world for what social engagement based on genuine respect looks like, because the society we live in is based around competition and inequity and stratification. We don't prioritize listening as much as we do talking. As a result, we hurt one another time and again, especially when we're trying to work together to make something (be it a creative product, activist work, or personal relationship). I'm just as guilty of this as anyone else—I don't mean to come off preachy here.

We're watching all this not-listening and pushing of agendas on the national political stage right now and have been for some time, and it's really embarrassing. I've been encountering it over and over again in my professional life, in the activist work that I do, in my normal social life—it's not something exclusive to punk by any means (though I do think there might be something particularly frustrating to all parties when we weird kids jockey for attention). An activist project in which I was involved, for instance, was critiqued from the outside from a lot of different perspectives, some of which were thoughtful and legitimate critiques (which we took into account in shaping the project), some of which were completely ignorant. Some of the responses to the critiques (not from our organizing team, but in the public debate around this project), however, treated those critiques as if they were all the same and went immediately on the defensive. How is it helpful to anyone to do that? It might be your first emotional instinct, especially when you're really invested in something, but that kind of response is ultimately really shooting yourself in the foot. It's far more productive and useful to listen to the thoughtful critiques and try to engage in a good-faith dialogue without getting your hackles up, all while dismissing the ignorant ones (unless there's a point that can be made by refuting them, and sometimes there is).

It's rare that we refuse to listen to one another intentionally. Yes, there are assholes out there; I find that after a certain amount of time spent around said assholes you figure out that they're not actually going to respect you as a person no matter what you say or do so you stop performing for their benefit and ultimately disengage. Most people don't fall into that category though. We spend a lot of time trying to make our perspectives heard, which is worthwhile work, especially if those perspectives don't get a lot of airtime.

This brings me to an important side point—many of us occupy a liminal space at the nexus of privileges and the lack thereof, and it's important to examine how the privileges we have, be they ones we were born into or ones we lucked into or ones we work for, give us more chances to speak and more credit when our voices get heard than some other people. I'm not talking about wallowing in guilt here, because that's ultimately unproductive and pointless. I'm not talking about playing the similarly unproductive game of who's-more-oppressed. I'm talking about accepting reality as the first step toward seeking to change that reality.

A basic analogy comes to mind here. My partner is a very tall man, and we were at a sold out show together recently. He was definitely among the tallest people there, and he could pretty much see from wherever he was. I'm short, and I couldn't make up my way up front to dance and watch the band. There were a lot of other shorter people (many of us women) who wanted to get up front, but we couldn't, because there were a bunch of tall people up front (many of whom seemed generally uninterested and were checking their phones and texting the entire time). They seemed to never question whether they should have been occupying that space, even though the respectful thing to do would have been to step back and let the shorter people (not in their way) up front so we could see just as well as they could. That's privilege. Privilege doesn't question whether it has the right to be there (while oppression makes it very clear that you're either not wanted or the space just plain doesn't exist for you because other people—the ones with the privilege—are hogging the resources).

(Note that I am not saying here that I was oppressed by not being able to see the show—I'm using a light example to illustrate a complicated and systemically ingrained and sometimes therefore invisible concept.)

My partner may have actually been more livid than I was at that show. He would have liked nothing more than to get up front him and dance; we were watching a band we're both really into. But he was mindful that he could see just as well from the back and wanted me and our other smaller friends—and the other smaller people at the show—to be able to see too and to have the same chance that he did, so he hung back. That is being aware and mindful of your privilege. It's important to always ask how you benefit from a situation and how that holds up against other people's experiences, especially other people who might not be coming from the same place as you.

There's something very simple at the core of what I'm talking about here. it all comes back to basic human respect. It's well documented that we're taught in this society to depersonalize those who aren't like us, to other them. An important way to fight that day-to-day battle against systemic bullshit is to call that into question constantly and treat everyone you encounter as, you know, a person with feelings and ideas who has just as legiti-

mate a right to the resources you have as you do. It sounds embarrassingly simple, but look again at the political rhetoric out there right now and how entrenched most politicians are in defending their territory and pissing on anyone who might approach the borders of that territory.

If we're investing our time in making this world a less shitty one for everyone to live in, it's time to set down our own agendas for a minute and listen. We'll get the chance to speak about our own perspectives eventually, if we haven't already. It's far more commendable, practical, and useful to ask someone who's speaking up to critique or to offer a new perspective about how you can work toward a solution together, if that's possible. Ask how you can help, what resources the person speaking up might need, if there's something you can provide. Try not to let your ego get in front of you, as much as it might be pushing you in one direction or another. Step back. Sit down. Listen. Accept that you might not be able to fully understand that person's perspective, but do your best, engage in good faith, and I'm guessing that even if at the beginning there are communication issues they will be ironed out. Also, sometimes people who haven't had the same opportunities and resources might, you know, be angry about it. It's important to recognize that anger as legitimate. That also comes from a place of respect.

It takes a strong person to be able to sit back and listen. The weak are those who clamor and clutch, who lean on the same old tired entitlement rhetoric that has been used to prop up the status quo from day one. The weak are those afraid of letting anyone else's voices into the conversation. We have this weird cultural idea—and punk can prop this up sometimes too—that the strong people are those whose voices are the loudest, as opposed to the most adaptable people or the people who are able to accept complicated situations as they are and consider which solutions, if any, will benefit the biggest number of people.

This idea seems particularly entrenched and egregious in the United States, because it's the root of American exceptionalism. It's the cultural justification for imperialism. Blind entitlement, folks. Dick behavior. It can be intoxicating to be flush with privilege and resources, for sure, but any pleasure that comes at the price of alienating and hurting others is the coldest and clammiest of comforts, and it keeps us always from moving and growing and doing what we need to do.

Since my early days involved in the punk scene and especially now I have been intrigued by—and often critical of—the scene and its relationship to politics. I can't help but notice the things that it claims to represent in contrast to its actual nature. I notice that the dynamic it creates, which in a still frame all too often mirrors mainstream culture. Underneath its shallow slogans lies a mentality laced in populist conceptions of racism, sexism, transphobia, homophobia, and heteronormativity. If punk had more than a foot in the water of one of these facets of oppression you might think it would be racism, but this is not always true. Although the most obvious forms of racism have mostly become taboo, less vociferous but equally relevant forms of racism are still grossly prevalent. One such example can be found in the white punk who not only refuses to acknowledge his white privilege, yet reacts in a hostile manner towards the very idea. If there is one song that epitomizes this form of racism in the punk movement it is Minor Threats' "Guilty of Being White." Here are the lyrics:

"I'm sorry / For something I didn't do / Lynched somebody / But I don't know who / You blame me for slavery / A hundred years before I was born. / Guilty of being white. I'm a convict / Of a racist crime / I've only served / 19 years of my time. / Guilty of being white."

"You blame me for slavery a hundred years before I was born." This line alone evokes critical reflection. To start with, to whom is Minor Threat speaking when they say, "*you* blame me?" One of the first and most important steps to being a white anti-racist or ally is to work within your own community deconstructing white privilege and supremacy. The same can be said for men, who should educate other men on patriarchy. Simply put, white people should also be educating other white people on their privilege. The fact that a bunch of white kids would write a song that addresses the black community and spouts rhetoric that caters or appeals to white people is racist in itself.

"A hundred years before I was born" is also an interestingly offensive set of words. Minor Threat's claim that slavery dismisses the fact that racial oppression and less blatant forms of slavery still exist today, several years after they were born. From racial profiling and sexual exotification to judicial bias, illegalization, and gentrification, people of color are still constantly victimized to this day. The prison industrial complex, with its predominantly black population, has commonly been referred to as a modern day slave plantation. If people of color are facing these harsh disadvantages it must also be implied, that to not be a person of color or to be white means that you are granted a certain amount of privilege. To not accept this reality and to deny accountability is typical behavior of the privileged and continues the legacy of white supremacy.

In Poland, years after "Guilty of Being White" came out, a neo-Nazi thanked Ian MacKaye for "speaking for the white man." Ian claims that he missed the point and that this song was clearly "an anti-racist song." First off, "Guilty of Being White" is not an anti-racist song. It is a song about reverse racism. "Reverse racism" is a term used by white people to deny their white privilege. Those in denial use the term reverse racism to refer to hostile behavior by people of color against whites and especially to affirmative action programs, which allegedly give preferential treatment to people of color over whites. There is no such thing as reverse racism.

Arch segregationist George Wallace in his 1968 presidential election campaign coined the term reverse racism. The term was the ideological foundation of the southern strategy that used the racist resentment of non-ruling class whites against the black liberation movement to win them away from the Democratic Party. The effort was successful. Ten million whites voted for Wallace and these voters eventually became "the base of the Republican Party in the south and the Midwest" (from the *Challenging White Supremacy Workshop*). Reverse racism is still commonly used today by reactionary racists and right wingers unable to accept accountability and can hardly be taken serious especially considering that people of color do not have the social status or access to resources such as capital to enforce racism on the level that whites do. The reality is that this Polish Nazi did not misunderstand the point when praising Ian MacKaye. Actually, he was right on. It is the punx that missed the point, and coming from an anti-racist punk this is painful to say. This white nationalist recognized this common hyperbole and felt an ideological connection to these lyrics based on the hostility to blacks and the false sense of victimization (a popular fascist tendency), both of which are the foundation of these lyrics.

Just because it came from the mouth of some punk rock legend don't mean shit. This exact jargon can be found on websites like www.stormfront.org (the white supremacist forum that has been described as the internet's first major hate site), from the mouths of right wing racists such as Glenn Beck and the white nationalist Tea Party and in the speeches and platforms of neo-Nazi groups every where such as the NSM (National Socialist Movement), Creativity Movement (former World Church of the Creator), and the Aryan nations.

If your only burden as a race is to be blamed for racism that you do indeed play a part in, then consider yourself lucky. You may not be worship Hitler and you may never have "lynched somebody," as the lyrics to this song so tastefully state, but you are guilty…of being white.

What Usually Happens When You Receive a Bad Mixtape

Man, I hate it when I get a crush on some-

one and they just have the worst taste in music. They always seem to be a "graduated" punk rocker, which bums me out, but won't turn me off enough to not even give 'em a chance. Even if it sometimes means having to listen to stupid music that they think is better than punk. But what seems to always stick is the ritual of the first mixtape. When I recently had a little fling with one of these guys, I should have known that I always forget about the dreaded mixtapes one get from these "graduate" types. Take this situation…

He liked the fact that I was into mixtapes; I liked that he was into mixtapes, too. We went to a potluck at a friend's house and talked about mixtape related stuff for a while (seeing as I do a zine on mixtapes, this happens often). As I walked home, I just knew what was going to happen next.

"He is going to make me a tape," I said to myself.

And sure enough, a couple of days later, I texted him, asking where he was. He was driving to the record store. Not the one that was in town, but the one that's on the outskirts of two towns over. I thought that was sort of strange, until he started asking me questions.

"Do you know if this record store sells CD-to-tape players? Do they have blank cassettes?"

I didn't ask him if he was making a tape, but I could just tell. It's kind of like a sixth sense. I might as well just let him make it, and then I'll feign surprise when he gives it to me.

A week or so later, he hands me a tape. So I go home and listen to the tape. It's...horrible. It's monstrous. *Sooo baad*. It's got Tom Waits on it. I despise Tom Waits. It's got some weird clangy music that sounds like it was recorded around a campfire with a bunch of crusties drunk off hobo pies and the blood of Phil Ochs. The *dead for 20 years* Phil Ochs. It's got nothing that I can even remotely relate to on it. When I get a tape like this, my mind just gets boggled. How can this person even pretend that I might like this music? It's so off the charts that I can't wrap my mind around it. I don't even know the stream of watered down punk that lead him to this pathetic genre. I kinda wanna give the person a hard time about making such a sucky tape, but I don't.

My stomach rolls over when I realize that I have nothing good to say about this tape. I can't even make anything up! I hate lying to him, but I just know that I'll never listen to this tape again.

But you can't just not listen to the tape. If you want to be on any sort of good terms with this person, you have to be able to say certain details about the tape, so when they ask you about it, you can avoid saying if you liked it or not. Try saying something like "was that mewithoutyou song from a long time ago? It doesn't sound quite as annoying as their other songs" or "M. Ward has this sound about him... I can't quite touch on it...how would you describe it?" Like being on a date with someone for the first time, you need to bring the conversation back around so you have the other person talking instead of doing all of the talking yourself.

As far as being on the giving end of a bad tape, it stings a little. You know this happens if the person just straight up doesn't say anything to you about the tape. Then it can be awkward. You see them at shows, you don't know if you should say something. You gotta really think about what kind of music the receiver likes right now, or has in the past, and decide if this is something that, based on their music history, they would like. Add some of those elements and you should be good. *Do not* put songs that they put on a mix for you, on a mix for them. I received one of those once—I just got confused.

So, when making a tape for someone, make it interesting. Write a note saying all the reasons why you put those particular songs on the tape, and how that reflects your relationship with that person. Trust me, even if its just a "getting to know me" tape, details can go a long way. The key is to make the tape interesting enough for the person to get over the hurdle of listening to it only once.

FIN.

To read more on mixtapes, check out *Mixtapes Do It Better* zine. I also do a zine with real life ghost stories called *Haunted Ground* and another one about being a teenager, called *Jesse Owens*. Contact me at mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net or PO Box 6912 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516. Send a couple o' bucks or some stamps and you'll get stuff in return.

Don't Be An American Idiot

Having played in a DIY hardcore band for the last five years, I've come to realize how difficult it is to put together a tour in North America and do even halfway decently. Getting paid $50 for a show and then being kicked out to the street afterwards with no place to sleep seems to be the standard these days. I'd have to (along with my other band mates) work for an entire month and save every last penny just to ensure that we'd be able to make it on a two-week tour. I thought this was the only way. Until I went on to tour Europe in summer 2009, that is.

There are two attitudes about DIY hardcore/punk that I've encountered. There's the U.S. "DIY for the punxxx fuck guarantees fuck rock stars you fuckin' posers" attitude. And then there's the European "Let's do as much as we can to help our own" attitude. Guess which one I like more.

In Europe it was not uncommon for us to get 200 or more Euros a day, a very comfortable sleeping place, dinner, and then breakfast in the morning, and sometimes unlimited beer or some hash. Of course, there were the very poor countries where we didn't make much money (still more than 50 US dollars though), but we'd still have a place to sleep and food, without exception. It was pretty surreal. An added bonus was Europe's geographical closeness. You drive two-three hours and you're at your next show most days. So that money went a long way.

But then we all know the situation here. Drive nine hours to get to a decrepit "punk" house where everyone's beyond experimenting with some hard drug and they tell you all the local bands canceled and they don't know if anyone's coming but you can crash on the floor in the living room if you really need to and as long as you don't mind the hypodermic needles. Maybe I'm exaggerating but you know what I mean.

It's getting beyond frustrating. And I have to ask one important question. What the fuck is so wrong with a guarantee? You know when it really comes down to it, a reasonable set amount is really not such a bad idea. Think about it. If you negotiated with a band to say $150, maybe that would motivate you to actually do your fucking job as a promoter/dude doing the show/whatever you want to call it and actually collect $5 each from 30 people. Just 30 people. Seriously, I think I could call up my friends, tell them about the show and have them bring some friends too and get at least 30 people. When it's left to just giving a band "whatever" there's not much motivation.

My friend does shows in Paris and I learned something really cool from her. It's such a simple concept that I think it can be implemented very easily. She works with guarantees for every show she does. Whatever extra money comes in the door above the guarantee she sets aside for the next time a show is poorly attended (cause it does happen no matter what you do sometimes) and pays the band what they negotiated anyway. And you know, when a band really does draw a shit load of people and/or people just happen to come out of the woodwork, you can also throw them maybe a few bucks on top of the guarantee to show your appreciation.

But cash isn't the only thing. Bands get hungry! I consider it an insult to show up to a show and then be pointed to the nearest McDonald's so we can all eat. I'm not vegan or vegetarian but many punks are these days. Regardless, McDonald's just simply shouldn't be an option. I don't want to preach but eating fast food is one of the most un-punk things you can do, to me at least. Punks shouldn't be supporting a globalized corporate chain that serves shit on a bun and charges you for it. If you've taken off work for the show, and even if you haven't, then obviously you're going to eat at some point during the day. How about when you make your-

self dinner you make some food for the other people coming? It won't cost you that much and if you took some cash from the door to pay for it I don't think anyone would mind. Considering how long it takes to get from city to city and traffic and calling AAA when your tire blows, it's not surprising that band barely make it to show spaces on time. They don't have time to find food, let alone cook. Eating out when on the road is super expensive too. If nothing else just cook up some pasta and throw some sauce on it. Don't make it out to be a hassle when it's really just you being lazy.

If you feel a lot of people are coming to the show why not hook up the band with some beers (or water, juice, etc. if they're edge)? You have no idea how much bands appreciate this shit.

So, does this sound like I'm/we're asking too much? If so, I have a couple important questions for you. How much do you actually like this band? And if you think they're just whatever, why are you bothering to do their show then?

If you're serious about booking shows and actually have a passion for punk then I don't think any of this is unreasonable. Bands aren't rich no matter what you might think and it's pretty selfish to expect a band to have to take a loss on every tour. This is why so many good bands break up. Economics. I assure you I am anti-capitalist but I am also a realist. And guess what? In the real world, at least for now, money is a factor that you can't ignore. The gas tank isn't going to magically fill up and five girls/guys traveling in that van are going to have to eat at some point or another. If you want to see punk thrive here, then do something about it. Pay bands and feed them too. This lazy attitude towards booking shows is a result of your U.S. upbringing as much as you might try to deny it. *Don't be an American idiot*! (Rest assured, I am talking about you too Canada!)

Hey Everybody! Happy… What month is this? Oh yeah, October. Happy Halloween! Time flies by around here. Layla will be leaving soon and we are still on the hunt for a new coordinator. Realistically, one person could run this magazine, Tim Yo did, but this was his baby and there really shouldn't be just one person running the magazine for checks and balances, you know? Someone told me that she had heard people were interested, but were intimidated to apply. I guess I could see that. People might thing you have to be a total music nerd, a collector geek, or some sort of punk encyclopedia, but really what it comes down to is that we need someone that has a background in HC, has some degree of social skills, can delegate, and is very organized. Most importantly, the next coordinator has to love punk and be curious about music.

The first time I walked into the *MRR* compound, I had the same reaction that most people have, "Holy. Shit. Look at all those fucking records…" and I immediately forgot everything I knew about punk. Everybody has a collector friend whose collection is impressive, but seeing almost 42,000 punk records at once is mind blowing. When a new person comes through the door, the offer to play records is immediately made. When this happened to me, I couldn't think of anything to play. It was as if my brain became jammed with too many thoughts and records and sounds that it wanted—then I asked if I could have a glass of water first… ha! Eventually, it all came back to me and I started using this collection as a tool. I listen to some of the same records over and over, but often I will just pick a letter and peruse the section until I find something that looks interesting. This is definitely one of my favorite things about this job, because I have found a lot of great records this way.

If you didn't know, the records we get for review are sent to us for free by labels, bands, people, etc… (Thank you very much labels, bands, people, etc…) and when we don't receive something for review that has been released, we approach the labels or individuals in bands and ask them if they could donate a copy. There are some labels that for whatever reason, never send anything to *MRR*. I understand postage is expensive, particularly for punks out of the US, but we always ask, and if we can't get the record, we will scrape up some money to buy it. Sometimes the reasons for not sending *MRR* releases for review stem from a bad review or a personal beef, which I can sort of understand. Although grudges are pretty lame, I think the worst response to a request for a record I have gotten is when a label says something like, "I don't need the exposure for this record, because my label can sell it out on its own." I understand that getting the record out to as many people as possible is important as I have put out several records myself, but what I really want to impress here is that *MRR* wants the vinyl to be able to review it, yes, but also to put it in the collection. Part of being coordinator is maintaining this monster of vinyl, but more importantly for me, it is to make these records available to people. This is a record library and when a punk or punks roll into town, they are welcome to check it out (provided of course that one of us is here).

When I came here there had been a series of thefts from the collection, discoveries of missing records that will be hard to retrieve. (This has been an ongoing problem since the start of the magazine… Someone out there stole most of our KBD raers around the time of Tim's death. If you are a generous collector and want a list of the records *MRR* needs to fill our gaps email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com!). So what did we do this time? We changed the locks and kept track of who had keys. We reinforce the rules that you can't bring bags in to the compound and that shitworkers have to clear any of their visitors with us before bringing them in. This may seem harsh, but you can still bring blank tapes in here to tape whatever you would like. You can play whatever records you'd like as long as you file them yourself and if you want to see the rare stuff, you are welcome to ask. The "vault" holds all of our rare records, demo tapes, some of the Tim Yo covers… A Tim Yo cover is one that Tim made himself because he thought the cover was, stupid or ugly. As a result, there are a bunch of records that that have cut and paste covers, which all look pretty awesome, I might add…

I realized that when I was younger, these records were mythological. Not only had I never seen them, I had never heard them and some I didn't even know had existed. I might have had a track or two on a comp that someone made me, one that had been duplicated so many times that I could barely make out what was going on, but I had never heard them in their entirety. Seeing the first Plugz *Let Go* 7" and the Koro *700 Club* 7" for the first time was awesome. Hearing them was even better. Now you can easily hear anyone of these records. You can go online and down load that shit into you iPod or hear it on You Tube (I am not gonna get too Marshall Mcluhan on your asses here…), because of this it is no wonder that younger punks always want to check out those records right away. They want to touch the record, see what the cover looks like if they haven't before, see if there is an insert, read the lyrics, feel the weight of the vinyl… There is a whole ritual here that is similar yet different from the generation before them. I am not going to launch into some "good-ole days" rant here, because there is no such thing as the good old days… I hate nostalgia… but I will say that it is very obvious that the transmission of punk as a subculture has changed. What I honestly miss is the community of "generalists" that I came from. What does that mean? Well, when I was a kid, you had to take more chances when it came to music. You could go to the record store and take a chance on a record if the cover looked punk or interesting, or maybe you would have heard about some band far off, and decide to gamble and pay the money for a international record. Sometimes you would trade mix tapes with a person you barely knew and among some stinker let down songs, you would hear a rager punk song that got you on the search for that band and any bands associated. I guess I miss that spirit of adventure. Are you imagining the *Goonies* here, because I sort of am…

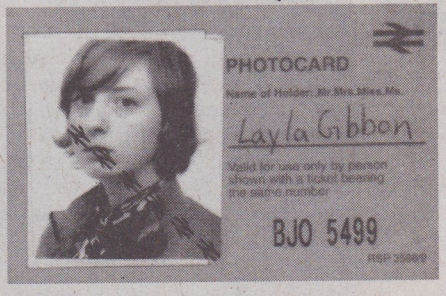
I guess I am being nostalgic after all, but the point I am trying to make here is that I think the generation I come from is a lot of music generalists that really had to fine tune

their searching skills to get a great record. An example is that I can go to the Amoeba by myself and spend twenty bucks and be happy. When I go with one of my older collector friends, he has an uncanny knack of finding every fucking thing your eyes didn't see before for some crazy cheap price..."Check it out, Merm! Orignial press BGK *Nothing Can Go Wrogn?* LP for $2.99!" Now, if you really want to hear that record, you can just download it.

Don't get me wrong, I am in full support of digital media for one reason only... That people all over the world without the money for some shitty collector edition, sixty made, limited edition marble vinyl, already sold out on preorder, mystery record, can hear it too and make the decision if it really is worth all the hoops some labels make people jump through (I say no fucking way). The availability of rare records and hard to get new ones is very important to me, especially now with people really trying to bank off of that. It is indeed very important for punks to support punk labels, because without people putting out records, our subculture becomes susceptible to corporate or major label bullshit. Yet, having access to digital media is a tool for making the decision to buy a record we might not know that much about. You go online you hear a track and them you send away for the record if you dig it. Sounds simple, but often you can download a record from some random sight (not a label), before the vinyl is even available. Yikes... I get it. Sending money to cover a record and Scandinavian postage, for example, is pricey and if the record you get disappoints, well it is a waste, but supporting a label and band is really important. It is what makes punk work.

We all know that we are in a different place now than when punk started. When I read zines like *Seven Inches To Freedom* and there is an article about growing older as a punk, that's really when I think about how much time has passed, but I am still here, punk is still here and records are still being made. Until that stops, we will keep the giant *MRR* record collection going and what ever you may think, this collection is yours as it is *MRR*s. If you are ever in the Bay Area, give us a call, come over and bring some tapes, because even if you can down load all of this shit, our community based on the ritual of feeling that heavy platter before you slap it on the turn table, is better than any fast track to punk knowledge. And here, anyone can have that...

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



I used to skate with a bunch of girls, there were between four and six of us depending on different factors, we met up after school or at the weekends and went to various skate parks and parking lots around London. I started skating when I was a kid, I got a Vision Gonz board as a birthday present when I was eight, but I didn't actually learn any tricks until I was in my teens and started skating with other girls. Initially I felt really self-conscious about the fact that you couldn't instantly be the Bones Brigade, so would just skate around rather than risk embarrassing myself in front of the "dudes." I got serious about skateboarding during the height of riot grrrl, my friends and I had formed a band when we were thirteen and would go hang out and flip through the 7" racks in the Rough Trade basement, conveniently located under a skate shop called Slam City Skates. We used to scurry through the store heads down, and rush down the stairs, assuming the skaters were all meathead hater bros. I started writing this girl Tulsie, we traded zines, and it turned out she worked at the "scary" skate shop, and she encouraged me to pick up skating again. She actually helped name my band too; I sent her a huge list of band name ideas, and she said Skinned Teen was the best one. This was the era of flip tricks and tiny wheels and huge pants; me and my friends were more into looking like mod girls mixed with the girls from Kleenex... But we were teenagers so we adapted. Learned to ollie, switched to Dickies so we looked like the rest, and so forth.

We skated in a pack, were very defensive and assumed all the other skaters thought we were "pro hoes" or posers so just didn't talk to them for the most part. I remember one really humiliating incident where I tried to interview Ed Templeton for my zine at a skate contest. He blew me off and treated me like a piece of dirt, as if I was trying hit on him. Rather than being the goofy sixteen year old skater that I was, I was just some chick. These girls had told us that Deanna Templeton, his wife, ripped on vert, (which totally was not true), so I had expected him to sort of be on the side of girl skater dorks. At that point we had pretty much stopped trying to engage with the norm skate boys, we had a few male friends we skated with but there were endless similar incidents which for over-sensitive teenagers were too much. To the point where we camped out in these skaters' backyard for one out of town contest, when they asked us if we wanted to sleep in the living room on the floor, we declined... My favorite place to skate was a vert ramp in a sort of underground walkway where a railway track used to be, it was on the other side of London and took three million years to get to, but because it was the era of tech flip trick '90s, no one skated there. Plus it was out of the ears and eyes of squares, just below the street.

I was thinking about all of this because I still sort of have the same attitude, of not wanting to be a blind part of something. Wanting to do something on my own terms, separate from the "scene." I remember going to a hardcore show where the singer asked the crowd, "do you wanna be part of the scene or part of the scenery..." I wanna be neither! I have been listening to punk since I was thirteen, starting out with Sham 69 and Patti Smith and moving through Huggy Bear and Bikini Kill, the Nation of Ulysses and Heroin onto His Hero is Gone and Capn Jazz (yes, at the same time), then Skull Kontrol and the Wrangler Brutes and then onto discoveries in the *MRR* library (Power of the Spoken Word! Rutto! Foams! So much more!) when I moved to the Bay Area in 2003. A million different shifts in perspective, mix tape fodder, going from only listening to punk tapes from Woolworths to only listening to Gravity, KRS and Dischord, then discovering old punk and hardcore that was not available on tapes for sale in the Woolworths music department, from Prag Vec to the Avengers. I have been an obsessive music nerd for my entire life, and until I reached my thirties have been stuck in relationships mostly with skaters, where I have had to listen to fucking Rancid and then onto turgid shit like the Hold Steady and have kept my mouth shut... One teenage paramour used a tape I made for him to impress another girl; his record collection was mostly sourced through *Big Brother* and nineties era *Thrasher* so was pretty much just shitty corporate punk and Slayer. I made fanzines to connect with punks in different places who felt the same way about skating, feminism and music that I did. Outside of my small group of friends, most of the kids in London when I grew up were totally alien to my idea of a good time. Either they just wanted to go to raves, or if they were hardcore kids they only wanted to play music that sounded like a fifty ninth rate Policy of 3, or some really generic NYHC.

The point to all of this self-indulgent rambling is what we do is secret, and uh, what we want is free. I do not wanna be part of a united front of punks who all listen to the same thing, who all wear the same outfit, not interested in "cool" or scene status, message board sausage parties. Not interested in "free" gifts from corporate entities, write ups in magazines that also run "cool hunting" departments for various corporations. Punk has always appealed to me because of the beginning of the song "Explode" by Void, because of how the music transports a human out of the reality of walking to a shitty minimum wage job. The music that grabs me is the music that creates its own world, its own universe, the first Die Kreuzen LP, the Huggy Bear and Frumpies 7"s, Bobby Soxx, Germs, Electric Eels, Screamers and onwards to the end of time. Music that was created for other reasons than to sell beer and cars and get you laid at the bar. The fact that people are up in arms because *MRR* won't cover their band if they start putting out records with car corporations is embarrassing. DIY punk is not ad fodder for corporations, end of story.

whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
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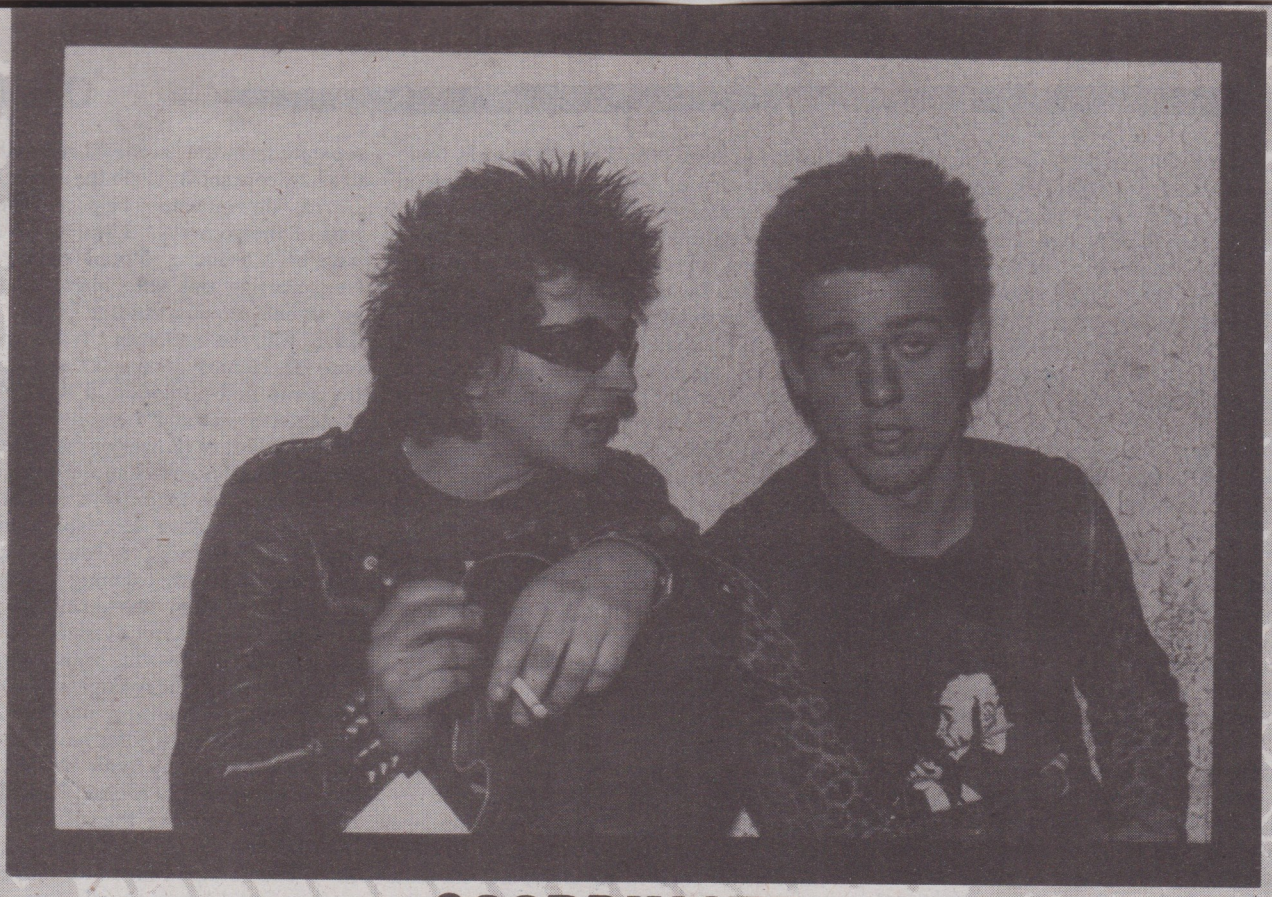

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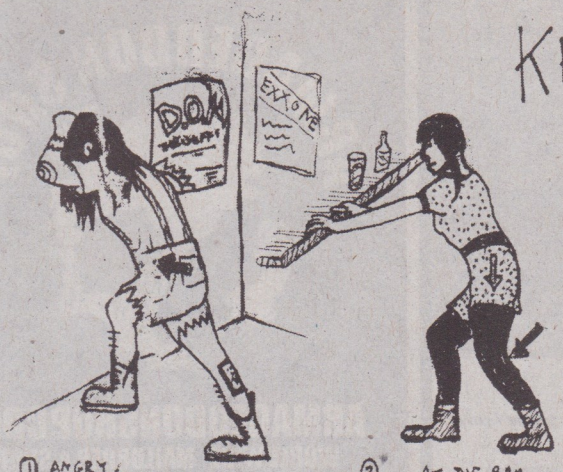


(1) ANGRY ... AT THE SHOW

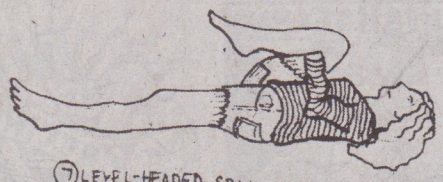
(2) ... AT THE BAR

(3) GET DOWN, GET HIP.

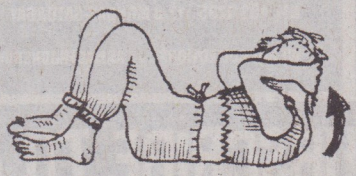
(4) BUMMED OUT

(5) LOWER BACK TO THE FUTURE

(6) HIGHSCHOOL HIPPY STRETCH



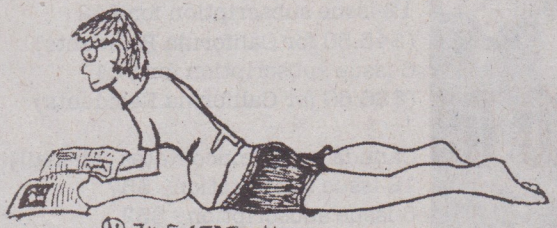
(7) LEVEL-HEADED, SOLID FRIEND BUTTSTRETCH



(8) FLEX YOUR HEAD

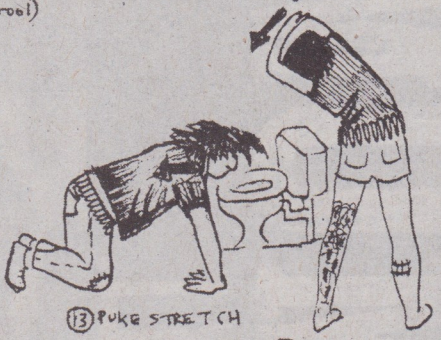
(9) FLAT OUT / PASSED OUT

(10) SKANK THE FLOOR



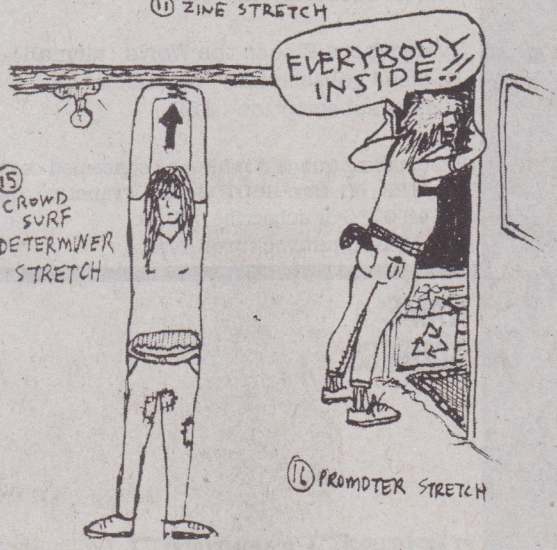
(11) ZINE STRETCH

(12) SUPER INTO THE BREAK DOWN



(13) PUKE STRETCH

(14) (B-) SIDE STRETCH



(15) CROWD SURF DETERMINER STRETCH

(16) PROMOTER STRETCH

(17) ZIT STRETCH

(18) SQUAT THE WORLD
(also referred to as PLANNING THE REV')

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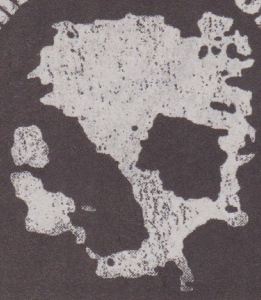

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY MARIAM BASTANI

TO STOP CORRUPTION, FIGHT THE POWER, NOT THE PEOPLE

By Michelle Chen from Colorlines.com

Absolute power corrupts absolutely, and in a world where the gap between the powerful and powerless grows wider each day, corruption in political and economic institutions spreads much faster than shame.

Political power is abused wherever it exists—with scandals ranging from political graft in India to white collar crime on Wall Street to bribery of government regulators in China. Nonetheless, some communities seem especially vulnerable to the cycle of corruption, repression and impunity. And lately, we've seen many of them getting fed up with living under regimes that have lost legitimacy in the eyes of the people. Corruption has been one of the major issues driving the unrest across the Middle East and North Africa, and it has catalyzed a Gandhi-esque movement in the streets of New Delhi.

Indian activist Anna Hazare has inspired huge demonstrations in support of his hunger strike to promote a strict, controversial anti-corruption measure known as the Jan Lokpal bill. The government's recent crackdown on Hazare only steeled protesters' resolve under the slogan "India is Anna, Anna is India."

Yet not all have been swept up in Hazare fever. Author and activist Arundhati Roy boldly challenged the public framing of the corruption issue, arguing that it has been whitewashed by a bourgeois, nationalistic political class. In a commentary in The Hindu, she describes the obsession with the Lokpal bill, which would institute a "draconian" bureaucracy to monitor officials, as a well-managed charade, designed to absorb popular grievances into a more palatable but no less hierarchical concept of "accountability": Is corruption just a matter of legality, of financial irregularity and bribery, or is it the currency of a social transaction in an egregiously unequal society, in which power continues to be concentrated in the hands of a smaller and smaller minority? Imagine, for example, a city of shopping malls, on whose streets hawking has been banned. A hawker pays the local beat cop and the man from the municipality a small bribe to break the law and sell her wares to those who cannot afford the prices in the malls. Is that such a terrible thing? In future will she have to pay the Lokpal representative too? Does the solution to the problems faced by ordinary people lie in addressing the structural inequality, or in creating yet another power structure that people will have to defer to?

Rukshana Nanayakkara, senior programme coordinator for South Asia with the watchdog group Transparency International, told Colorlines that although the Indian and Arab uprisings may voice the outrage of citizens who feel "helpless and hopeless" about their rulers, their protests won't necessarily articulate a solution:

While it is an important task to highlight corruption issues or to drive a grassroots movement based on this to overcome barriers to bring change, the real impact would lie within systemic changes and sustained ethical environments. We can agree that corruption is bad, but can't agree on what corruption really is. And when those who already have power are allowed to define and regulate corrupt practices, they're empowered to permit the most dangerous form of impunity—the kind that is ingrained in the very edifice of the state.

Corruption Near and Far

Corruption may be a universal scourge, but media portrayals and civil society surveys suggest that the problem is especially acute in the Global South, which in turn invites facile "cultural" explanations for greed and graft (pointing to, say, gift-giving traditions or inborn backwardness and tribalism of sub-Saharan Africa). Yet North and South are both plagued by breakdowns of institutional integrity. The banking collapse and everyday machinations of government reveal that the malaise reaches up to the highest offices in Washington. Indeed, much of the dirty money that floods into the Global South trickles down from above, according to a Transparency International paper:

The North also carries part of the responsibility for the situation in the South due to its role as the bribe-payer. After all, it is largely Northern corporate interests that supply the bribe payments. Until recently, governments of the North not only tolerated these corrupt practices, but they even rewarded them with tax deductibility.

The public's mental map of official immorality around the world reflects political blindspots: we tend to indict obvious crimes without interrogating structures and historical inequities.

"Corruption in the Global South is much talked about as it is part of day-to-day lives of people, as opposed to grand level corruption, which is normally opaque and harder to uncover," Nanayakkara noted. At the same time, Transparency International says public perceptions of corruption are rising in affluent countries, in part due to the financial crisis. But official transgressions do cut especially deep in impoverished communities, where rules are slackened to attract private investment or "development aid." In the Haiti earthquake, for example, Transparency International observed that the extreme death toll could be traced in part to "alleged corruption in the construction of public buildings, including schools and hospitals." And in the aftermath, suspicions of profiteering continue to swirl around the reconstruction process, now being directed by a shaky national government and the corporate-friendly coffers of the Haiti Interim Recovery Commission.

Environmental disasters can aggravate government malfeasance. Activists warn that policy responses to climate change may create unprecedented opportunities for exploitation and profiteering, particularly in much-hyped development projects for green energy and forest preservation.

The idea of corruption as culturally endemic offers convenient justification for outside intervention in poor countries. In an analysis of public myths about corruption, development scholars Ed Brown, Jon Cloke and Mohammad Sohail argued, "rather than seeing corruption as a complex socio-political phenomenon linked to global processes and specific national cultural and political economies, the issue is often reduced to a kind of political backwardness which needs 'treatment.' "

The potential side effects of this medicine have manifested in neoliberal financial interventions like the IMF restructuring plans that pauperized Haiti and stoked chaos in Greece. The authors point out that so-called "anti-corruption programmes" imposed by free-market experts sometimes aggravate economic damage and ironically end up reaffirming stereotypes of poor countries as innately incompetent.

Symptoms and Causes

Sometimes the popular fixation on officials' ethical transgressions distracts from the political malaise of which they are a symptom. And political elites are wise to this. In the U.S., the right evokes the canard of "waste, fraud and abuse" to militate against any form of income redistribution by blaming the economic hardship that "deserving" citizens face on imaginary "welfare queens," patients who use too much Medicaid, civil servants collecting extra disability pay, and other social parasites. Is corruption just the cost of doing business in a society that traffics in injustice? A recent public opinion study suggests people's lack of trust in government institutions isn't just tied to perceptions of official malfeasance, but the degree of social inequality they experience, along with the perceived failure of policymakers to address it.

The rebellions unfolding in North Africa, the Middle East and India reflect righteous resentment at rulers who have made careers out of betraying public trust. Of course, ultimately, Indian officials may fail again to police themselves, and the Arab Spring uprisings may be hijacked by new political orders that just rebrand old patterns of tyranny and kleptocracy. Whatever emerges from the unrest, fundamental inequalities will still reign, as long as entrenched hierarchies remain intact and governance hinges on tiers of privilege.

Our disgust with rotten politicians and Wall Street kingpins is in part anger at their impunity, but maybe there's a streak of latent jealousy, a dog-eat-doggedness that pervades any competitive capitalist society. Still, even if humans are hard wired to exploit, we're also hard wired to keep trying to harness power, however naïvely we deploy legislation and revolutionary rhetoric. In the debate over fixing crooked leaders, the definition of corruption often leaves out the root: not the people who misuse authority, but an excess of power itself

THE CRACK IN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IS A SIGN FROM GOD

By Brian Tashman from Rightwingwatch.org

During The 700 Club's "The Sign Of The Times" series on the end of the world, Pat Robertson addressed Tuesday's earthquake on the east coast that left a four-foot long crack in the Washington Monument. Robertson, who consistently claims that because of sin, legal abortion and tolerance of homosexuality, America will receive the same lethal punishment as Sodom and Gomorrah, floated his claim that the fissure may have been a symbolic message from God, likening it to when the veil of the Holy of Holies was torn after the Crucifixion.

Robertson stated, "Ladies and gentlemen I don't want to get weird on this so please take it for what it's worth. But it seems to me the Washington Monument is a symbol of America's power, it has been the symbol of our great nation, we look at that monument and say this is one nation under God. Now there's a crack in it, there's a crack in it and it's closed up. Is that a sign from the Lord? Is that something that has significance or is it just result of an earthquake? You judge, but I just want to bring that to your attention. It seems to me symbolic. When Jesus was crucified and when he died the curtain in the Temple was rent from top to bottom and there was a tear and it was extremely symbolic, is this symbolic? You judge."

SLAIN GAY TEEN SEEMS TO BE THE ONE ON TRIAL

By Neal Broverman from the Advocate.com

After the defense concluded its arguments in the Brandon McInerney murder trial today, attorney Scott Wippert continued to paint McInerney as a victim of the effeminate Lawrence King, while in a final rebuttal, Ventura County senior deputy district attorney Maeve Fox pleaded with the jury to not let sympathy toward McInerney or bias toward gay people sway them from a first-degree murder conviction.

The proceedings in a Chatsworth, Ca., courtroom ended yesterday before Wippert could wrap up his concluding statements in the trial of McInerney, who shot fifteen-year-old King twice in the head in February 2008 at Oxnard, Ca.'s E.O. Green Middle School. For much of Friday morning, Wippert repeated his points from the previous day, saying King's alleged flirtation and effeminate manner helped pushed McInerney "to his limit," therefore justifying a manslaughter conviction, not first- or second-degree murder. He again took umbrage at Fox's characterization of his defense as one of "gay panic." Though he disputed he was trying to whip up stereotypes of gay men as sexual predators — which Fox accused him of doing yesterday — he soon described King's occasional wearing of makeup and high-heeled boots as highly "disruptive" to E.O. Green students and claimed King routinely "harassed" male students, and "victimized" and "humiliated" McInerney.

"The [E.O. Green] boys didn't feel safe in the school," Wippert said, because of the 5-foot 4-inch, 125-pound King. Wippert brought up an unsubstantiated rumor regarding King giving a valentine to McInerney and routinely brought up an incident where King possibly said, "What's up, baby?" to McInerney. Fox, in her closing arguments yesterday, said "What's up, baby" was said to McInerney just minutes after McInerney told King he was going to shoot him, and that was a normal response to a threat King didn't realize was serious. Wippert, more assured then yesterday, repeatedly told the jury that the "What's up, baby?" was the "straw that popped the balloon" in McInerney's head and cemented his decision to shoot King.

Before he concluded by showing pictures of a smiling McInerney three years ago and saying, "Remember, he was only fourteen" (when he shot King), Wippert worked to discredit King's onetime best friend, Avery L., saying she had a tenuous relationship with the truth. Avery previously testified that McInerney associated with white supremacists and that it was King who was bullied at E.O. Green, not McInerney. Wippert then zeroed in on former E.O. Green vice principal Joy Epstein, a lesbian who Wippert claims enabled King's wearing of high heels and makeup. Earlier in the case, some E.O. Green teachers testified for the defense that they complained about King's attire to Epstein but that she did little in response.

"Epstein could have prevented this," Wippert said. Because the prosecution has the burden of proof, it was allowed the last word, with Fox given an opportunity for rebuttal. Fox pounced on Wippert's attacks on Epstein.

"What is it about Epstein?" Fox asked rhetorically. "The liar, the pariah, the person who could have averted this tragedy — she's a lesbian." Fox reiterated that Wippert was working to garner sympathy for McInerney by repeatedly bringing up his abusive childhood and mentioning McInerney's age at the time of the shooting 39 times in his closing argument. She also said there was no doubt Wippert was trying to stir up jurors' latent homophobia in an effort to gain his client a lighter sentence. A witness who previously reenacted the way King walked was described by Fox as mockery, and she added that the defense counsel was complicit in the ridicule.

"It's an attempt to reach somewhere deep down," she said. "To a dark place." Fox countered Wippert's actions by showing a picture of King just a few days before the shooting, smiling and holding up a green dress given to him by his teacher. He had makeup on that was barely visible and was wearing a school uniform, not a dress.

"This is the guy that you are being asked to believe was a sexual predator who tortured the defendant into a state of despair," she said. "This [person] is so threatening to the average male psyche of 14 or 44 or 84?" King wasn't even a human to McInerney, Fox said, reminding jurors that McInerney told a psychiatrist just that. She closed her case by saying that a manslaughter conviction would require jurors believing an average person would have acted as McInerney did. The final words of the two-month-long trial hinged on that fact.

"Why did nobody lay a finger on Larry King except the defendant?" Fox asked. "Because [McInerney's] not your average reasonable person. He's extreme and he did the most extreme thing humanly possible, and you should convict him of first-degree murder and find all the special charges to be true." The jurors were then given explicit instructions on how they should arrive at their ruling. If there is not a unanimous decision or murder or manslaughter, the jury will be declared hung and the case will likely be retried.

LOCKED UP AND LEFT BEHIND: HURRICANE IRENE AND THE PRISONERS ON NEW YORK'S RIKERS ISLAND

By Jean Casella and James Ridgeway from Solitarywatch.com

"We are not evacuating Rikers Island," Mayor Michael Bloomberg said in a news conference this afternoon. Bloomberg announced a host of extreme measures being taken by New York City in preparation for the arrival of Hurricane Irene, including a shutdown of the public transit system and the unprecedented mandatory evacuation of some 250,000 people from low-lying areas. But in response to a reporter's question, the mayor stated in no uncertain terms (and with more than a hint of annoyance) that one group of New Yorkers on vulnerable ground will be staying put.

New York City is surrounded by small islands and barrier beaches, and a glance at the city's evacuation map reveals all of them to be in Zone A (already under a mandatory evacuation order) or Zone B–all, that is, save one. Rikers Island, which lies in the waters between Queens and the Bronx, is not highlighted at all, meaning it is not to be evacuated under any circumstances.

According to the New York City Department of Corrections' own website, more than three-quarters of Rikers Island's 400 acres are built on landfill—which is generally thought to be more vulnerable to natural disasters. Its ten jails have a capacity of close to 17,000 inmates, and normally house at least 12,000, including juveniles and large numbers of prisoners with mental illness–not to mention pre-trial detainees who have yet to be convicted of any crime. There are also hundreds of corrections officers at work on the island. We were not able to reach anyone at the NYC DOC for comment–but the New York Times City Room blog reported: "According to the city's Department of Correction, no hypothetical evacuation plan for the roughly 12,000 inmates that the facility may house on a given day even exists. Contingencies do exist for smaller-scale relocations from one facility to another."

For a warning of what can happen to prisoners in a hurricane we need only look back at Katrina, and the horrific conditions endured by inmates at Orleans Parish Prison in New Orleans. According to a report produced by the ACLU:

"[A] culture of neglect was evident in the days before Katrina, when the sheriff declared that the prisoners would remain 'where they belong,' despite the mayor's decision to declare the city's first-ever mandatory evacuation. OPP even accepted prisoners, including juveniles as young as ten, from other facilities to ride out the storm. As floodwaters rose in the OPP buildings, power was lost, and entire buildings were plunged into darkness. Deputies left their posts wholesale, leaving behind prisoners in locked cells, some standing in sewage-tainted water up to their chests …

Prisoners went days without food, water and ventilation, and deputies admit that they received no emergency training and were entirely unaware of any evacuation plan. Even some prison guards were left locked in at their posts to fend for themselves, unable to provide assistance to prisoners in need."

FOREIGN STUDENTS ON US SUMMER VISAS TRICKED TO WORK AT HERSHEY'S FACTORY

By Jorge Rivas from Colorlines.com

Hundreds of students currently studying in the United States on student visas walked off their jobs at Hershey's chocolate packing plant on Wednesday. The students charged that a summer program advertised to be a cultural exchange had instead turned them into underpaid labor.

The walkout at the Palmyra, Pennsylvania plant is the first time that foreign students have engaged in a strike to protest their employment.

"There is no cultural exchange, none, none," Zhao Huijiao, a twenty-year-old undergraduate in international relations from Dalian, China told the New York Times. "It is just work, work faster, work." Several Chinese students reported paying more $6,000 to come to the United States on a J-1 work-travel visa. Students claim that the program was meant to be a fun way to travel and gain cultural experiences while also earning money to help subsidize their trips. However, after weekly deductions for company housing and other expenses, the students net between $40 and $140 per week for 40 hours of work, according to Jobs with Justice, a labor justice group that's working on the students' behalf.

"We are supposed to be here for cultural exchange and education, but we are just cheap laborers," Harika Duygu Ozer, nineteen, a second-year medical student from a university in Istanbul told the Times. Ozner says she was excited when she was offered the job because she thought it'd be fun and that it would it help pay her medical school tuition.

"We have all seen Charlie's chocolate factory," she told The Times. "We thought, 'This is good.'" Instead Ozner reports she's working the night shift that starts at 11pm. "You stand for the entire eight hours," she said. "It is the worst thing for your fingers and hands and your back; you are standing at an angle."

The tipping point however was when they learned that their neighbors were paying significantly less money for the same apartments. At the walkout Wednesday students reported many of them were not earning nearly enough to recover the money spent in their home countries to obtain their visas. Their demands include The Hershey Company reimburse them for their their travel expenses and better working conditions for all workers at the plant.

A spokesman for the Hershey Company says this isn't their problem because they hired a contractor to fill jobs at their plant. "The Hershey Company expects all of its vendors to treat their employees fairly and equitably," the spokesman told a local paper.

Watch the video about this at: http://youtu.be/8-h8EBP0JSs

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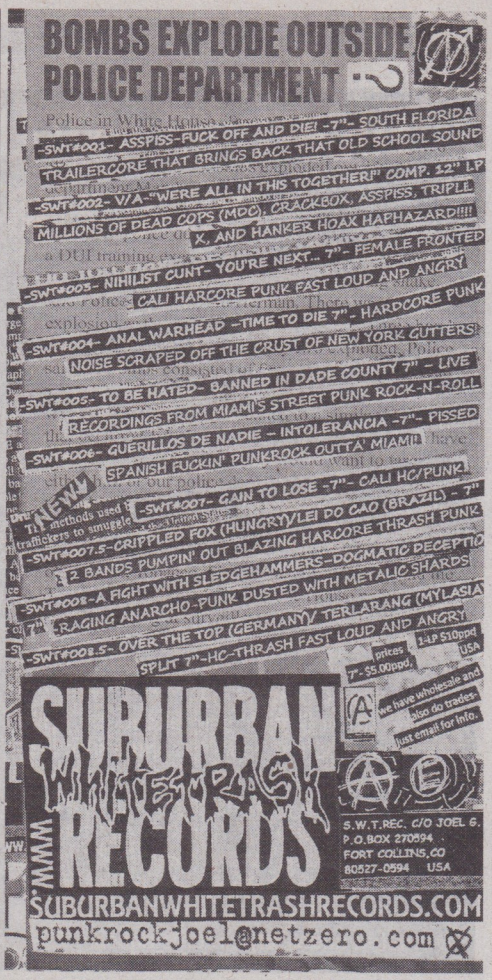
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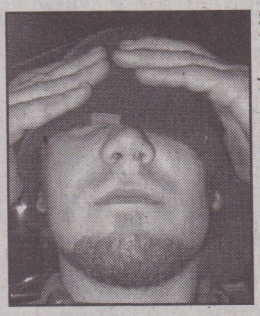
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What was your worst teenage fashion choice?
(asked at a party that would conjure up such memories)

Joey, 31, Oakland
A Skankin' Pickle ringer shirt, that featured a pickle in the style of Rat Fink, with "shants," which are shorts that are long enough to ensure you don't scratch your knees while skateboarding. I also had a plaid women's shirt with an embroidered Mighty Mighty Bosstones patch, attached with oversized safety pins.

Harold, 27, Oakland
It's not that embarrassing to not change your clothes while you're in high school, but I guess that becomes more embarrassing when it becomes a ten year time scale of not changing your clothes.



Sean, 22, Folsom CA
When I stole my mother's horse hide jacket with white fur around the head, and I thought it was cool, so I wore it into school.

Joey, 22, Oakland
I had long, dyed black hair. That was pretty fuckin' horrible.

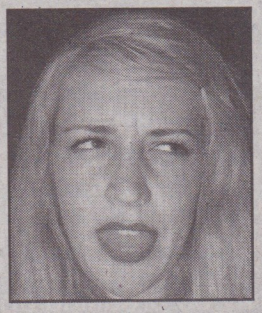
Michael, 23, Oakland
A two foot devil lock.

Kelsey, 23, Oakland
Wearing orange concealer all over my teen acne.

Melissa, 25, Oakland
I had a pair of acid-washed bell bottoms with my favorite bands written all over them, including Nine Inch Nails and Marilyn Manson. My mother's friend told me that if I was into hardcore music, I should write the Barenaked Ladies on them, but I refused.

Joe, 21, Tucson AZ
Short shorts, also known as "Summer Fun Shorts." Pockets were showing, ball sacks were showing, everything was showing.

Rose, 24, Oakland
Baggy bondage pants with a bondage belt. Then I realized quickly that real punks don't wear baggy clothes, hence the Casualties, who were my teachers in style at that age.



Rachel, 21, Concord
An "abortion is homicide" patch on my ska blazer..

40 minutes South of San Francisco and Oakland, resting in it's own choking smog-valley, is a town devoid of constant entertainment or raw/organic/locally-grown/vegan/macrobiotic Mexican food. A place where you're more likely to get a burrito from a liquor store, where the punks are probably wearing a pair of Cortezs rather than boots, and where no one gets your ironically offensive humor… this place is San Jose. There isn't an insane amount going on down here, and that's how we like it. Not over saturated with hype-bands, or even many bands to begin with, unlike our northern neighbors.

Here's, what's goin' on down here:
If you're going to come down here to see a show (which you probably won't) make sure to see **DESMADRE EN KRISIS,** a fucking great band from the Eastside who play ripping Mexico City-style punk! Rumor has it, Lil' Eric might stop selling as much weed and is now devoting more time to a new thrash-punk band called **THIS IS THE RESULT OF A THOUSAND ELECTRIC VOLTS**. Although the name may be long winded, if you ever saw his old group **FIST TO THE FACE**, you know it's goin' to be killer! **MENTAL DISASTER** is another Eastside band that's worth listening to, but doesn't leave the block too often. Think **CHAOS UK** mixed with Bandana Thrash played by brown-ass-motherfuckers! From the deepest depths of the Downtown bridges, where some punks like to drink with the crawdads, comes **BRUXERS**. They've been around for awhile but are just now gaining momentum and playing around the Bay. For fans of **DYSTOPIA/COFFINS/CATHARSIS**/drinking underneath bridges.

BURIED AT BIRTH is a new band that just did a little tour and is gonna put a record out on Give Praise records. I hope they stray away from the Relapse scene, but nonetheless they are hardworking and loud. **ROTTEN FUX** & **RUKKUS** broke up awhile ago and there doesn't look like any sign of those dudes playing anything like that again anytime soon, it's a shame because that shit ripped! Kelly moved to Portland where he claims to still be vegan with a leather jacket. And, speaking of defunct bands, **IN DISGUST** broke the fuck up and unless **EXCRUCIATING TERROR** is down to reunite and play **IN DISGUST** will stay buried. However, from the ashes of ID grew a gem of a turd: **PERMANENT RUIN**. They just recorded a demo, playin' GAUZE songs backwards and twice as fast! Matt from **IN DISGUST** has spoken about a death metal project, but I have yet to see him put down the Pringles can and peel his fat ass off the couch. **GODSTOMPER** still play shows, the barfo brothers will never die!

There's also been a little resurgence of early San Jose style punk/pop shit goin' around…which is awesome. **UGLY WINNER** is one of those, playing **UNWOUND** style indie shit that is loud and soaked in 'verb (total cave-dwelling rock). Todd does shows at his house and usually Urban Outfitters models show up, but the the shows are still killer! **MATSURI** are a couple of dudes who have a house and label called **TEXAS TOAST DIY** they play some early '90s style skram, they remind me alof some old SJ bands like **RUHAEDA** or **MOHINDER,** solid people! **TIRE SWINGS** is another band playing in vein of some SJ greats like **BETTYS LOVE CHILD**.
The **PILLOWFIGHTS** play fast short pop punk songs with breakdowns, Mark the guitarist used to play in **MAKE IT COUNT**, Watsonville's only youth crew band, ever. But sadly, I hear that The **PILLOW FIGHT**s may be breaking up because Leo is jetting to Seattle.

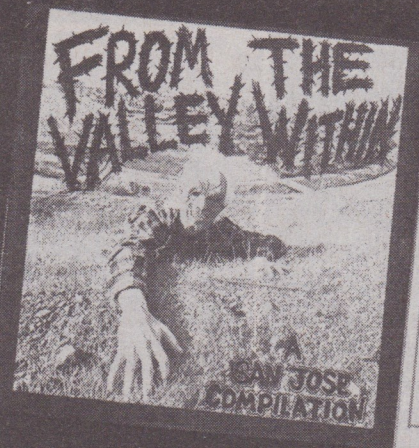
SOURPATCH plays indie/punk/pop, this is San Jose's answer to early Sacramento band **TIGER TRAP**. Sourpatch put on a fest in San Jose a month or two back called **THINK AND DIE THINKING**,which works towards building a space for all queer folks, trans folks, women and P.O.C. in San Jose. The fest went as good as you can expect from SJ, but the word is out and that's great! Hopefully it inspired a bunch of people to do more down here.

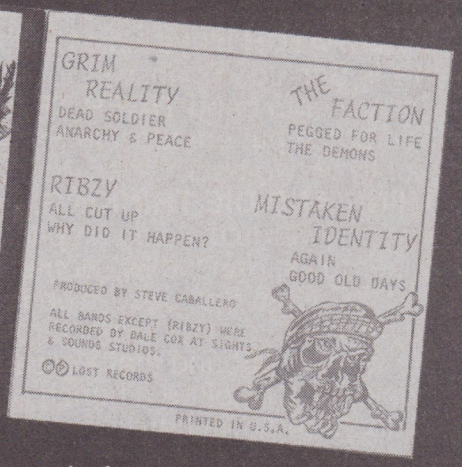
BIKE FOR BEERS is an old San Jose tradition that bands like **GRIMPLE** and **HICKEY** have played before. How this works is that you ride from house to house and at each house is a band and some beer. They play, you drink, and you move along drunker than you were before. This tradition is not as amazing as it once was, but it is coming up and there are a few bands that will probably be sure to slug their drunk asses out of the bars to play a few house shows. Bands like **BOAR HUNTER** (ex-members of **UZI SUICIDE, KPF and APEFACE**) is San Jose's drunk-old-guy answer to Swedish hardcore and it's fuckin' awesome! Nathan will be smoking a bowl out of gun at their next show, I'm sure of it! Another great band that will probably be playing BFB is **BIRD**, a new grind band that just recorded some new shit and who also happens to be some solid motherfuckers. Andre bought a Mariah Carey shirt at my garage sale last summer. If you ever loved all that old Redwood City dankcore shit, you will worship **BIRD**!

House shows have been poppin' up here and there for as long as I can remember, but nothing totally sustainable yet. There are also some bars that have shows, like the Blank Club (which is basically just a bar that has the word "club" in it's name). They do "punk" shows there sometimes, but they also do an '80s dance night so whatever. More than half of the real punks in SJ can't even get in there…so I'm not really down. *But*, I did see Swinging Utters play there once. If you're lucky enough to catch a backyard show on the Eastside before the cops come, you'd have a great time. Murray Bowles still rolls through to all the shows and he has some great documentation of the San Jose punk/hardcore/whateverthefuck scene through the last 15+ years. Check out his photo page if you're feeling it. If San Jose could just pull it's head out of it's ass and finally get some more all-ages shows goin', it would be the fuckin' jam!

I know a lot of kids move out of San Jose (and other spots) up to the little-big city, and I just want to say, after you're through slumming' it in San Francisco and complaining about rent and after you move to Oakland as the new first wave of gentrification there, not knowing that you are no better than the hipsters and yuppies or that your neighbors still hate you and after you pick up and leave again and the Kombucha babies you left behind consume the house, remember some family who has lived there before you will have to pay twice as much because of you. You aren't progressive, you're just taking up space. You should have stayed in your hometown and made it better…or not. Whatever.

If you ever come down here to eat, go to hemp con or get a tattoo, 'cause I'm sure you would never come down for a show, those were some of the cats you'd wanna check out!

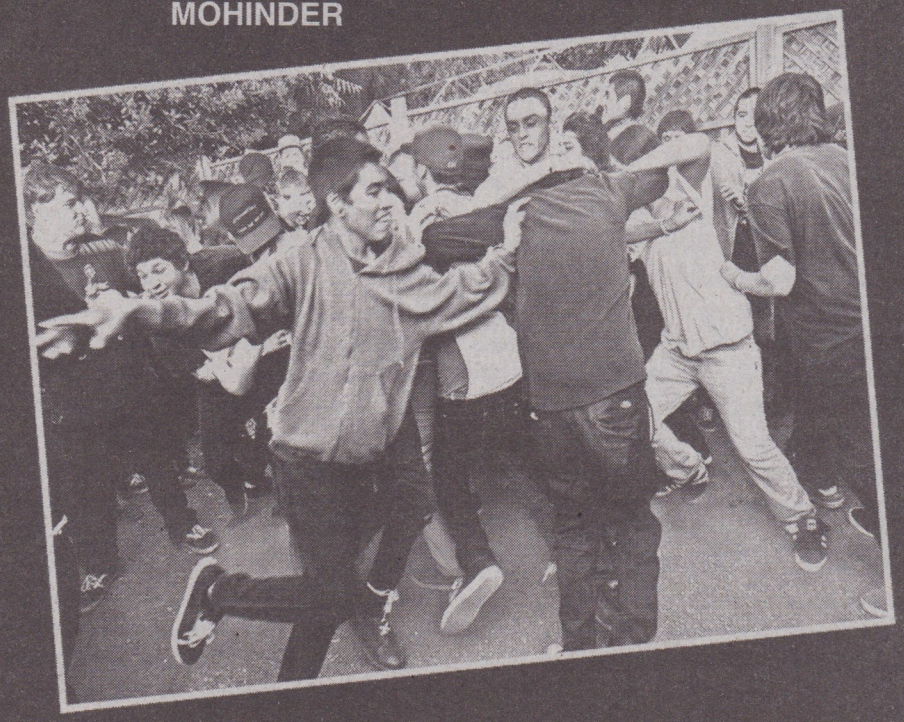




I'd be more than thrilled to give you links to all these bands so you can hear 'em or make you a mix tape of old San Jose bands. Get at me.

Here's a list of my favorite old SJ bands that you may or may not have heard of:

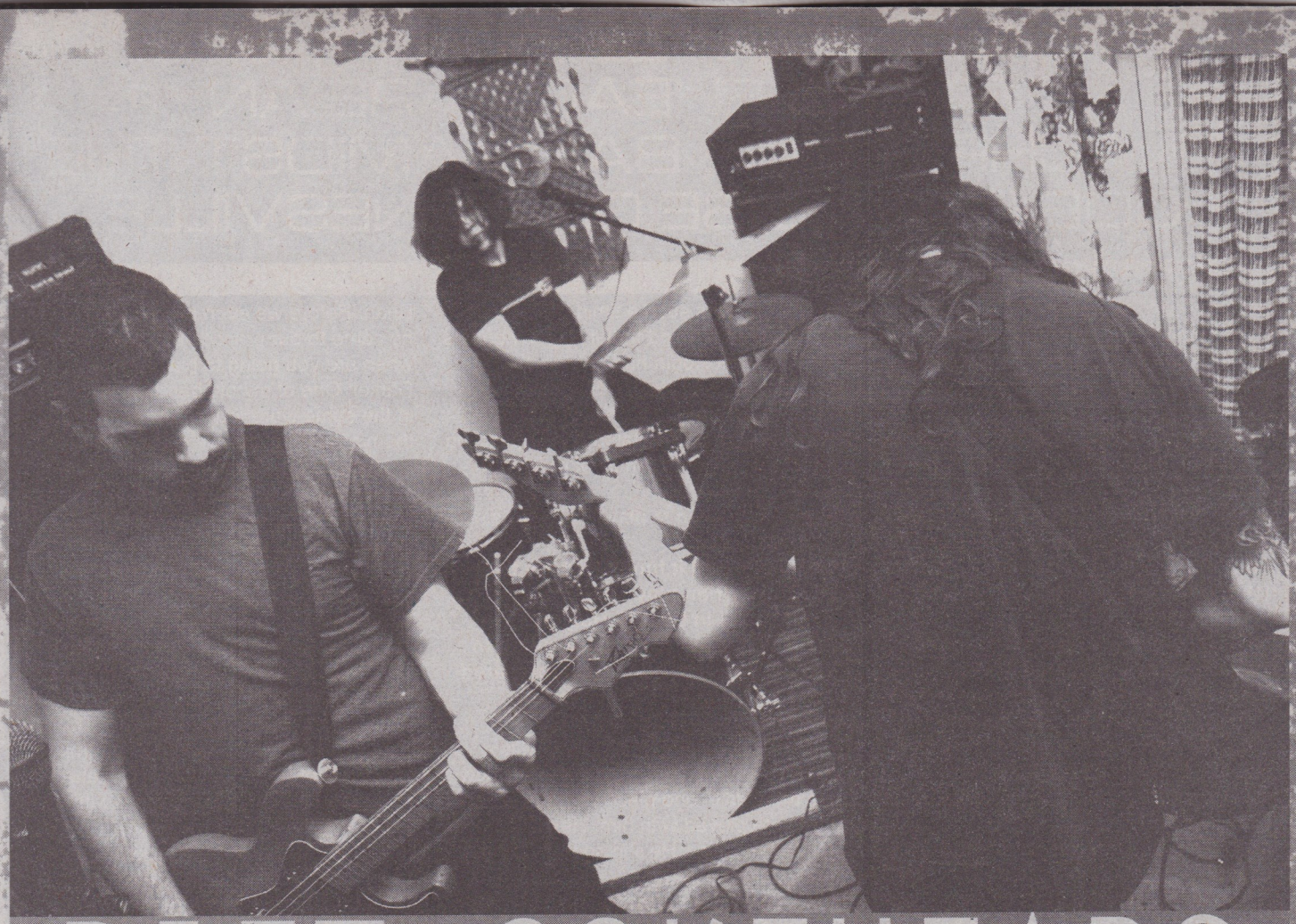
APE FACE
NOOTHGRUSH
NO USE FOR A NAME (for a little bit)
SODA
IDIOT BITCH
RING WURM
RED #9
KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ
CURBSIDE
THE CURBS
WOOLY MAMMOTH
THE FACTION
RIBZY
SLEEP
NME
GOD STOMPER
JENNY PICOLO (ok thats cupertino, but still)
BETTY'S LOVE CHILD
FIST TO THE FACE
FOLLOW BLINDLY
MASACRE
EXHUMED
EMO SUMMER
WHISKEY SUNDAY
LOS OLVIDADOS
UNIT BREED
WHIPPING BOY
NARCOTICA
THE CHINKEES
SKANKIN' PICKLE
THE ODD NUMBERS
ROTTEN FUX
HOSTILE TAKEOVER
VICTIMLESS CRIME
EXECUTIONER
MAKARA
GRIM REALITY
AGGRO
YOUR MOTHER (only joe was from san jose actually)
PREACHERS THAT LIE
VOMIT PANCAKES
LEMMING
DIESEL QUEENS
PRODUCT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS
RUHAEDA
MOHINDER



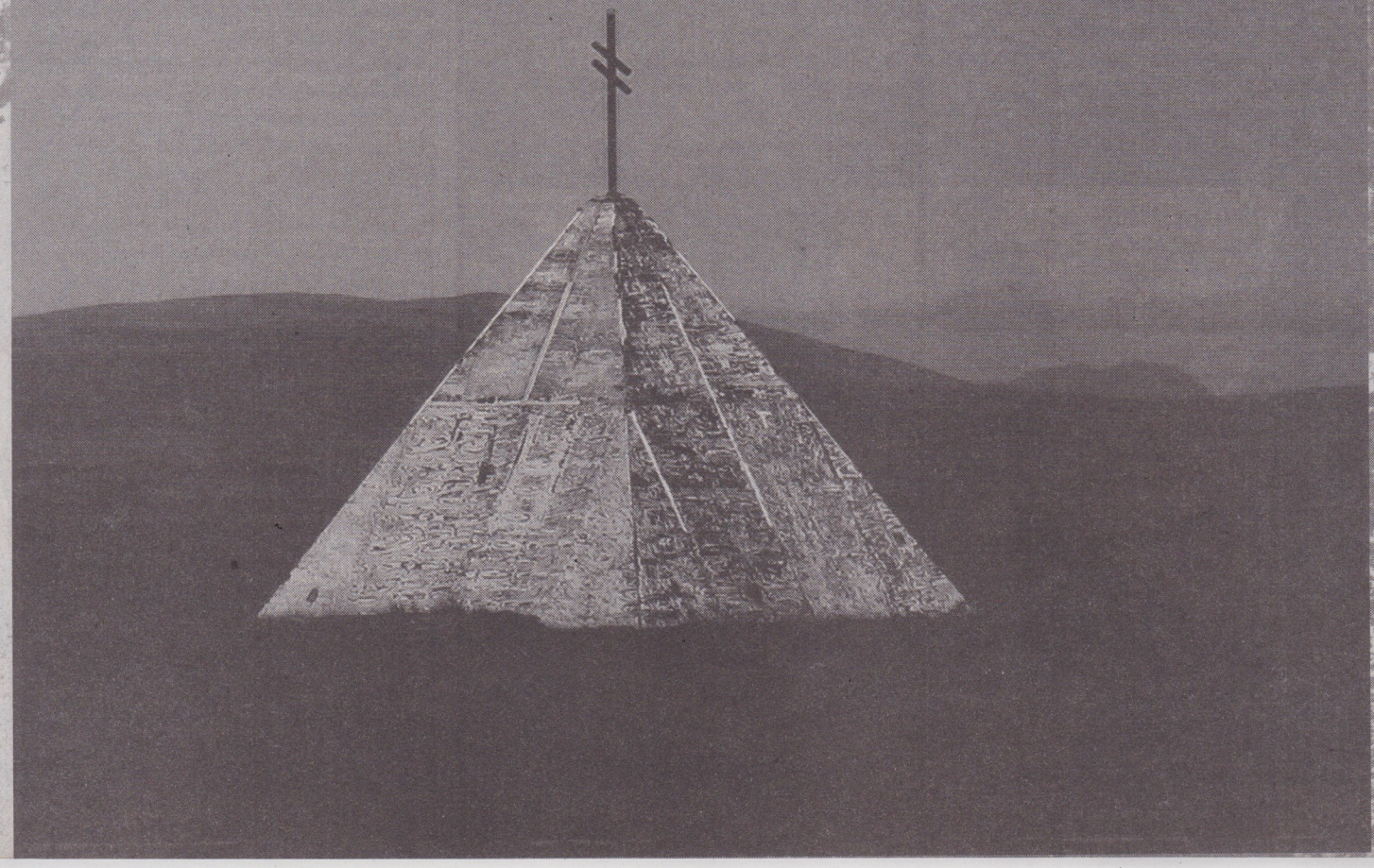
all pictures by **MURRAY BOWLES**

send your remarks here:

RICHXXXYOUTH@GMAIL.COM



DIET COKEHEADS



DIET COKEHEADS ARE AN ANACHRONOUS BAND AMIDST THE CODIFIED NOISE OF GAINESVILLE

Interview conducted in the 911 House kitchen on 6.20.11. Daniel made a delicious lentil-based dinner. Interview by Travis Fristoe. Photos Ross Adams.

MRR: I'm recording this over a Faith No More *The Real Thing* cassette. Is that okay?
Daniel: Bake no more? Like your kitchen notes? Oh, Faith No More? That bums me out. I think they're a good band. But we're not going to put out a record out on that nerd's label.
MRR: Why did you all start the band? Daniel, I know you joined later.
Brian: Me and Vivienne were gym buddies at first. She told me he had a drum kit. She was playing with some other people and she invited me over. We started playing pretty steadily with this girl Robin who played bass.
MRR: How did you get connected with Robin?
Vivienne: I went to high school with Robin. She moved away and then came back. I ran into her and she said she wanted to play music again. I was like, "Cool. I just bought a drum set. I don't know how to play yet." So we started playing with this other girl, then with Brian. It went really well so we kept going. We played for a couple months before we even… We were tiptoeing around being in a band.
Brian: Should we get a name? Should we be a band?
Vivienne: It was such a timid process.
Daniel: Keep in mind that it was Vivienne's first band, but Robin had been in bands since she was a little kid. She comes from like a *Partridge Family* of Mormon musicians. Very, very talented people. And Brian comes from a family of musicians as well.
Brian: I've wanted to play live music since I moved to town.
MRR: I still find it funny that the first time I saw Brian play music was upright bass in Deep & Holy Sea. And Daniel playing acoustic guitar in Picnic Lightning. So I was unprepared (and really happy) about the new incarnations.
Daniel: Our friend David Turbeville is a great unifier of cool people. He somehow gets them all in one place somehow. Brian and I both played with him. He writes really nice songs. He's in some fucking famous band now.
MRR: There's a picture of him in *Rolling Stone.* A story about new Americana bands. And there's David, the only one willing to look the camera in the eye.
Daniel: Nu Americana? Like nu-metal mixed with Americana?
MRR: I don't think I'm qualified to answer that question.
Daniel: Thanks, David.
Vivienne: Daniel showed enthusiasm about our band when he saw us.

Brian: Before we even played out! I think he came to our practice and was like, "So when are you going to play a show?"
Daniel: One of my old bands practiced in the same warehouse. I remember them practicing and we were waiting to practice. I was mad because I'm always mad. But they sounded awesome. And I'd never seen Vivienne play music before. I'd heard Brian's old bands from when he was in high school. Mind you, this was a time when there were no local bands. This band, Bad Year, had just started and they were kind of like a sister band to Cokeheads. They were awesome.
Vivienne: They were ready to start playing shows at the same time we were. There were just such slim pickings that it made sense to put Bad Year & Diet Cokeheads on shows. We did a Florida tour with them. Which was really just two dates.
Brian: St. Augustine and Jacksonville. Tour? I remember distinctly Arlington saying, "Guys we're going on tour together!"
MRR: Vivienne, when you got a drum set were you thinking about bands or just learning to play?
Vivienne: I was definitely just thinking about learning at first. Because I'd been going to shows for so long and the drummer was what always caught my eye. I love to dance and I love the feeling of rhythm in general.
[Daniel starts making hippie rhythm moves]
Vivienne: I lived on this street where all these other crust punk kids lived. It was a small, house falling apart. So everyone heard me practicing which was really embarrassing. I didn't feel like I was progressing so I figured the next thing to do was to play with other instruments and other people. Especially people who'd been in other bands before.
MRR: Were you interested in taking lessons or playing along to records?
Daniel: I took two lessons from this guy Anton. He gave me CDs to play along with. It went pretty bad.
[All laughter]
Vivienne: I just couldn't take instruction like that! After I was playing for a year I felt really stunted. I didn't feel like I was growing at all. I tried to take another lesson and it was the same thing.
Daniel: If I understand right, then Brian

had a little more experience with drums. Is that true?

Vivienne: Brian had a huge part in my learning the drums. He has a really good understanding of music and piecing things together. He grasps how people learn differently.

MRR: Brian, what was your musical background?

Brian: I played in an indeed rock band in high school.

Daniel: And your dad's a ripper!

Brian: Actually, we were in St. Augustine one time and my dad called me up like, "Hey, how's it going?" And then proceeds to play these extended blues solos. "I just got my amp fixed. Sounds pretty good, huh?" Like I can hear the tone through a phone. He's been playing guitar for a long time. At home. Cream covers.

Daniel: Savoy Brown covers! Savoy Brown is so sick.

Brian: I know, right? One of the best riffs on any record. Sorry. So I played in punk bands in high school then I was in the orchestra at UF for upright bass. I got so many dirty looks while I was in that orchestra.

MRR: Why?

Brian: I never practiced. I blew off lessons every week. It was admirable how much I pissed people off.

MRR: Did you get to tour with them?

Brian: We went to Palatka twice.

Daniel: As punishment. [Palatka is a wasteland, 50 miles away.]

MRR: So who came up with the name?

Brian: Vivienne.

Vivienne: I didn't come up with it.

MRR: Do most people get it?

Vivienne: It's surprising. *Heathers* is a popular movie. But you do get the occasional person who's like, "So what's the deal? Are y'all really into Diet Coke?"

Daniel: The roadie for Milk Music was like, "How much Diet Coke do you guys drink?" I said that Vivienne drinks one at work every once in a while.

Vivienne: I take a shot of Diet Coke with my pizza at work.

Brian: My parents raised me on Diet Coke. And then Diet Pepsi. I've broken away though. I like wine and water.

MRR: What are some of your tour no-nos?

Daniel: I have a term called "flipping the switch." It's when you're wasted and go from fun wasted to violent/angry wasted. Arlington from St. Dad has a switch. Mish Way from White Lung turns into Fish Gay when she flips the switch. So every once in a while I get worried that Vivienne is going to flip the switch.

MRR: Have you seen it, or are you just worried?

Daniel: Oh, I've seen it.

Vivienne: It's not violent!

Daniel: Well, you throw a lot, punch and tackle. And it's usually funny.

Brian: Can I interject about one of the best moments of tour? Playing in Syracuse, New York and there were like eight people in the room.

Daniel: Vivienne had definitely flipped the switch at this point. 20-30 minutes ago. And there's no going back. This was with Foreign Objects, our fellow hell raisers. But go on.

Brian: So we walk in the room and ask about getting a beer.

Daniel: The show is over. Nothing is happening.

Brian: The dude is like, "Yeah, you can have a beer. If you shotgun it." So Vivienne's like, "Alright." The guy then admits that he's never shot gunned a beer and doesn't know how. So Vivienne says, "This is how you do it." And stabs the can in his hand – through the can into his hand—with a fork.

Daniel: She stabbed a man in the hand with a fork. And then took his beer and shot gunned it.

MRR: He asked for it.

Daniel: When he was then crouched over his hand he was calling her a dumb bitch. So sometimes the switch can be good. Things we try to avoid are stealing from people we stay with.

Vivienne: Or making sure Brian doesn't go exercising without a GPS in his hand. He might get lost in Chicago for three hours.

MRR: Brian, I get lost on tour all the time.

Daniel: You're not alone. Brian's mad now.

Brian: No, I was going to ask Travis if he was stuck in track pants when he gets lost.

Vivienne: Don't forget to tell Daniel that he has an AAA membership when he locks himself out of the van.

MRR: Daniel, why would you not call AAA? Was it the principle?

Daniel: I used a hammer. When you're in New York...New York sucks. *MRR* readers can disagree with me. Whatever, New York sucks. Los Angeles sucks. Who cares? But when you're in New York and it's 4:30 in the morning...you have the option of sitting there and waiting for AAA for an hour when it's already super-late. Or just breaking a window and then going to a friend's house. Break it with a hammer. No big deal. But you end up breaking the one window they don't make anymore.

Vivienne: And it ends up costing $300.

Daniel: So you get a piece of plexiglass cut and you tape-up the window. Then while you're doing that the alternator hose busts and you're stuck in Providence and it's cold and raining. I also got a $200 ticket for parking in front of a hydrant. After I busted the window.

Vivienne: Don't give Daniel the van in New York, period. That's the tour rule.

Daniel: We don't have a van anymore so it doesn't matter. Don't bring me to New York.

MRR: What's going on record wise?

Brian: Split with Neon Blud recently. Another split in August. Daniel is putting it out. We're scheduled to do a split with this band, Cop City Chill Pillars, who are an

amazing band from South Florida.
Daniel: We're not sure it'll definitely happen though.
Vivienne: That one will be scheduled forever.
MRR: Do you have the songs?
Daniel: Our songs have been done since November.
Vivienne: We have an actual split coming out with The Men.
Daniel: A 12". That'll be on The Men's label and on our label. So self-released. That's all. Then we're going to try to record a 12" before the end of the summer.
MRR: One thing I really love is that y'all never play too long. Is it a reaction to seeing bands play these wanky sets?
Brian: Personally, it's a direct reaction. I see bands play for way too long pretty much every time I'm at a show. My attention span is usually about ten minutes for a band I've never seen before, if they're really good. For us, ideally, if we're playing really well then we cut it off at ten minutes.
Daniel: No, we always play fifteen minutes. Usually more like twenty. Our newer songs are five minutes long.
Vivienne: It's not only a reaction to other bands, but a feeling. Sometimes mid-set one of us will want to stop.
MRR: But are the three of you on the same wavelength for that?
Vivienne: Not always, but if one person wants to stop then we'll stop.
Daniel: I think it's really important that you're really, really good for fifteen minutes instead of just okay for thirty minutes. That's always been a big issue with my bands. I've tried to push that on my band members. Really go for it for that long. If you play longer you have to worry about stamina. And running out of drinks, etc.
MRR: Is it weird then on tour when people ask, "Why don't you play more?"
Daniel: Yeah but fuck 'em. There are a lot of reasons to play live but my number one reason is that I like it. It's totally selfish and that's fine. I'm not there to please some drunk guy. Which is always the person saying to play longer. Sometimes people say, "I wish you would've played this song." Which I understand, but tell us earlier. Usually however it's drunk asshole guy who just wants to rock. Fuck that guy.
MRR: Let's talk about the evolution of your sound. What's going on?
Vivienne: There's so many different contributing factors. Not just having different band members but feeling more comfortable with each other. That always makes a difference. This is the only band I've ever been in until recently. I wasn't as capable of doing certain things when we first started. The chemistry has totally evolved.
Brian: Since Daniel joined I'll say that the chemistry has been much different and much more productive.
Daniel: It's hard to say because when you're in a really young band (and I've been in a lot of bands)... Cokeheads has been around maybe three years but we've only written maybe 25 songs. So, it sounds like a lot but it's not really when you're trying to play. One of the things we talk about is to like how free we all are to try different things musically. When we're constantly trying things and recording songs that sound totally different then it's hard to say that the sound has changed because it's always changing. But I do think the earlier stuff is a lot more primitive-sounding because Vivienne was just learning to play drums. The newer stuff you can hear how much better she is at drums. I really value simple music. All the stuff we've been writing recently has been really simple. And a lot more powerful, personally, because of it.
MRR: What do you want the songs to sound like? Are they getting closer?
Daniel: Everyone should answer this because it's a really good question.
Brian: With recent songs, two newer ones came out better than I wanted.
D & Vivienne:Yeah.
Brian: Earlier songs were fine but I'm working hard to better myself as a musician. We're writing what I want to hear.
Vivienne: The question was, "What do we want the songs to sound like?"
MRR: Yes. Or are they close.
Vivienne: I think they're definitely close. It's funny because we'll get hooked onto the same things. Like a Salt-n-Pepa song, "This drumbeat is so sick!" Things come from all places and that's one of the best things about this band. The roots of things come from such ridiculous places but I think that's all the better for the writing process. How to make it work.
Daniel: I'm very confident in this band's songs because I didn't start the band. So I feel like I have an objective view of it. The songs have gotten significantly more powerful with sounds and lyricism. What am I trying to say? The motifs that reappear have a much better style. And I love the band even before I joined. For me, the most important thing is that everyone in the band feels like they're contributing and that the sounds are challenging to them. I don't care about the audience.
Brian: For me it's about incorporating whatever we're listening to. Whether it's something ridiculously heavy or playing with the dynamics. Whatever's inspired by that. Booty bass or goth.
MRR: Two more questions. You can choose individually. One, how was it playing the bigger shows with No Age? And two, being from Gainesville, Florida, how much of an issue that is?
Daniel: I'd rather answer the second question. The No Age thing was a small

thing and we've played other, bigger shows, so it's a non-issue. All of our shows in New York were as big or bigger.
Daniel: Brian, can I out you in *MRR*?
Brian: Okay.
Daniel: I think Gainesville has this reputation. Or stigma of music. No Idea is a big part of that. Which is fine. I like a lot of the people involved. But when this band started, when it was two women playing really loud, really aggressive music...for Gainesville that was really not normal. There were some '80s/'90s punk bands that had women or were all women but in the last ten years it's just been like…
[All of us looking awkward & expectantly at what Daniel will say next]
Daniel: ...I don't give a shit. Whatever. They're nice people. It was polarizing in a lot of ways but it was powerful to see something that wasn't generic bar-rock. More recently, now that we're more proficient and don't rely on noise as part of every song structure, I've had a lot of people express to me that they can understand more of what Brian or Vivienne was singing about. We have lyrics that are overtly sexual and songs that are a male singing about other men. And it's obvious in the songs. There's definitely been weird dudes coming up to me saying, "Bro, what's up with that song?" Because I'm the straight guy in the band.
Brian: Really? I didn't know that.
Daniel: I'm like, "Yeah, that song's about blowjobs. They're awesome." Musically, we're totally separate from everything that I've known about from here for the past 30 years. Other than maybe…I don't know. Was Matt in Floor? I don't even know which bands we sound like. The bands I consider to be really great from Gainesville have been in the past five years. With the exception of Travis's bands! Sorry if I took over that question.
Vivienne: The biggest plus of being in Gainesville is incredibly cheap rent. You can work and dedicate 20-25 hours a week to music. Go on tour for weeks, months, and everything's still waiting for you. You can figure it out if you're in a band in Gainesville. You can ride that train for as long as it's ridiculous. Besides the weather and the fact that it's hard to get bands to come to Florida, it's ideal. It's a great place to be in a band, or a really bad place to get caught in the black hole of being in a band.
Daniel: Being a 30-year-old cokehead restaurant worker, banging people half your age on the weekends. Which is a very common thing. There's a stigma with living here. But Brian and I are both moving in August and September.

I've lived here for eight years. Working in restaurants the entire time and had enough money to go on vacation to other countries and tour whenever I want. And still have health insurance and a nice place to live.
Vivienne: I will clarify that part. Gainesville's not a place to move to get a job. But you can work in a restaurant and do everything you still want to do. If you don't blow it all on coke.
Brian: I've lived here the least amount of time of anyone in the band. I moved here for school and that didn't pan out. Playing music has been awesome. It is really hard to get a date here. Pretty much zero gay population, so that's frustrating for me personally. That comes out in the songs. It's hot here all the time but I'm in the only one in the band who likes that.
Vivienne: It's kind of insane how many of your peers play music here.
Daniel: They don't play good music though.
Vivienne: That doesn't even matter. There's tons of gear on Craigslist. Daniel lives with five other people who all play music. And they'll play with you anytime. Not that everyone needs to put out a ton of records but it is nice to know that there's people who can play music here and that you can explore with them.
Brian: That said it was damn near impossible for me to find anyone who wanted to pursue the same kinds of things I wanted until I started hanging out with Vivienne.
MRR: So given how well things are going, why are two of you moving away?
Vivienne: We're idealists.
Daniel: We had a rough couple of months when we were bickering all the time. I decided to move but the three of us had talked about moving somewhere together. But we couldn't decide where. Brian decided that he really wanted to pursue art school in Boston with some other friends. For a while we were thinking that the band was the most important thing and that we all had to be in the same town. Like Brian was saying, it's hard to get a date here. And our day-to-day is fucking boring sometimes. I'm moving to Athens, which is exactly the same as here. I don't need a date. In theory though we're going to keep being a band. It'll slow down obviously but we have so many records coming out that I don't think it's an issue. When we want to tour, then Vivienne and I can just go to Boston.
Brian: Or I can come back to Gainesville.
Vivienne: We value the band enough to not trash it. We'll meet up a couple of times a year and do tours and write songs.
Daniel: Also, we totally want to tour other countries. If anybody wants us to tour their country call me or text me. We're still a band. It's totally cool.
Vivienne: Just weirder. More weirder.

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Diet Cokeheads
PO Box 924
Gainesville, FL 32602
dietcrackheads@gmail.com

Discography:
Demo tape (Vinyl Rites/self released)
Oral 7" (VPS)
Just Hanging Out live cassette (Drugged Conscience)
Nasal 7" (Vinyl Rites/Drugged Conscience)
Professional Cocksucker cassette (self released)
Ocular 7" (Vinyl Rites) (this should be out by the time this goes to print)

DECRANEO

Decraneo is a really mysterious band. They've been playing together for a year only playing one show. Then suddenly they put out one EP and it's the best release from Mallorca in a long time. But...who is the Decraneo? Do they come from another galaxy? Are they a religious sect? Are they the new Spanish cucumber virus? I went to their second gig to solve my these question.
Interview: Jaume Cerebro (Cerebros Exprimidos)
Translation: David & Raquel

MRR: Decraneo, please, introduce yourselves; names and role of each one:
Toty: guitar.
Maria: singer.
Chano: drums.
Ceci: bass.
Santi: intergalactic captain and guitar.
Toty: Oi! if we're taking nicknames I have one for myself...
Chano: and I take the hat for the interview (laughs)

MRR: How do you classify your demoniac noise?
Santi: Flamenco punk...no, no!
Chano: Basically it's punk, what I think is. As in other bands, the influences of each member combines, but we are still on the punk side.
Ceci: Decraneous punk.
Chano: Fast and concise songs.
Santi: No song longer than two minutes.

MRR: Despising that you are a new band, I know you are veterans in the Mallorquin punk scene. Which other bands have you played in?
Toty: I've been playing since I was fifteen and now I'm thirty-four, so... now I am playing with Aspirina Infantil, BBME and Decraneo.
Maria: I am the rookie.
Santi: I was playing with Sindrome de Estocolmo, Mallorkaos, Txute de Dios.
Chano: I played with Phogo and Moraes, my own project that is still alive.
Ceci: I played with HDG'S and with the Difuntos.

MRR: What was your first punk show?
Santi: Cerebros Exprimidos and Glow when I was fifteen.
Chano: Kinder Videla Mengele a mythic band from Mendoza (Argentina) in the eighties, they were an indie band, quite wild. I was twelve years old.
Toty: Ramones.
Ceci: Listen To Me, at Mar de Plata (Argentina).
Maria: I was so drunk that I don't remember which band was playing, jajajaja.

Decraneo es una banda misterioso, realmente misterioso, llevan más de un año y sólo han dado una actuación. De repente ¡zas! sacan un ep y es de lo mejorcito que ha salido en Mallorca en bastante tiempo. Pero, ¿quienes son Decraneo? ¿vienen de otra galáxia? ¿son una secta religiosa? ¿se trata de un nuevo virus del boniato? Me presento en su segunda actuación para salir de dudas.
Entrevista por: Jaume Cerebro (Cerebros Exprimidos)
Traducción: David y Raquel

MRR: Decraneo, por favor, presentaros; nombres y función de cada uno:
Toty: Toty, guitarra ritmica
Maria: Maria, voz
Chano: Chano, bateria
Ceci: Ceci, bajo
Santi: Santi, capitán intergaláctico y guitarra
Toty: Toty: ei, si nos ponemos nombres yo me pongo otro...
Chano: y yo me pongo el sombrero para la entrevista (risas)

MRR: Cómo clasificariais este ruido endemoniado que haceis:
Santi: flamenco punk... no, no!
Chano: básicamente es punk, lo que yo creo que es lo que pasa en el resto de bandas que se mezclan las influencias de cada uno, aunque seguimos una linea punk bastante clara
Ceci: punk decraneano
Chano: canciones rápidas y concisas
Santi: de no más de dos minutos

MRR: A pesar de que sois un grupo prácticamente nuevo, sé que todos sois veteranos de la escena punk mallorquina; ¿en qué grupos habeis tocado?:
Toty: yo llevo tocando desde los quince años y ahora tengo treinta y cuatro , así que... pero ahora estoy con Aspirina Infantil, BBME y Decraneo
Maria: yo soy la novata
Santi: yo estube en Sindrome de Stokolmo, Mallorkaos, Txute de Dios y ahora con estos
Chano: yo toqué en Phogo y Moraes, un proyecto solista que siempre puede llegar a estar latente
Ceci: yo he tocado con HDG's y en casa... ah, y con los Difuntos

MRR:¿Cuál fue el primer concierto punk que visteis?:
Santi: Cerebros Exprimidos y Glow, a los quince o dieciseis años en el Barco
Chano: fué una banda mítica de Mendoza (Argentina) de los ochenta, Kinder Videla Mengele que era indie bastante salvaje, tendria doce o trece años
Toty: yo a los Ramones, aquí al lado
Ceci: Listen to Me, en Mar del Plata

MRR: Why the name Decraneo and no De-espadrille, for example?
Maria: Because it means, "go with the head." In Spain that means being stressed or crazy about something or even about everything. It's a common phrase.
Chano: "Go with Espadrille," in Spanish, would mean "go so relaxed."
Santi: It would be funny "Deculo," in English "De-ass." (laughs)
Maria: Yeah, we didn't think about that.

MRR: In the beginning you had three members, now you have five. Do you think you will become ten? Why this increase?
Ceci: Come on guys, come on...
Chano: Because we want to become a big band...
Maria: We didn't think about going out and play gigs...
Chano: Yeah, we just thought about recording songs and upload them on myspace for us. Later we started playing and we though we needed to play for a physical feeling.
Santi: And we wanted to improve our live play, so we found these two good musicians.

MRR: Now a very atypical question. Which are you favorites bands? Your influences from here and the outside?
Chano: My influences are related with punk...a little bit from here DMC, BBME, Cannibales, but there're many other bands I like to listen at home...also I listen a lot of North American indie: Sonic Youth, Basement, Yo La Tengo...
Maria: Las Vulpess, Los Crudos...
Toty: I don't know, the music I've listened during my life has changed a lot ...Ramones and Black Flag have been two bands very important for me, but I enjoy other music apart of punk.
Santi: Punk and hardcore from the '80s from everywhere, I enjoy more what was done in those times.

MRR: Which is your political position in this horrible world?
Ceci: I'm an immigrant, I can't vote.
Chano: In this democracy, in which we supposedly live, there is a lot of corruption, it reminds me of Argentina... there're thieves in the socialist parties and in the right wing. They've cut a lot of worker's rights. There are people that have died in demonstrations and they have been in prison to get some rights.
Maria: The Fascists control the country and they will always do so. We are indignant.

MRR: Are politicians useful for something?
Santi: For toilet paper (laughs).
Chano: Their function of representing the people's ideas is not practiced by almost any of them.
Santi: They follow the capitals' rhythm, economy is the boss... Politicians are full of shit.

MRR:¿Por qué el nombre de Decraneo y no de Dealpargata, por ejemplo?:
Maria: porque viene a significar "ir de cabeza"
Chano: ir de alpargata seria "ir muy relajado", en cambio como relamente vamos de craneo por eso no nos llamamos Dealpargata
Santi: hubiese pegado tambien Deculo (risas)
Maria: sí, eso no se nos había ocurrido

MRR: Al principio erais tres, ahora cinco, ¿creeis que llegareis a ser diez? ¿por qué ese crecimiento?
Ceci: sí vamos loco, vamos...
Chano: porque nos queremos convertir en una big band
Maria: no, no pensabamos salir de casa ni hacer conciertos...
Chano: sí, pensamos que todo seria grabar las canciones y colgarlas en el myspace para nosotros y mostrarlas un poco, pero luego empezamos a tocar y sentimos que era necesario por una cuestión física
Santi: y por cuestiones de mejorar el directo, así que cogimos a estos dos profesionales
Chano: cogimos a un profesional de la escena, a Toty...
Toty: ...y a la otra... (risas)
Ceci: a la otra, que tenia un escote que podia más o menos funcionar y dijimos venga
Chano: fue por los pechos básicamente (risas)

MRR: Ahora una pregunta muy atípica. ¿Cuales son vuestros grupos favoritos? Influencias de aquí y de afuera:
Chano: tienen que ver con el punk... un poco de aquí DMC, BBME, Cannibales, aunque hay muchas otras bandas que me gusta escuchar en casa... Cerebros Exprimidos, Jaume con tu perdón, los he escuchado muy poco porque vengo de otro lado... y nada, he escuchado mucho indie norteamericano: Sonic Youth, Basement, Yo la Tengo...
Maria: las Vulpess, los Crudos...
Toty: yo qué sé, la música que escuchas va variando mucho, depende de cada época... Ramones y Black Flag han sido dos bandas bastante importantes para mi, aunque he escuchado muchas más cosas a parte del punk
Santi: de punk y hardcore lo de los ochenta de todas partes, me gusta más lo que se hacía en aquella época

MRR:¿Cual es vuestra posición política en este horrible mundo en que vivimos?:
Ceci: yo no voy a votar porque soy inmigrante (risas)
Chano: esta democracia en la que supuestamente vivimos tiene muchas cosas que indican no ser tal; no estoy a favor de ningun partido político, ninguno me ofrece nada... hay mucha corrupción, me recuerda a Argentina... mangantes como en todos lados, sean socialistas o de derechas
Maria: realmente los fascistas son los que dirigen el país y seguiran haciéndolo
Chano: se recortaron muchos derechos a los trabajadores. Hay gente que ha muerto en manifestaciones y han estado en la cárcel para lograr unos derechos que de un día para otro aquí dijieron bueno, ya se acabó
Maria: somos indignados

MRR:¿Creeis que los políticos sirven de algo?
Santi: de papel de culo (risas)
Chano: para que los mantengamos, para eso sirven. Creo, de todas maneras, que la función del político de representar las ideas del pueblo muy pocos la practican, está todo muy viciado
Jaume: sí, como el Obama... tanta cosa y es prácticamente como Bush
Maria: son marionetas
Santi: al final van al ritmo que marca el capital, la economia manda... los políticos dán asco

MRR: ¿Hasta dónde quereis llegar como grupo, quereis llegar a tocar en el Madison Square Garden, en Rio de Janeiro, en Japón, en el Wembley Arena, en las verbenas de Sa Cabaneta? ¿Cuales son vuestras ambiciones?:
Chano: primero en las verbenas de Sa Cabaneta...
Ceci: ...eso está a nuestro alcance
Maria: donde nos dejen y donde nos aguanten
Chano: y después nos gustaría tocar en Japón, por qué no?

MRR: ¿Qué tal os llevais con vuestro sello discográfico, Metadona Records? ¿Cómo contactasteis con ellos?:
Maria: bien, bien, contactamos por internet...

MRR: Where do you want to get as a band? Do you wanna play in the Madison Square Garden, in Rio de Janeiro, in Japan, in Wembley Arena or in the verbenas? What are your ambitions?
Chano: First in the verbenas...and then in Japan, why not?

MRR: What is the relation with your record label, Metadona records? How did you contact them?
Maria: Well, we contacted by internet.
Santi: We've known each other almost all our lives... they heard us through myspace and they loved it. They uploaded the songs at the mallorcapunk.blogspot and they wanted to release an EP. They gave us a lot of energy to keep going and try something more real.
Maria: They gave us a great opportunity.

MRR: Talking about methadone... What are your favorite drugs?
Maria: Mercurochrome.
Ceci: I take coffee with milk and bread with avocado.
Jaume: Any alcohol?
Santi: We don't take drugs.
Jaume: Yeah, right, so what are you smoking now?
Chano: Yes, beer and joins, that's it.

MRR: What is your favorite TV show? And your movie?
Maria: *La Haine.*
Santi: I used to watch documentaries because they're perfect to have a nap.
Toty: *Fringe*
Santi: *Requiem for a Dream,* it shows the vices of society.
Chano: *Buffalo 66.*I can watch again and again.
Jaume: What about cartoons?
Toty: *The Little Mermaid.*
Chano: *Tom and Jerry.*
Santi: *The Simpsons.*
Ceci: *The Road Runner Show.*

MRR: Tell me, what are your lyrics about?
Santi: About the miseries of society and being human.

MRR: The name of you EP is *Heil Vaticano*!, What do you think about Opus Dei, Catholicism, religions, the Bible and all that shit?
Ceci: What drugs do they take?
Santi: It is one more of the miseries of society and at least religion is in decadence.
Maria: It's a pity they decide so much in our society even when they are against gay rights and on the other hand they practice child abuse and hide it.
Santi: They've their own lobbies in the right wing parties so they can decide the political life—also they own radio and TV stations controlling the media.

The mystery is solved...

El misterio está resuelto...

Santi: y nos conocemos de casi toda la vida... nos escucharon por el myspace y les moló
Jaume: ah sí, a mi me lo comentó Juanba, que lo colgó en el mallorcapunk.blogspot y dijo que les gustaría editarnos un ep
Maria: aparte que nos han hecho un gran favor, porque sino lo habríamos colgado allí y ya está
Santi: no hubiesemos editado nada
Maria: ni habriamos salido a tocar
Chano: y creyó muchísimo en nosotros porque tambien en su momento, cuando nos lo ofreció, estabamos los tres en plan de, mira, que no vamos a salir a tocar y Juanba y Fede dijeron que les daba igual, que eso había que editarlo y eso fué una gran alegría
Santi: nos dió fuerzas para seguir con algo más serio

MRR: Hablando de metadona... ¿cuales son vuestras drogas favoritas?:
Maria: la mercromina
Santi: no tomamos drogas...
Jaume: pues yo me estoy colocando ya, eh... ¿qué estais fumando?
Chano: hombre, porros y de vez en cuando nos arreglamos la nariz, pero muy poco
Ceci: yo café con leche y pan con aguacate
Jaume: alcohol, no?
Chano: sí, cerveza y porros

MRR: Hablando de drogas, ¿cual es vuestro programa de tv favorito? ¿y vuestras películas favoritas?:
Maria: de peliculas, *El Odio*.
Santi: yo miraba documentales, cuando trabajaba, porque ayudan a entrar en sueño para echar la siesta
Toty: yo veo *Fringe, al límite* ahora mismo, es una serie sobre un virus que ataca a la sociedad y cosas de esas...
Jaume: y qué películas de cine os gustan, *El Ete y El Oto*?
Toty: esa la vi, la que salía el Mick Jagger ese, no?
Jaume: y tu Santi, los diez mandamientos?
Santi: hombreee, esa es de mis favoritas tio (risas)... pero para mi una muy buena es *Requiem por un Sueño* que trata sobre los vicios de la sociedad... es muy deprimente (risas)
Chano: para mi *Bufalo 66*, que es una peli muy simple pero la puedo ver un montón de veces, cosa que no me pasa con otras que tambien me gustan mucho
Jaume: y de dibujos, ¿no os gusta nada?
Toty: la sirenita...
Chano: *Tom y Jerry*
Santi: *Los Simpson*
Ceci: *El Corre-Caminos*

MRR: Contame, ¿de qué hablais en vuestras letras?:
Santi: de las miserias de la sociedad y del ser humano

MRR: Según el título de vuestro ep "Heil Vaticano!", el viejecito de la boina blanca no os cae muy bien. ¿Qué opinais del Opus, el catolicismo, religiones, la biblia, la catequesis, el antiguo y nuevo testamento y demás morralla?:
Ceci: con qué se drogarán esos, qué tomaran?
Santi: es una parte más de esas miserias de la sociedad, menosmal que la religión está en decadencia
Maria: sí, aunque se les deja decidir demasiado en la sociedad... que la iglesia opine que los gays no se pueden casar o adoptar, o que pasen por alto las miles de violaciones que han cometido a niños me parece surrealista
Chano: o que una niña no pueda decidir abortar cuando no desea tener un hijo, cuando está claro que no será capaz de ser madre... para qué va a traerlo al mundo? para darle infelicidad? para qué?
Santi: lo jodido es que siguen ejerciendo presión en las decisiones políticas, tienen sus lobbys en los partidos de derechas para tirar para adelante sus propuestas en el ámbito público, se les dá mucha coba en televisión...
Chano: es gracioso, porque emisoras que pertenecen a la COPE (conferencia episcopal española), como rock'n'pop, te ponen publicidad católica para recaudar fondos de la declaración de la renta, es muy fuerte
Jaume: yo por eso pasé de escucharla...
Santi: o el canal de televisión "intereconomia", son extremistas ultracatólicos

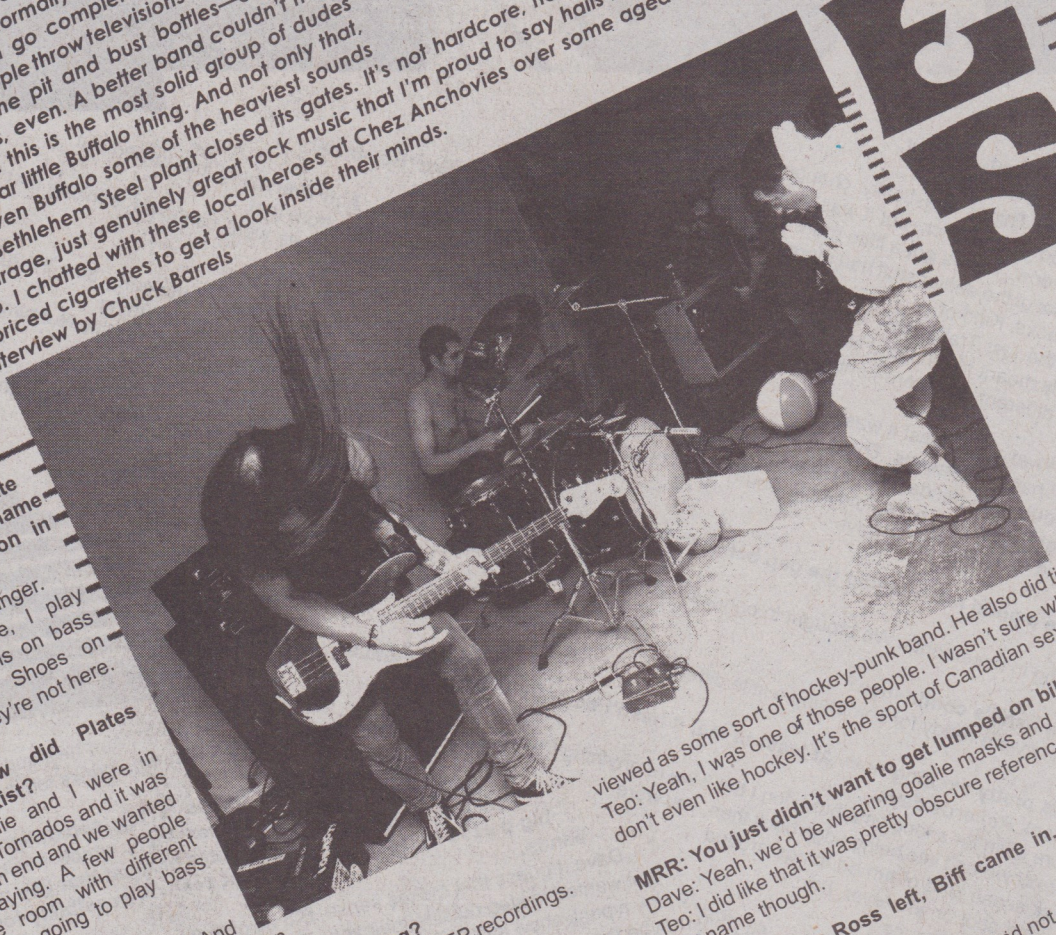
MRR: Y por último, una pregunta que hago a todos los grupos que he entrevistado, ¿en qué se parece un ventrílocuo a una tostadora?:
Todos: que son un tostón!

You can get the "Heil Vaticano!" EP via Metadona: www.metadonarecords.com, Decraneo: www.myspace.com/decraneo, Maria: covadonga78@hotmail.com, Santi: smm1975@hotmail.com

PLATES

I've lived in Buffalo, NY for the better part of three decades. I've seen a lot of local bands come and go. There are quite a few I'm sure I don't even remember. There are a select few I recall fondly. There are entire years I'd rather forget. Yes, we've had some lean times in our musical past, just as we've had one of the better scenes in the nation at times. I guess it all depends on how you look at it and where your tastes lie. There's an ebb and flow, which is characteristic of any city, and at the moment, the tides in Buffalo are high. Genre lines have been crossed, preconceived notions put to rest, and punk-is-hardcore-is-garage-is-indie-rock-is-whatever. It just seems like walls have been torn down and groups of people that might not have mingled before are now part of a larger thing. Lots of great venues host lots of great shows with lots of great bands. And I like to think Plates stand at the front of the class. They're the glue that holds things together, or a rallying point for different tastes. Everyone likes them, from 'coremen to garage turkeys. I certainly enjoy them. Few bands have summed up the Rust Belt aesthetic so anthemically. People don't just sing along to Plates songs, they scream the lyrics in unison as a crowd. I've seen normally reserved, bespectacled gentlemen go completely apeshit at their shows. People throw televisions off of buildings and into the pit and bust bottles—over their own heads, even. A better band couldn't have been cast: this is the most solid group of dudes in our insular little Buffalo thing. And not only that, they've given Buffalo some of the heaviest sounds since the Bethlehem Steel plant closed its gates. It's not hardcore, not exactly punk, not exactly garage, just genuinely great rock music that I'm proud to say hails from the same city as I do. I chatted with these local heroes at Chez Anchovies over some aged bourbon and over-priced cigarettes to get a look inside their minds.

Interview by Chuck Barrels



MRR: Please state your name and position in Plates.

Teo: Teo. Singer.

Dave: Dave, I play guitar. Biff is on bass and Paulie Shoes on trap kit. They're not here.

MRR: How did Plates come to exist?

Dave: Paulie and I were in Trailerpark Tornados and it was coming to an end and we wanted to keep playing. A few people entered the room with different ideas. Teo was going to play bass at first.

Teo: But I didn't know how.

Dave: So he took over on vocals. And we had our first bass player, Ross Vegas, then.

MRR: Then Ross left the fold before you really got going?

Dave: Ross did leave. But he does appear on the *Garth Butcher* EP recordings.

MRR: The band was originally called Garth Butcher wasn't it?

Dave: Yes. We had a hard time naming the band. The beginning of the end for that first line-up was just deciding on the name of the band.

Teo: We ended up with a sort of nondescript name that we thought represented the band. Somewhat. We spent our first few practices arguing about it.

MRR: Why not Garth Butcher?

Dave: Well, even though Garth is a great semi-obscure stand-up defensemen who played and wore the "C" in St. Louis for many years, some people were worried we would be viewed as some sort of hockey-punk band. He also did time for the Vancouver Canucks.

Teo: Yeah, I was one of those people. I wasn't sure what this was going to turn into. I don't even like hockey. It's the sport of Canadian sexual predators.

MRR: You just didn't want to get lumped on bills with the Hanson Brothers.

Dave: Yeah, we'd be wearing goalie masks and pads.

Teo: I did like that it was pretty obscure reference to me. It's a real motherfucker of a name though.

MRR: So after Ross left, Biff came in. Was there a big difference there?

Dave: Oh yeah.

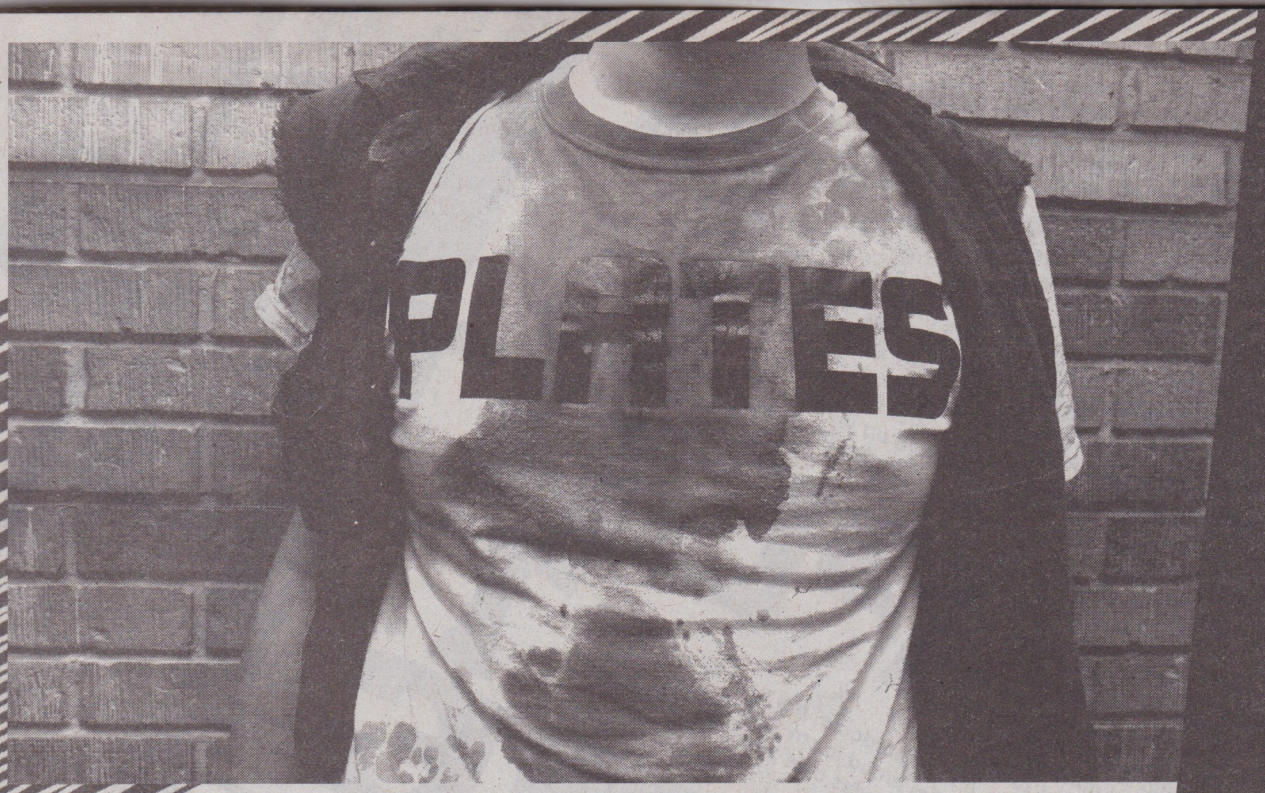
Teo: Well, Biff plays with a pick and not his fingers for starters. Biff has a little more hate maybe. A little more hair and a less flagrant sense of melody. We were just all on the same page. He fits in better with us.

MRR: So what ideas did you have for the band when you started?

Dave: Before Teo came in we were gonna be like a Cheap Trick-with-more-balls kinda thing. Catchy songs. Not necessarily power pop, though

Teo: Was that what was going on down there?

Dave: That was the plan! We had Ross and Paul, and Eric from Concubine Forming and then we told Eric he was gonna sing, and he stopped coming to practice. He became a referee for a roller derby league



instead.
Then he moved to
Chicago
Teo: He said he was bummed he quit,
though. I was too. That man is a force.
Dave: I still love you, Eric. Things drastically changed when Teo
came in. We almost covered Cheap Trick, but it was nothing like our original idea.
Everything went out the window. Things got a little more aggressive. Angry. Ugly.
Teo: That's how it felt too. A lot of the earlier stuff had more melody, like "Pop Country Blowjobs" and "Romanian
Rich". Those songs have hooks. Kind of.
Dave: Those were almost the last Trailerpark Tornados songs. They just never came together then. And everything just turned out
tougher than it was originally meant to be, and I like it better. Our newer stuff is certainly another evolution from that.
Teo: The new stuff is a lot different. It's more lumbering and less straight, at least ideologically. A lot of people were confused, thinking that we were a
hardcore band.
Dave: Buffalo's a hardcore town. Or at least it was.
Teo: I don't even know what hardcore means. That's a flimsy tag that has been dragged through the mud quite a bit since the early '80s, though there are
probably a million body-builders with bandannas on that could attest that it is their lives, gang vocals, finger pointing, and everything.
Dave: There was a big straightedge thing here. And a tough-guy hardcore sort of religion. And there was good hardcore, too. Bands like Running For Cover
or Robot Has Werewolf Hand existed in those days.

MRR: You guys have done a good job bridging the gap between the "sloppy garage punk" scenes and hardcore scenes here, though.

Dave: We did start off playing in basements. We brought in bands like Cheap Time and Plexi-3 early on, to force it down their throats.

MRR: Did that build up the band's confidence?

Teo: Sure. And I think the kids were ready for something a little different.

MRR: The Buffalo scene is pretty exciting now. At least to me, it hasn't been this much fun since the Baseball Furies/Big Neck Records days.

Dave: Buffalo was a hardcore town for a long time but I don't think we're anything like
that. If you didn't like hardcore or weren't into being edge back then, you were
a lost soul. And that Big Neck scene kind of turned things around
for me and made things fun and cool or whatever. Bart
and Big Neck Records had a huge influence
on me getting into this shit. Bart did
and continues to do a lot
for this town. He
just

out a White Whale 7". And he's super sexy. So
is his ass-biting buddy who drinks too much.

MRR: There was always a big separation between garage and hardcore scenes then, which I think doesn't really exist now. I think you guys bridged that gap or played a big part in it. Made the basement scene a possibility for "garage" bands.

Dave: I guess that makes sense. But all of that was in people's heads. No one
just wanted to step outside their zone. Trailerpark Tornados couldn't blow someone
to play a punk show in a Custer Street basement. Scenes were keeping it "in the family"
and maybe that was subconscious. Those same kids know can now be seen at Big Neck
fests, if those ever happen again.

MRR: And then Plates became the darlings of the basement scene.

Dave: Well, even that was kinda tough for Plates. It wasn't easy.
Teo: We're darling, alright. More often than not you see a band and you easily know exactly what they're going
for. They even tell you, "We want to sound like this plus this." For us, there was nothing like that: let's just see what
happens, roll the dice with willful creative influence. I think a lot of bands here have been taking that attitude now. The
last thing I want to hear about is someone's derivative "project."

MRR: So is Buffalo back on the map now?

Teo: There are a lot of diverse bands. It's a blast to go to shows.
Dave: I don't wanna start naming bands because then you forget someone
and they hate you. Feral Kid and Big Neck have their fingers
inserted in the Buffalo pie. Some bands don't stick
around long enough to make an impact,
but there's a really good scene
here right now

MRR: I wish some more local bands could garner some more national attention.

Dave: Touring shoots a lot of bands in the foot. It's hard to tour, especially when you're older like us. It's a big sacrifice. Jobs, money, time. But if you want recognition, you need to make the sacrifices.

Teo: You get comfortable in Buffalo. It's very insular. There is a shit-ton going on locally, and a lot of people come out and go to shows, and it's kind of happening, and it lulls you into a sense of security or something like that. And then you forget or don't want to go out and do shit elsewhere. It's obvious you have to go out, get your dick out there, I know, but it's not always so easy.

MRR: C'mon, just name a couple Buffalo bands you like!

Teo: Brown Sugar. White whale. Coworkers.

Dave: We're sort of a brother band to Brown Sugar I like to think. Beardage is hot. Good looking men. White Whale is really getting better by the day.

Teo: I hate Brown Sugar now. They're not our brothers any more. I don't like sharing our bass player Biff. I want full custody. I'm a very jealous lover.

Dave: They don't talk to us anymore. They got really good, or better I should say. Dicks.

MRR: "No Shorts:" is that a Plates rule?

Teo: Yeah. We're fucking adults. It started as a joke that was in no way to be taken lightly.

Dave: Except for drummers. Drummers can wear shorts, though this still can be a problem before shows. Pants are part of the Plates aesthetic. Many bands have gimmicks. Our thing is pants.

Teo: I just think a band should wear pants. I don't want to share a stage with a grown man that looks like his Mom just dropped him off from the summer sale at K-Mart. What's it going to be at the next show? A flowing white linen suit?

MRR: So your first 7" came out on Feral Kid Records, and your second single is out now as well? Tell us about the new one.

Dave: The newer 7" is from the LP sessions. Feral Kid Records is our bass player's label. It's an EP called *Taking Pictures of Poor People*. Now there's a third 7" of older tracks coming on Art of the Underground as well, the remainder of the early Ross Vegas sessions that the first 7" was pulled from. AOTU is Alex Lemuria's label.

MRR: They're a pretty popular outfit. They were the last Buffalo band interviewed in *MRR*, I think.

Dave: That's an interesting side note. They certainly did their work. Nice folks.

Teo: There are some songs from that first session left that will never see the light of day.

Dave: We had to use more current stuff for the new single. The older stuff doesn't even sound like us anymore, but I'm still proud of it.

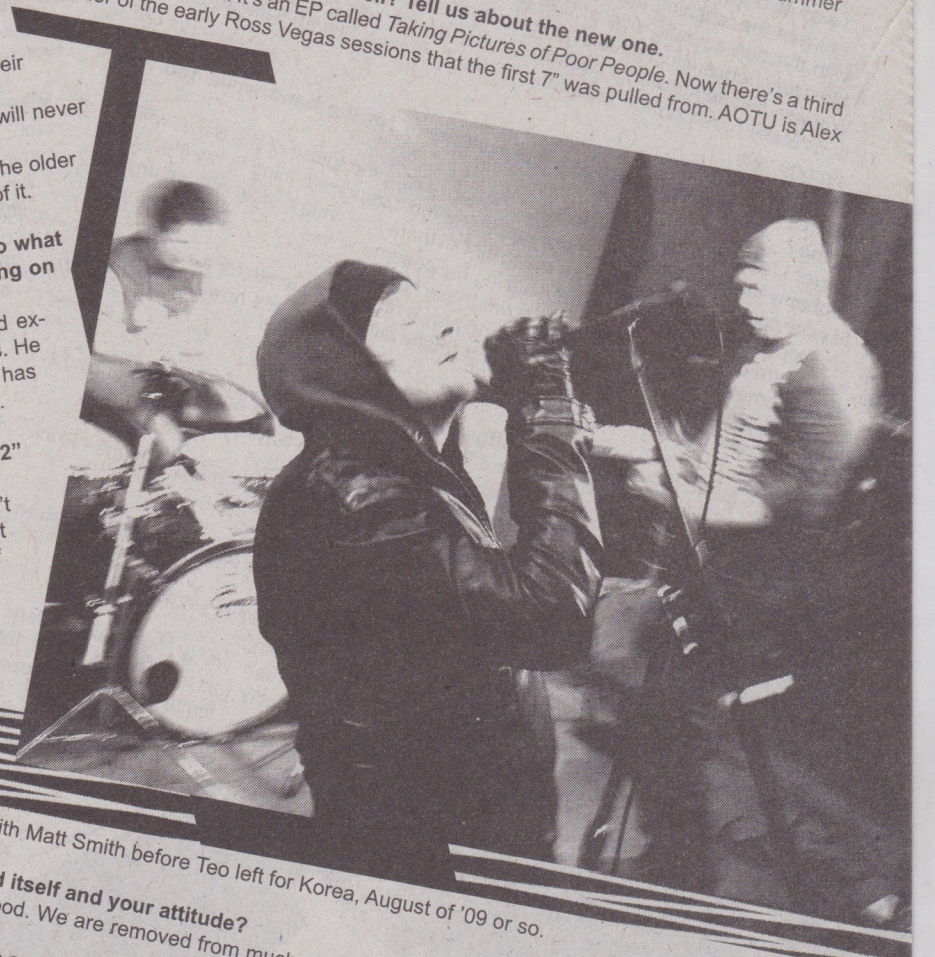
MRR: Yeah it seems like your records are catching up to what the actual band sounds like, finally. And the LP is coming on Big Neck records soon?

Dave: Yeah. Big Neck is run by Bart Hart, a good man and ex-Buffalonian. He's been putting out records since the late '90s. He moved to Virginia, but his heart is still in Buffalo. His label has really got a second wind lately. Lots of great stuff coming out.

MRR: What's it titled? Wasn't there supposed to be a 12" EP released at some point, as well?

Teo: Things move slower in Buffalo so the records haven't come out as quickly as they might have. I'm actually glad that early stuff never came out as a 12" like we had sort of planned. It's not representative of where we are. The LP catches up pretty well.

Dave: It's self-titled. The sides will have separate titles though.



Should be ready over the summer. We recorded it at Hi-Lo with Matt Smith before Teo left for Korea, August of '09 or so.

MRR: Being from Buffalo, how does that impact the band itself and your attitude?

Teo: I think we're kind of cut off from things here, which is good. We are removed from much of the media hype that permeates other cities. I didn't even know Princess Diana died until about a month ago.

Dave: The hopelessness and misery of Buffalo does help the creative process.

MRR: You guys do have that workmanlike Rust Belt aesthetic.

Dave: I love it here. I don't want to leave. And even if I didn't like it I'd find a way to make myself like it. I moved to NYC for a year and I hated it. I like to be able to drive to the supermarket. They don't have supermarkets there.

MRR: They have bodegas.

Dave; Yeah. A bodega where you have to buy like a packet of ketchup at a time. I don't want a packet. I want a forty-ouncer of Heinz and a box of cereal so big it won't fit in the door to my house.

Teo: You have to have a certain mindset here. You come to accept the futility of trying to get by in a dying city. It's rough. At its most base it can be seen as complacency, at its loftiest in the realization that even in our most light-hearted of goofs can we bring bad vibes to inhabitants of other cities. You can't manufacture that.

Dave: Yeah. It's miserable, the weather, the people. There's a certain hopelessness. That feeds you though. It's not even about just accepting it; you actually

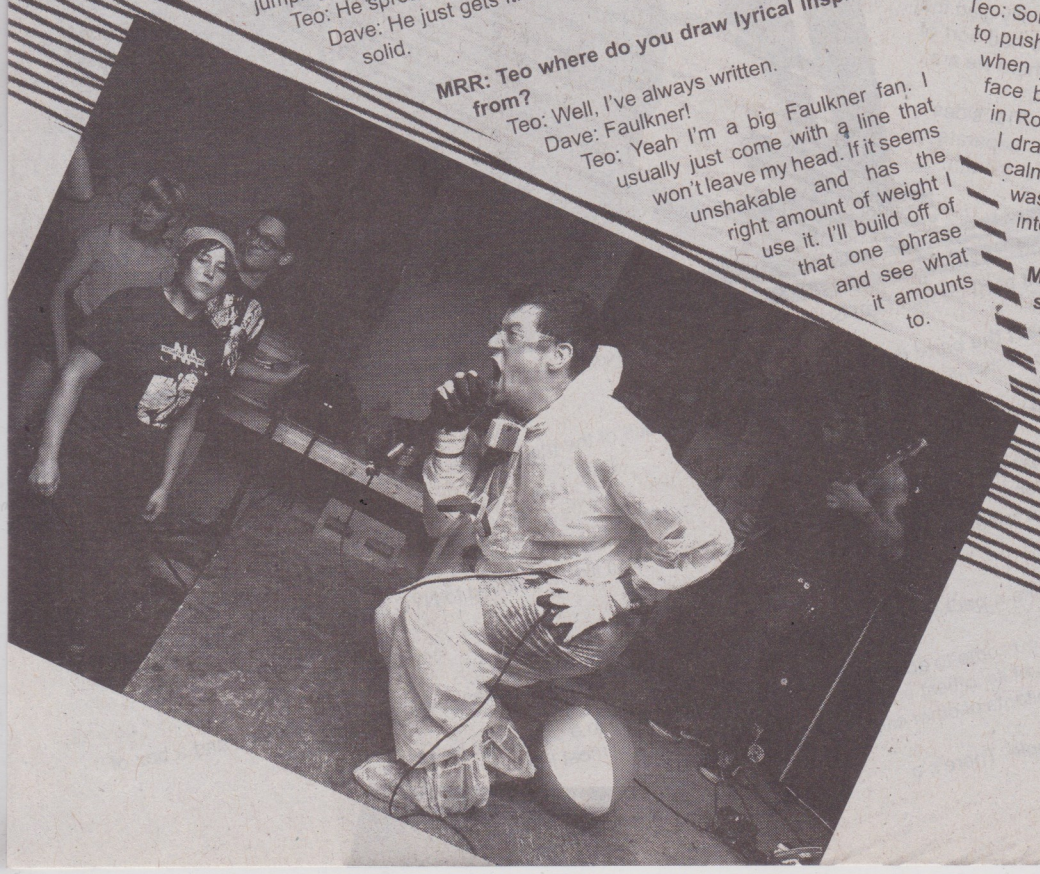
come to
love it.
Teo: Buffalo is a dysfunctional city. It's dead here. I've worked in the asbestos business for the last five years. I've been on asbestos removal jobs in a lot of condemned houses slated for demolition. It's a golden age here for that business. There are streets on the East Side that are ghost towns, streets where the majority of houses are abandoned. Most of the former inhabitants just leave all their belongings behind. A plus to all this is that what we find, we keep. I don't want the copper pipe, just that Whodini record on the floor.

MRR: Tell us about Korea, Teo. You spent a year there?
Teo: Yep. A whole year. It was alright. I was glad to do my part in spreading U.S. global hegemony. My wife and I taught English just south of Seoul. It was an easy way to travel and make some dough for a year. I'd never lived outside of New York before. I had a friend who taught in Busan years ago and had positive things to say. The only thing I had going here was Plates. I was also burned out on dealing with asbestos. It was a good experience. I enjoyed the teaching part, but overall it made me realize I could never deal with the bureaucratic side of that profession, especially here in the States. Most teachers are just good at jumping through hoops. Korea's obsession with Western culture knows no bounds. Day-to-day life was pretty absurd. They're particularly harsh on the ladies there, and they love Steven Seagal. It was a strange year.

MRR: Was it difficult to keep up excitement for the band while Teo was gone?
Dave: I fell into a deep depression. I thought about the future of the band, which I probably take too seriously. It's probably the most important thing in my life. I tried to write some songs. It's hard for me to just sit there and write a song without anyone else, or at least a drummer there shaking his head no or yes.
Teo: "Turn up those hot licks! Turn down those hot licks!"
Dave: Sometimes I'll come to practice and play a riff or part I wrote for a song and Biff and Paul will just start playing something totally different. That's how I know it's not going over too well! I just file it away

MRR: Who writes the songs?
Dave: Everyone does a little bit. Chiefly it's Teo and I, and then Biff's jumping in. Paul stamps them in his own way.
Teo: He spreads his seed on them.
Dave: He just gets it. He's turned into a great drummer. Rock solid.

MRR: Teo where do you draw lyrical inspiration from?
Teo: Well, I've always written.
Dave: Faulkner!
Teo: Yeah I'm a big Faulkner fan. I usually just come with a line that won't leave my head. If it seems unshakable and has the right amount of weight I use it. I'll build off of that one phrase and see what it amounts to.



MRR: Are they autobiographical? Or more just observations on life?
Teo: It's a mix. I think that any written idea or concept serves as a sort of anchor to a life that rushes by us. I also embrace the absurd.

MRR: Any lyrics inspired by your time in Korea?
Teo: I wrote some while I was over there. But it was kind of a bummer; I thought it would be easier to write music. I bought a guitar and tried to learn how to play it, but that didn't work. Turns out it's pretty hard. So I wrote a lot of rambling lyrics without music to them.

MRR: Have you learned to play bass yet?
Teo: Kind of, but I don't have a lot of stamina.

MRR: With a pick?
Teo: Yeah with a pick

MRR: Play any chords?
Teo: Yeah, I use some chords. At practice last week I played a succession of chords that made Dave weep. Some slap bass. Funky. Psychofunkapuss is a big influence. Infectious Grooves.

MRR: Is this the first band you've been in? And the first time you've been a singer?
Teo: Yeah and yeah.

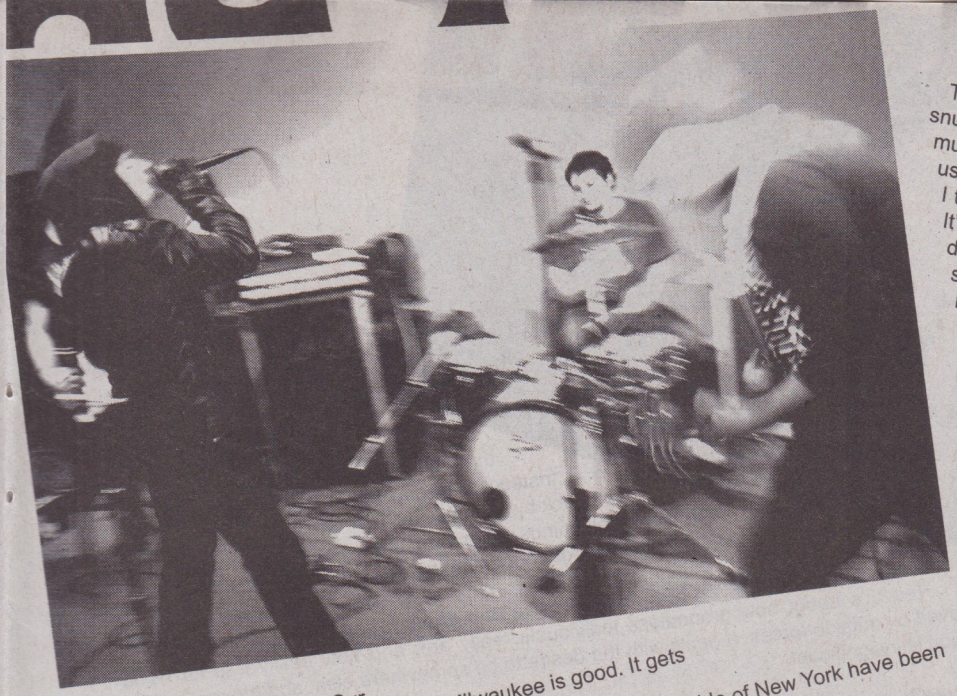
MRR: Were you nervous at that first show?
Teo: Yeah, I was nervous, but it felt right. I always wanted to get involved with music but had no real talent to bring to the table. I'm actually content with the fact that I got into my first band a little later. If I were in a band when I was sixteen, my lyrical content would have surely been focused on topics such as the existential dilemma of being yourself, and freeing Nelson Mandela.

MRR: You got to skip the whole shit-punk phase.
Teo: Yeah, I was a big enough fucktard in my younger years. I certainly didn't need to amplify and announce it to the world, but boy, I would have loved to.

MRR: Do you ever get intimidated going into the crowd like you do?
Teo: Sometimes you get the wrong people. People like to push you from behind, which I guess is fair play when you step out there. I did get punched in the face by some teenage crust-lord at a house show in Rochester. He started a fight during our set, so I dragged him out of the dining room and tried to calm him down. He popped me in the forehead. It was charming. After the show I got him enrolled into a Big Brother program.

MRR: Do you still have that custom mic stand? *(Teo had to have his own steel mic stand built after he broke more than a few that weren't his)*
Teo: Nah, I finally broke it. I have to weld it again. It's nice to have something to hold on to. It's nice to be secure.
Dave: It gives him something to carry when we load out.

MRR: Talking about how insular Buffalo is, has it been difficult to get non-local support for tours and shows?
Dave: We've got a little help here and there outside Buffalo. It's difficult to string together ten or eleven days though. We're trying.



Chicago is always nice to us. Our friends from Baseball Furies live there. Milwaukee is good. It gets tough outside some familiar spots though. Cleveland.

Teo: Yeah, but we haven't done as much, either. Our ventures outside of New York have been successful, though. We just haven't put in that much legwork.

MRR: Do you have more songs ready to record?

Teo: Yeah, this summer we should record more. We've got some new ones we're playing live and some others we're working on.

Dave: We're just lazy. We just have trouble getting to practice sometimes.

MRR: Are you guys in any other bands?

Dave: I tried to get into several while Teo was gone. I managed to get in Fatal Figures, a post-Blowtops project. I played a couple shows. Screwed up some songs, was late to practice. And that was the end of me and the Fatal Figures.

MRR: Were you fired?

Dave: I was laid off.

Teo: "Call us in the spring. Maybe we'll have something for you then."

Dave: I got them to cover a Galaxie 500 song, though. Plates are my first love anyway.

Teo: I told you everyone else was gonna hurt you. I would never do that.

Dave: Our bass player Biff is in like thirty-five bands.

Teo: Yeah. Brown Sugar, our homeboys. Mallwalkers. I Object, when they pass through Buffalo at least. Some other things, too.

MRR: Any national bands you like a lot? Or don't like?

Teo: I've been into Puerto Rico Flowers quite a bit.

Dave: Homostupids. Bands that I don't know personally: Dry Rot. We all collectively loved the hunches. Slices. Kim Phuc. Steve Beat. Cheater Slicks, of course.

Teo: Is Leonard Cohen still alive? I hope so. I love this man. I dig Dry Rot. Good Christian kids.

Dave: Yeah. I'm not gonna stop listening to Blind Willie Johnson because he sings about God. Dumb. They are effectively using an age-old archetype to push buttons and give their creation some weight. We're all reactionary dogs anyway. I can't help but back a band that at the very least offends the sensibilities of the "punx."

Teo: *Philistine* is a bizarre album. Christian or not, Dry Rot made a heavy record. I love it. They're smart.

MRR: A lot of your reviews seem to reference Flipper or Fang and heavier and slower sounds. How does that make you feel?

Dave: I'm not insulted by it but I certainly don't think we sound anything like those bands. We just like to slow it down sometimes and focus on the power.

Teo: Well, why would you *not* try and sound like those bands?

Dave: We used to do a Fang cover.

Teo: But we never said, "let's sound like" anything. We just sound like our physical range of skills. A guy who can't play bass writing songs on a bass.

Dave: When people hear a slower song everyone is at a loss for a description other than Flipper, it seems.

MRR: What were some of your favorite shows so far?

Dave: Cleveland is always great. Horriblefest. Alessandro. Homostupids, those guys are great. They get us. We stayed with Marcus from Flying Trichecos and stayed up for two days watching skate videos. We always have good shows there.

Teo: We played Cleveland for the first time at Now That's Class and Alessandro and I rolled around on the floor for most of our set.

Dave: Then we played Columbus at some folk-punk crust house.

Teo: I'm pretty sure we were interrupting a vegan potluck snuggle-fest or something. I also think someone called me a murderer when I went to take a piss. And they wouldn't let us use their merch table. For our one 7". We only had one.

I think the best show was at Sugar City. It was a lot of fun. It's like an art-space/collective in Buffalo—a little square for drinkers and smokers, but it's a solid space. So we were sober. It was early. We just woke up and played really well.

Dave: That was the best show we played, technically. Not exactly rowdy, though. The recent Funeral Home shows have been good. We have an old funeral home here in Buffalo that does shows. Some kids live in it. It has the basement embalming area and all that. Creepy. They built a stage with lights, have a great sound system. It's got all the pluses of playing a basement and the upsides of playing a club without the hassle of actually playing a club.

Teo: The second show we played when we came back, someone a busted a flat screen TV in the pit. That Skatetopia show was nuts. There were like three hundred bands playing. We had a slot for like two AM, and some band claiming to be ex-Choking Victim was trying to get on ahead of us so we just stormed the stage and played.

Dave: That band Apeshit that played after us was great. They were like the last band. Their set was at 5:30 in the morning.

Teo: They played while the sun was coming up. We were like the two hundred ninety-ninth band; they were number three hundred.

MRR: Who headlined that fest?

Teo: I think it was supposed to be Mcrad. But then they were like "No, no, it's Green Jello."

Dave: "Chuck Treece couldn't make it. So Green Jello's gonna play instead!" We had to travel hundreds of miles to play with Buffalo's very own Green Jello.

Teo: It was the dumbest day of my life.

Dave: The whole idea of the place is cool. It's like a commune for skateboarders.

Teo: Just hang out and build ramps. In theory it's cool. Then we got there and it was like packed to the gills with juggalos, "I used to skate" dudes, Leftover Crack fans, and more juggalos. I usually hate most of our shows anyway.

Dave: The hate keeps us together.

MRR: Don't you own a record store Dave?

Dave: Yeah I'm the only one in the band who does not work hard. I sit on my ass seven days a week and peddle records. Spiral Scratch Records.

MRR: Do you get ever get sick of music, being surrounded by it all day?

Dave: Yeah, some days I just come home and just don't listen to music for maybe an hour while I watch the baseball game. Then I go upstairs and put a record on. It never ends for me. It's a sickness.

MRR: Is there one song that sums the band up pretty well?

Teo: "Day Planner" maybe. It's pretty spot-on.

MRR: What's it about?

Teo: It's about making plans and not following through. Or, actually, following through. Not being a coward, doing things instead of talking about them, and watching our time tick by all the while.

Dave: Talk minus action equals zero.

Teo: It's mostly about not doing things though.

MRR: What's "At Sea" about? I like that one...

Teo: It's about how groundless individuals really are, and how easily it is for us to be swayed by outside forces. It deals with the desire to be somewhere else, and the realization that your location is insignificant.

MRR: Are you Romanian?

Teo: My dad was from Romania.

MRR: Did that inspire "Romanian Rich"?

Teo: Yeah, it always felt like this dysfunctional valued thing that I inherited. My siblings and I never knew his family or visited Romania. He was in and out of our lives in younger years. By the time I was eleven or so, he was more or less out of the picture. He lived a pretty loose life. This song is a condemnation/celebration of this, and to all of the random factors that contribute to our existence.

MRR: What does the future hold for Plates?

Teo: We have practice this Thursday.

Dave: I'm about to sink the last of the money into a van. I don't just want to be a weekend warrior. We have to make the most of it. Make a run at it. You can't just play Buffalo over and over again.

Teo: One step at time. We'll try ten days on tour next time. Maybe sign to Sub Pop. Is "weird punk" still in? Did we miss it? I want to start an annual fest. I'll get every band on planet Earth to play it, at the same time.

MRR: I think you missed weird punk. What now?

Teo: Now it's put some records out. Practice more. Play more. Get in the van.

Dave: Shit or get off the pot.

Teo: I wanna play Chuggers in South Buffalo. Really hit the suburban strip mall scene hard. Places like Classic Roxx. Chuggers. Gallaghers. Come on down.

Dave: Don't forget Rock'n'Roll Heaven.

Teo: We need some brand recognition. A symbol.

Dave: Dead Kennedys. Grass. Big Boys. Who knows what DK would've been without a good logo? What do we like enough for a symbol?

Teo: Hot dogs. Baseball. A hot dog baseball bat.

MRR: A hoagie bat perhaps? What are your picks for the World Series this year?

Dave: Yankees. And I don't want to hear bullshit about them buying it. They don't even have the richest owner in baseball.

Teo: Phillies? I'm scared though; I think they're gonna have it rough. They're missing a lot of bats.

MRR: At least they got rid of Jayson Werth and that soul patch.

Teo: They needed one less Staind fan on the roster. He probably rode a skidoo to work every day.

POSTSCRIPT: Since this interview took place in the spring of 2011, Plates and original drummer Paulie Shoes (ex-Reagan Youth) have parted ways amicably. They are currently rehearsing with a new drummer in preparation for the release of their LP at the end of the summer.

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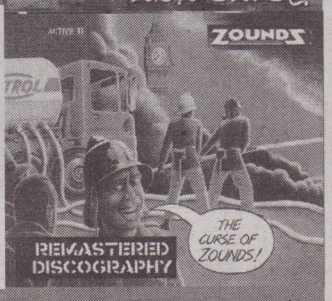

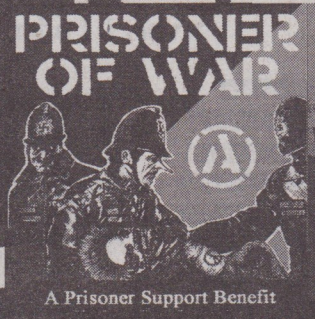

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Unfit Scum is a band from São Paolo Brazil playing some noisy, fast as hell, blown out, raw hardcore punk with echoed out vocals. Here the vocalist / guitarist Jeferson answers some questions about the band's history and future, and being a punk in Brazil.
Interviewed by Rafael Karasu

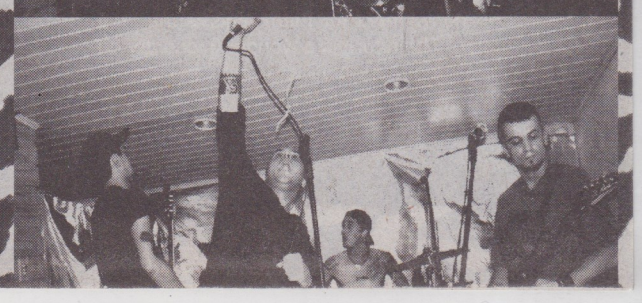
UNFIT SCUM

MRR: Tell us a little about the band's history, the discography, the first shows. And also, what's the meaning of the band's name?
Unfit Scum was brought to life in 2009 by me, Murilo and Marcelo after some talk about how kids in our area were playing something different of the simple stuff hardcore used to be. We wanted to bring back those tuneless fast blasts from the '80s. It works for us because just as the kids of those times we have the anger but we don't have the talent. We've chosen the name Unfit Scum because since we wouldn't fit in this wave of over-talented kids playing sophisticated tunes, so a horrendous combo like us could only be called Unfit Scum. Tomas from Nuclear Fröst joined the band to hold the bass and we've recorded our first session which was available on a tape called *Chaotic Mad Blasts* together with the bands: Uncurbed (SWE), Dead Noise (US), Urban Head Raw (JAP), the Helpless (US). We played our first gig, a horrible and hellish fuzz demonstration, which surprisingly had a very good response. Our tape was sold out in a couple of months. Tomas left and Diego (Social Chaos) replaced him, since then the line-up consists of: Jef guit/vox, Murilo vox, Marcelo a.k.a. Burchauser drums, Diego bass. We've been playing a lot of gigs with bands like: SKARNIO, Nuclear Fröst, Defy, Lixo Atômico, Armagedom, Peligro, Brain Death, Besthöven, Social Chaos, Whipstriker, Darge (JAP), Warcry (US), Suit Side Vs Veda Plight (BEL). Our story goes on, we're planning our first full length and soon getting our hands on some CD/LP comps and tapes as well, labels interested on releasing our stuff, get in touch.

MRR: What are the themes in the lyrics? How's the writing process?
The stupidity in the world inspires me in writing the lyrics; they always come before the riffs. Most of the lyrics deals with the banality of todays kids, their slavery to technology, internet and electronic devices. They don't think for themselves, their "downloaded attitude" makes them pathetic.

MRR: What are your biggest influences?
Tatuerade Snutkukar, Total Armsvett, Bombanfall,Ab Hjärntvätt, Bedrövlerz, Asocial, Crude SS, Anticimex, Svart Parad, Kaaos, Kuolema, Sekunda, Järjestyshäiriö, Markkinointiooeraatio, Confuse, Gai, Kuro, State Children, Gudon, Tranquilizer, Gauze, Disorder, Extreme Noise Terror, Discharge…

MRR: Do all the band members have day jobs, or do you live off your music? What's the hardest thing about having a band in Brazil?
If you don't play commercial rock, shitty emo, samba or similar bullshit band like that, forget about getting any money with music here. We all have to work hard and pay all the abusive taxes that only Brazil has. We have our bands and we play in our free time—we don't get money, we spend, and we spend a lot to survive the killer Brazilian routine with all the stress, taxes, etc. I think that's the most difficult thing to have a band around here.



MRR: And the current state of Brazilian underground, what's good and what's bad? Is there support? What's the band's opinion on the punk/ hardcore scene in São Paulo?
Pressing plants here are horrendously expensive, in order to have stuff released, bands must try to find the support of labels out of Brazil or trying something with DIY way. I see some really good new bands here lately. Also some mates are

getting more involved with hardcore, noise, grindcore… That's the good thing in my point of view, on the other hand we still have the divisions, the pseudo-extremists, people that only get wasted at gigs and support only famous bands… Fuck them, it sucks!

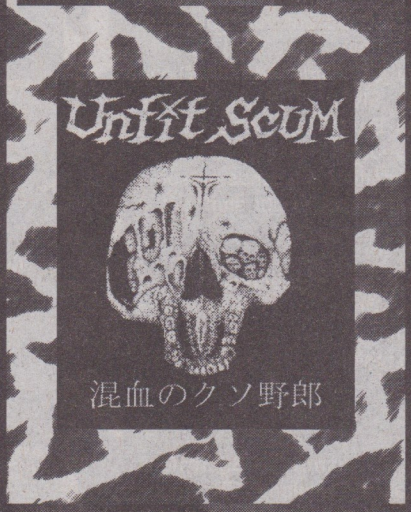
MRR: What other projects are/were the band members involved in?
Marcelo has played with a lot of raw hardcore/crust bands and the cult Catarro Bruto, Murilo has never played with a band before, Diego also played with tons of grind/crust bands, now he's playing with Hömeleess and Social Chaos. I used to play with raw hardcore / noise / grindcore acts like Total Desgraça, Tapasya, Rot etc, now, besides Unfit Scum, I'm playing guitar for a new project called Helvetin Viemärit (raw hardcore influenced by Finnish '80s hardcore bands).

MRR: What are the band members listening to nowadays?
Right now, I'm listening to Järjestyshäiriö 82 EP, which is on my turntable for several days. Usually I like old stuff or stuff that looks like it's old. I'm also destroying my ears with the Asocial Terror Fabrication demo, their vocals sounds extremely similar to the vocals of Mr. Richard M. Walker (a.k.a. Sore Throat vocalist), can't wait to get their EP. Also got ENT *Law Of Retaliation* LP and Rot / Agathocles split tape, killer stuff! Some people say E.N.T.'s new stuff is old E.N.T.'s copy and Agathocles is cliché cause they still play the same style of grindcore as at the beginning. These people are so stupid, they do nothing but spread bullshit about everything. If these bands were playing metal, they'd be unhappy in the same way, pathetic! So, this is for these blokes, keep your wordhole shut, F.O.A.D.! These bands keeps the true old spirit.

MRR: Since 2003 there's a new wave of punk/hardcore bands coming around in Brazil. How do you see this revitalization? Which bands/artists do you consider prominent?
Yes, gonna mention some of my area: Nuclear Fröst, Speed Kills, Frustrazione, Brain Death, Stench Of Death, Hömeleess, Defy, Kroni, Vincebuz…

MRR: What would you guys be doing if it weren't for punk/hardcore in your lives?
Maybe just another random citizen—stressed and empty? Sorry, I really don't know.

MRR: More and more we talk about corruption, violence and unemployment in Brazil, what do you see for the country's future?
Brazil is a wonderful country; I wanna stay here until I die. It's a country full of friendly people that I love. Unfortunately Brazil is ruled by thieves, murderers, drug dealers, greedy bastards… All sort of evilness are spread at will by those who have power around here. I assure you, the reality here is even worse than what you see on the news. They say the dictatorship is gone for years, I think that's a lie. Politicians can steal, cops can kill, there's no punishment for them—this is the land of corruption. The future is a wonderful country on the brink of doom, starvation, death, sickness… Sad thing about it is that that's not in the far future, that's happening already.



MRR: How would you like Brazil to be?
I'm pretty sure Brazil would be one of the best countries around the globe without all the shit I've mentioned on the last question, but I'm also sure it's impossible to get rid of (the corruption), we're humans, you know, humans tends to fuck up with everything.

MRR: What do you know about Japan? What do you admire about this country?
Unfortunately I have never been there before, the bit I know is what some friends tell, TV and internet. I must go there someday, I want to know more than syoucyou sake, asahi beer and the same weekly fukushima news on TV.

MRR: Many Brazilian bands want to play in Japan, what's the possibility of Unfit Scum coming here for a tour?
Hell yeah mate, we'd like to go too, we just need some more time to organize everything, you know. To get visas for Japan or the USA is kind a difficult for Brazilians. Would be great to see our friends, play with some bands we respect most and visit cities like Osaka, Tokyo, Gifu, Kyushu, Mie, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Tsuyama, Fukuoka…

MRR: What do you know about the Japanese hardcore scene? What bands do you like, and what impresses you about them?
I like the way Japanese records are released and gigs happen without delays. Japanese gig organizers and labels have a lot of respect for bands and people involved in it, that's a thing impresses me a lot. Here it's just the opposite. Almost impossible to find a label interested on supporting the bands, example gigs? All of them start delayed. About the Japanese bands I like, hmm… the list is endless. I like almost everything from there, since traditional hardcore, burning spirit, Kyushu noise style to crasher crust, grindcore… Bands like: Typhus, G-Zet, Lip Cream, Ikka Shinjuu, Deadless Muss, Gauze, Kuro, Outo, Gudon, Gai, Sieg Heil, Confuse, Swankys, Gism, Crow, So What, The Rustler, The Sexual, Jyuden Souchi, State Children, Zouo, Tetsu Arrey, The Execute, Death Side, SDS, Frigöra, Deceiving Society, Framtid, Disclose, Effigy, Control, Senseless Apocalypse, Unholy Grave, Gloom, Disprove, Laukkaus, Battle Of Disarm, G-Spot, Mambiki Chocolate, Tranquilizer, AT Det, Janky, Z…

MRR: What message do you have for *MRR* readers?
Everything is getting more and more banal. More and more people and bands are getting trendy, selling themselves, and losing their true essence. The days are passing by and we're just a few of the big crowd it used to be. The alienation of the digital era, the fashion and the killer routine of the modern days are smashing our revolt. But instead of it all there are still some people who believe and have interest in a strong scene, my message is for those people—I want to say that here on the other side of the world, we have at least a few people with similar ideals. We must try to find a way to put our strengths together and search our ideals at any cost. Stay strong!!

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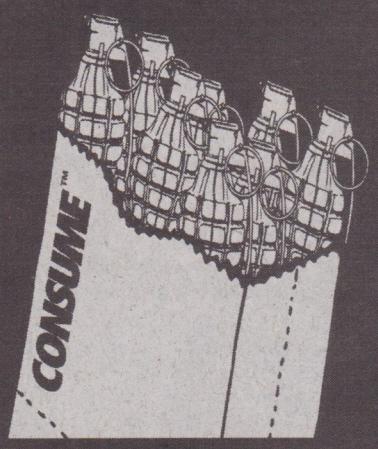

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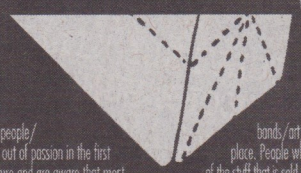

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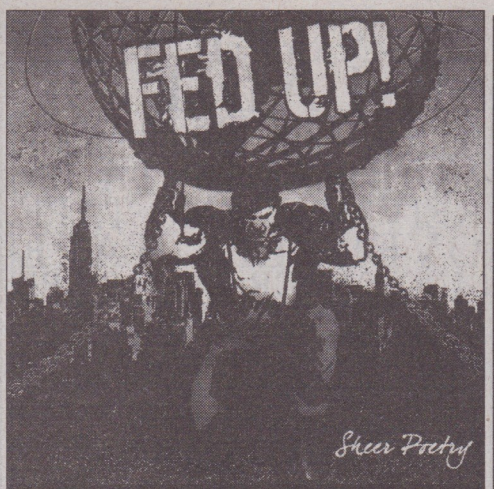

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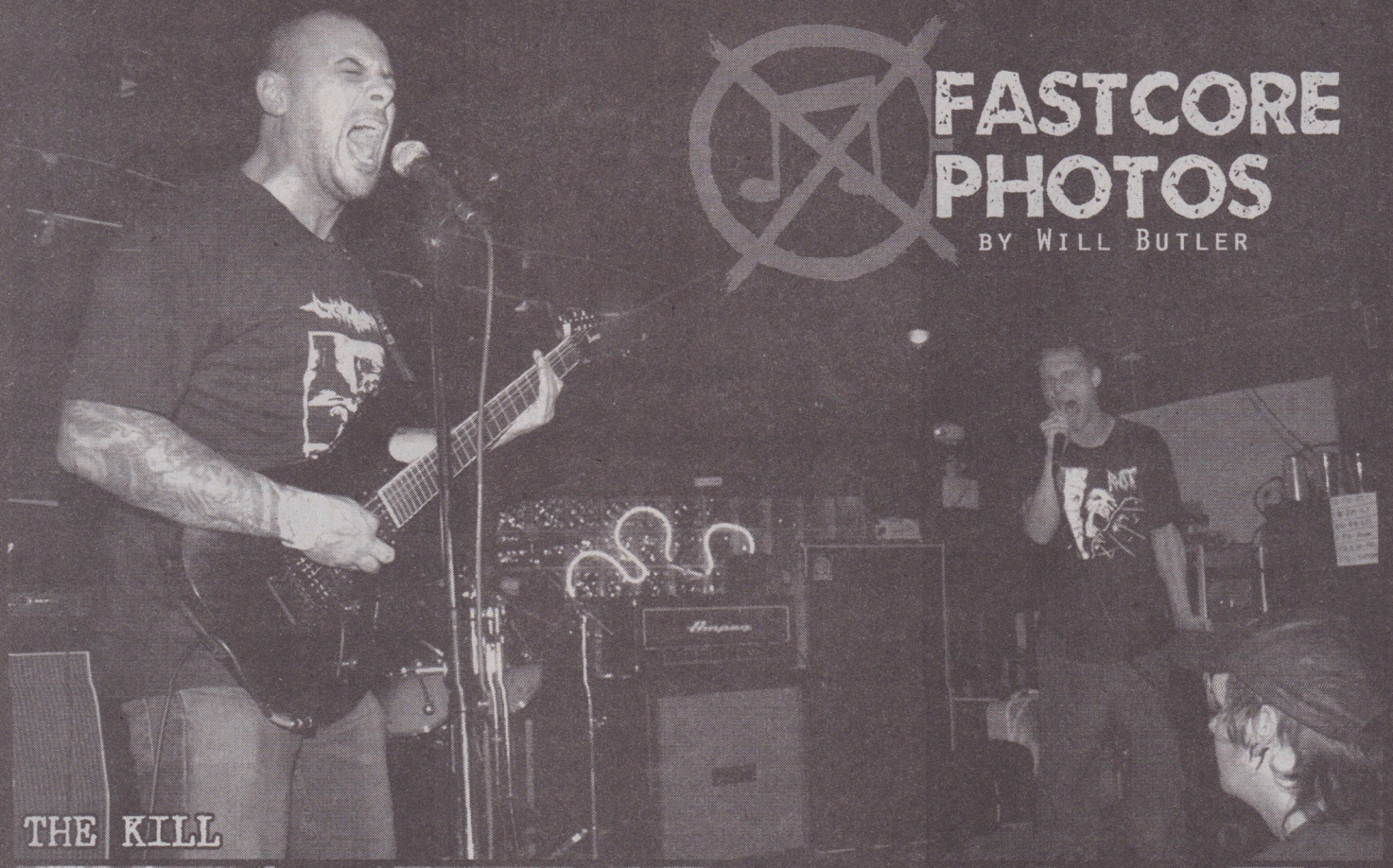

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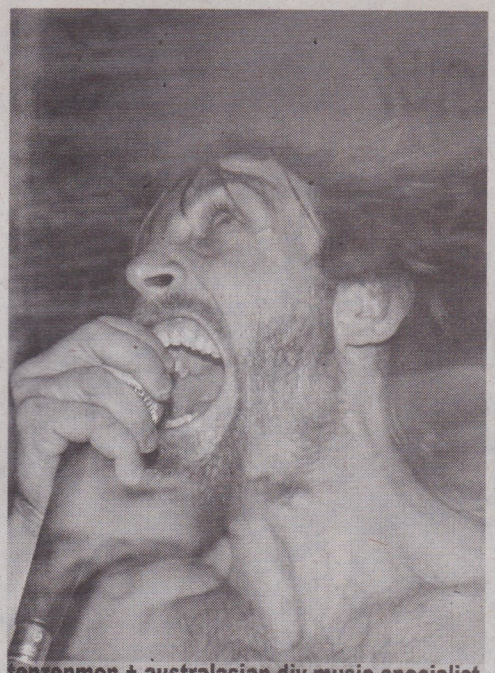

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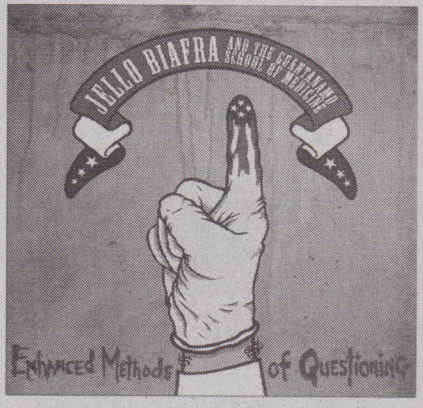

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A CHAT WITH BRIAN WALSBY!

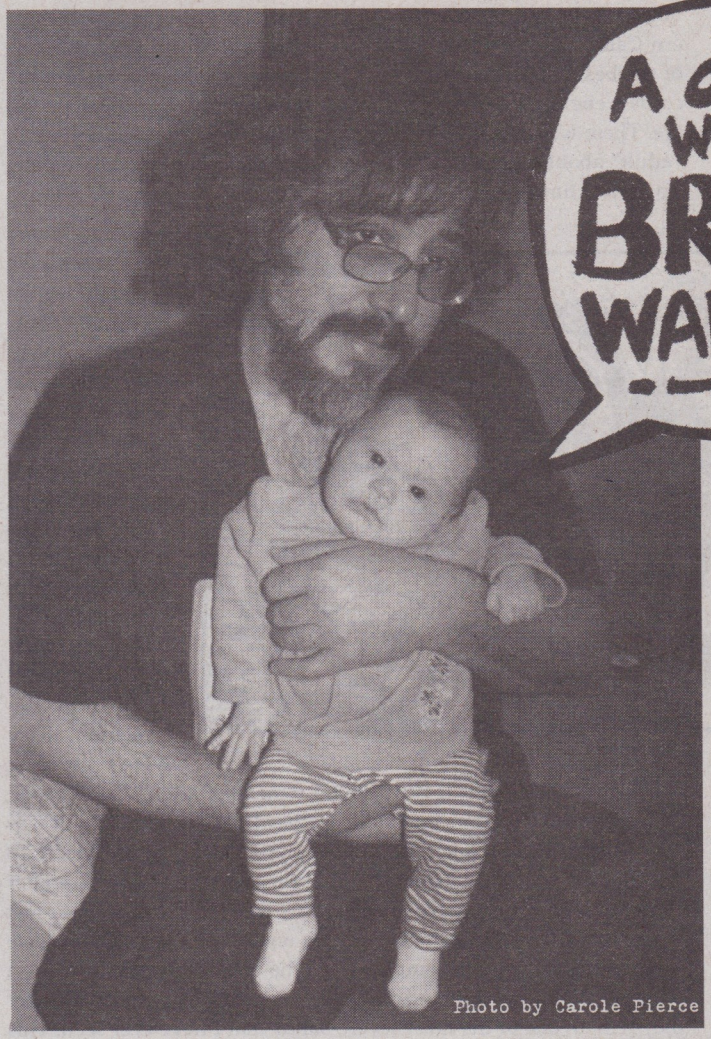


Photo by Carole Pierce

What ever happened to Brian Walsby, the prolific punk cartoonist/record cover artist from the mid-'80s? Well, if you've been paying attention you'd know that he never went away. Yes, he stopped doing his cartoony drawings for anyone and everyone in the mid/late '80s and he quit his band, Scared Straight, and to many of us in the world of DIY hardcore/punk he seemed to disappear entirely. But, having burnt out on hardcore around the time "militant, jock minded" bands like Youth of Today came on the scene ("I knew it was over when they were huge…a cartoon version of hardcore!"), Brian simply moved on…literally. He left the cozy confines of the SoCal suburbs for Raleigh, North Carolina – home of his good friends Corrosion of Conformity – where he continued drumming for bands like Shiny Beast, the Patty Duke Syndrome, Daddy, and Polvo.

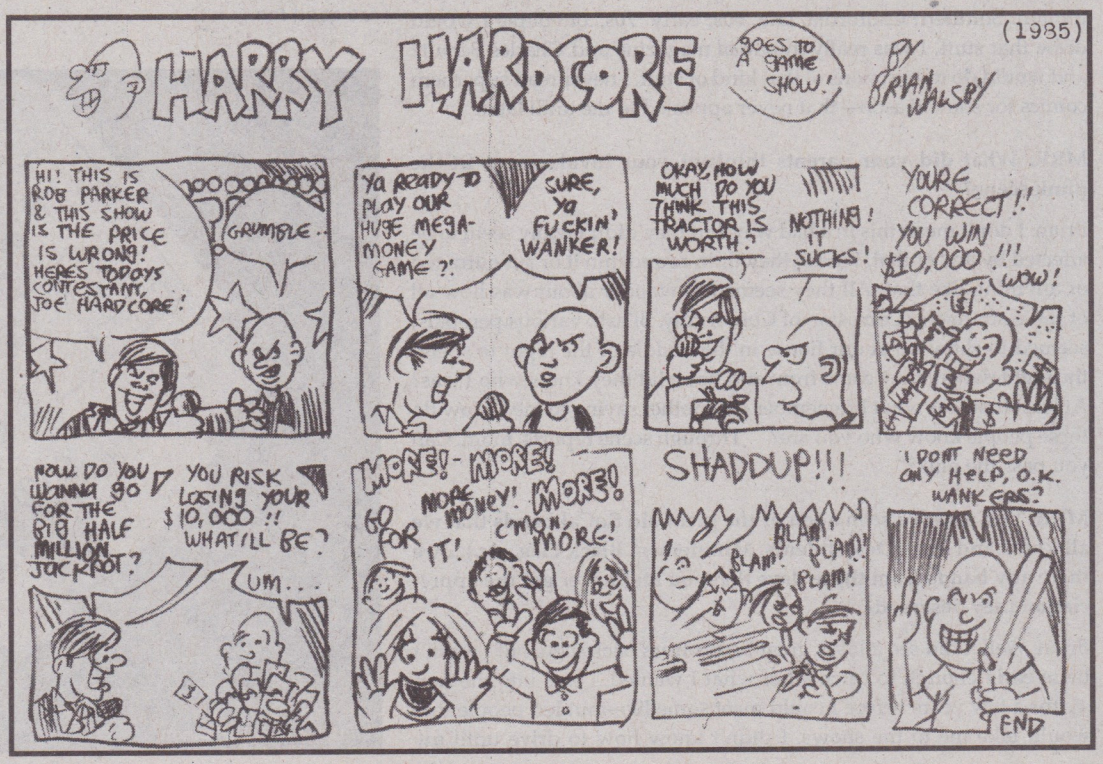
In the late '90s Walsby rediscovered his passion for pen-and-ink and hunkered down to concentrate on honing his craft. He started contributing to magazines again, and created a series of comic books called Manchild, *which are well worth tracking down. If you're an old fart returning to Walsby for the first time in decades, you'll be pleased to notice that his skills have improved greatly, while his signature style and spirit are still there. His subjects are always in motion and bursting off the page.*

In more recent years, Brian has stayed busy with his art, has become a father, and played drums in the well-respected hardcore band Double Negative. He has just launched a new website at brianwalsby.net, and continues to forge ahead without looking back to the "good old days" or resting on his laurels…That's what ever happened to Brian Walsby!

Intro and interview by Paul Curran (with big thanks to Fred the Barber and Martin Sprouse)

MRR: I'd like to start by asking how you discovered punk rock, and how/when you realized *you* were a punk, or wanted to be one?

Brian Walsby: Well, it was mainly through my Uncle Michael. Michael Rosenthal. He was sort of a '70s weirdo, or what you could imagine a "punk" type of person would be back then. I remember that he had that Frank Zappa poster of him sitting on a toilet naked. And he was into Captain Beefheart and the Move and plenty of other bands that I would eventually end up liking. He wasn't really a punk rocker but he went to school with Alice Bag, and knew the Deadbeats and Geza X, I think. He took me to see Oingo Boingo at UCLA in 1980 and I remember thinking that it was sort of cool. By then I was a rock music nerd and liked all of the hard rock heavy metal



stuff, everything from Aerosmith to Angel to Cheap Trick, stuff like that. It seemed only natural that I would gravitate towards punk rock. I knew about Rodney Bingenhiemer and listened to his radio show and got my first taste of all of that stuff.

Eventually, my uncle got the first *Rodney on the Roq* album. That whole first side, all of those bands—that was it—I had to hear more. I am not sure that I knew that I wanted to be a punk, as you say. I never looked "punk." I think I will have to credit Black Flag with reassuring me that I could be into this music and not worry about appearances. I mean, look at them. They all looked like normal sort of people for the most part. I really identified with Dez Cadena, mainly because he looked like Jesus Christ or something, which was pretty interesting for someone who was supposed to be a punk rocker. To this very day, they were the band that had the most impact on me. I bought *Damaged* in early 1982—I went into a Simi Valley record store looking for a new Plasmatics album and walked out with that instead. The music and lyrics struck a massive chord in me. So, that was pretty much it for me. I never would have looked convincing with a mohawk. That part of punk rock never appealed to me too much.

MRR: Did you draw a lot before you were into punk?

Brian: Oh, yeah. I have been drawing since before I can remember. My mother says that when I was three years old I was drawing the zodiac signs and stuff like that, but I honestly can't remember. Makes sense, though. Southern California, late '60s, early '70s...of course I would draw that stuff. I was really into *Mad* magazine and Charles Schultz and would do my versions of that kind of stuff. I never read superhero comics for some reason—that never appealed to me until later.

MRR: What did your parents think of your involvement in the punk scene?

Brian: I don't mean this in a bad way, but they didn't really seem to be affected by any of that. I mean they didn't condemn it or get outraged or anything like that. All they seemed to wonder about was how all of these strangers (Corrosion of Conformity, Bl'ast!, various pen-pals) seemed to show up at our house in the middle of the night to spend the night, where they came from and how did they know who I was? At least that was what I remember my mother saying to me. "How do these people know who you are?" "Through scene reports, mom. Can you pass the milk?"

MRR: You must've seen a ton of the great old SoCal bands that we all know and love (Descendents, Minutemen, Black Flag, etc.)...Are there any bands from those days that you feel never got the appreciation they deserved?

Brian: Well, I did see a lot of great bands from back then, but I wasn't there early enough to catch all of what I wanted. I was into the music for a few years before I could meet some like-minded people that would take me to the shows. I didn't know how to drive until my mid-thirties, you see. That in itself is pretty funny, looking at it now, but, yeah, I guess that was the main reason. Let's see...as far as Southern California goes, I think that the band Saccharine Trust was one of the best bands that I had ever seen. I was really into the SST Records scene and they seemed to be sort of underrated. I think they still are. There was something really creepy and weird and, dare I say it, "adult" about them. I saw so many bands back then—sort of making up for lost time, I guess.

Anyway, yes, there were a lot of really great bands that never got more attention. Mainly it is because they existed for such a short time and maybe released a 7" and then they were done. There were a lot of bands that did that. I am thinking of Rebel Truth from Sacramento. They were amazing and that 7" they did is totally great. I remember seeing Condemned To Death from San Francisco at the Cathay [de Grande in LA]. It was when their first 7" came out and they just destroyed the place. To this day, the band Bl'ast!—and the first time I saw them, at the end of 1984—was an amazing experience. I saw them in Oxnard—they just destroyed. All of the Nardcore people and all of the bands that we were all in just paled in comparison to the original five-piece version of Bl'ast! We all stood there with dumb looks on our faces. To this day they remain one of the most severe bands that I have ever seen. This was before they put out records. I still listen to them on a semi-regular basis. People can't get past the Black Flag thing, but I swear they out-Flagged Flag on occasion. The first record is a classic, and the others are good too.

Photo by Bob Hannon

Honor Role from Richmond, Virginia, is another great, underrated band that put out some of the most ahead of their time music ever—all from the mid-'80s. Check out the record *The Pretty Song*. They were the perfect combination of great music and great lyrics. Their singer Bob Schick is one of the greatest lyricists of all time and the guitarist Pen Rollings is an incredible player. Incredible. Music rooted in punk rock/hardcore, but went far, far beyond that. The logical progression, maybe the only real substantial progression. They are that good. I saw them, like, 40 times and they were always amazing. One of the best bands of all time that no one really seems to know about.

"I have been drawing since before I can remember."

MRR: Martin Sprouse (of *Leading Edge* zine, later of *MRR*) said he took you to one of your first punk shows. Do you remember that?

Brian: I do remember, 'cause it was like the second show I went to! As I mentioned, I was into the music for a few years before I could go to shows, and I already was something of a letter writer before all of that, which is how I knew Martin. He and his friends Pat and Greg drove from where they lived, which was somewhere in San Diego, and drove all of the way up to Simi Valley, which is in Ventura County. They picked me up, and then we drove into the San Fernando Valley to see this big show. So I would say that these guys probably spent at least five to six hours in a car just to go to this one show. That just shows you how into this stuff they were, and how nice they were. It just wasn't a problem to do that. A bunch of bands played, and I do remember Code Of Honor being really good and that the Angry Samoans headlined. I think it has to be sometime in very early 1984. We were all just very into it, obviously.

MRR: You contributed to a ton of zines in the old days, but did you ever do a zine of your own?

Brian: I did do a zine called *Not Yet Decided*. I think I did, like, eleven issues in all. It wasn't really any big deal, I would just work on these things and copy maybe a hundred of them and sell a couple at some shows and mail the rest out to various pen pals. I wasn't very ambitious with anything I was doing, including my own artwork. Anyone could see that if they look back on it! But anyways, it was just another cool thing to do back then. It was fun. Anyone doing the same thing could tell you that—it was always fun making your own fanzine. There were no rules, anyone could do it and so a lot of people did it. There were so many fanzines out back then. I could be wrong, but I think that there were probably more of those coming out back then than there are now. People now just probably blog more and do internet stuff.

MRR: Did you know how to play drums or any instrument before you got into punk? How did you learn to play the drums?

Brian: Yes, I knew how to play but it was only for a very short time. I was always hitting empty paint cans with sticks and things like that when I was a kid and when I was in tenth grade I finally was able to get a drum set and, lo and behold, I had some sort of knack for it. It came sort of easy for me, for some reason.

MRR: You've described yourself as being kinda dorky and shy as a young punk, but your drawings are always people singing and moshing and going wild. Was drawing your way of including yourself in the mayhem, or did you go crazy at shows too?

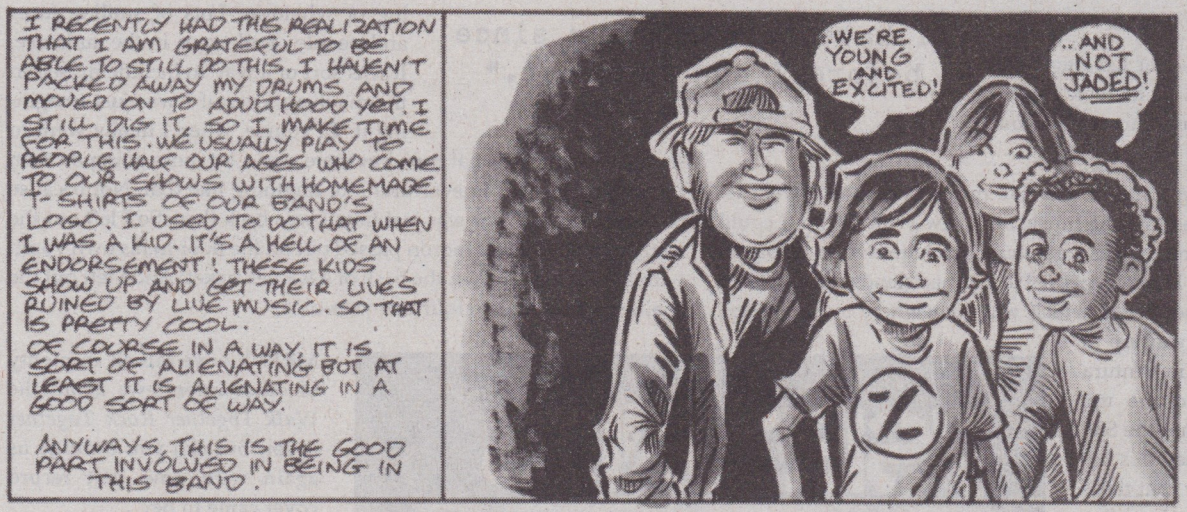
Brian: It was sort of what I had imagined shows being like before I had a chance to go to them personally. I just imagined that everyone was having fun even if they were slam dancing or whatever. Lots of smiling faces and people of all types in the audience. It was sort of a way to include myself in the mayhem, even if I was just imagining it. Of course, when I finally went to shows it was somewhat true, but there was a lot more going on then I realized. First off, I never drank or anything like that. Not because of "straight edge"—it was just how I was back then. So I left out the leather-clad alcoholic moron passed out on the floor in his own vomit with a great big GBH on the back of a leather jacket! And I left out the chain-smoking, sullen fourteen-year-olds.

MRR: You've talked in plenty of other interviews about the *Walk Together Rock Together* cover, but can you indulge us again with how that record cover came to be?

Brian: Just because I am always asked about it...I just drew it for them. They had used another drawing of mine for the insert of the previous release, *The Crew*. That was thrilling to have that in the record. From what I remember, I wrote to Kevin and just struck up a pen pal relationship. I thought that 7Seconds was a cool band. They seemed very in tune with the younger sort of hardcore thing that was very prevalent back then, and that pretty much was where I was too. They said all of these things that seemed to resonate in a fun kind of way, not as heavy or cathartic as, say, Black Flag or whatever, but there is no denying that they had something that was very appealing—especially if you were a kid, which I was. I wore out that album when it came out. Every song was like an anthem that was like the same song, and I mean that in a good way. Oddly enough, I didn't like *Walk Together Rock Together* musically as much, even though it sounded better, I guess. But, yeah, by then I had finally met them and they were all very nice. We hung out at Shawn Stern's posh West Hollywood apartment once and I gave the drawing to them and they all really liked it. Looking back at the artwork... well, it was probably the best I could do. It doesn't look too great to me these days. It is funny to think that I actually learned how to draw a lot better after those glory days were over and behind me, which is when I relocated to the East Coast in 1986. Anyways, that was how that happened. I just gave it to them.

MRR: Was your beef with 7Seconds about compensation for the cover art the reason why it was re-released with different cover art (by Pushead)? What do you think of that second cover?

Brian: Like everyone else, I think that the second cover, if I gave a shit about it, is really horrible looking. Not to say that my own cover was so great. I am sure that my bellyaching probably played a part in them doing that. Not that it lasted for long, though. The artwork has been used over and over and over, even with my pissing and moaning about it. My name has been taken off of it too. My beef with the band after three decades have passed is simply that it would have been nice to receive some sort of compensation after the fact. And even though it was done in the spirit of the day, even though I just gave it to them with no strings attached, I think that common sense and morality leads me to think that, with it being used so much over the years, they know it is wrong. It is that simple. Most people that have drawn stuff for bands in the punk rock world have at least one great "punk rock rip off story" and that is pretty much mine. At this point, it is beyond old news.



But on the bright side of all of that, the 7Seconds cover is a fun drawing that has struck a chord in a lot of people, even to this day. So even with the lame part of the story, it has still helped me out. I have done a lot of work just based on the idea of that cover and what it seemed to mean to these people. So that part of it is cool.

MRR: Both my friend Fred and I remember seeing some artwork back in the day that was "Walsby-esque" but didn't have your name on it. Did you have imitators or were you just not very diligent about getting credited?

Brian: I have been told that a lot of times I would forget to sign my own work, which I cranked out with no regard for anything. Maybe that could be it. I mean, who would want to imitate me?

"All of the Hardcore bands paled in comparison to Bl'ast! To this day they remain one of the most severe bands that I have ever seen. People can't get past the Black Flag thing, but I swear they out-Flagged Flag on occasion."

MRR: Can you tell me about some highlights of the Scared Straight tour?

Brian: My first taste of freedom. All of our parents let us go on this tour with Ill Repute. They were sort of like our mentors, in a way. It was the summer of 1985. Such a good time. My greatest memory is Scared Straight played at the Brickyard in Lincoln, Nebraska. Kids from three neighboring states showed up. We played with Ill Repute and this band Baby Hot Line. It was the best show we ever played, from my perspective. We weren't the world's greatest band but there were two hundred kids jammed into this hot, sweaty brick building by the train tracks in some industrial part of Lincoln, and I remember they all knew every word that our singer Scott was singing. So much fun. It was sort of the peak.

We played in Madison with a Lincoln band called Power Of The Spoken Word. They were light-years ahead of almost everybody and, although rooted in HC/punk, they had this really creepy, primal, pagan thing going on that was very cool. They were, like, ten times better than their album, and they were cool guys too. I will always remember them. Sadly, I have heard that a couple of those guys, including their singer Jake, have passed on. That was a highlight. Everyone should check that band out.

And, of course, getting all of our gear and personal belongings ripped off in Pittsburgh was the end of the tour and quite a highlight as well!

MRR: When and why did you move from SoCal to North Carolina? You must've left a lot of friends behind. Did you keep in touch with people and visit home a lot, or did you make a clean break?

Brian: After the tour was over I decided that since I was on the East Coast, I just didn't want to go back home. So I quit the band more or less to go to North Carolina to hang out with Corrosion of Conformity. I had called Reed, the drummer of COC and explained what was up and he said to sit tight because they would pick me up in a day or two and that they were going to New York to see the Bad Brains. He really had to twist my arm! I ended up staying in North Carolina until the end of the summer and then took a bus back to Southern California. I really liked Raleigh. Everyone was so nice and the scene was really cool. So I just decided to move out there early next year. It was sort of a big deal; I think I was twenty years old. A lot of people moved because of punk rock, and I was one of them. I knew a lot of people [in SoCal] but I have never been someone that has had tons and tons of close friends. I was always friends with the Scared Straight guys, especially Scott Radinsky, and also Mike Harder—they are both in Pulley now—and a guy named Rob Demko, a friend of the band as well. Those three guys were my closest friends back then. So, yeah, it was sort of strange but it was very exciting. I kept in touch with some of those guys off and on for several years and I still talk to Scott a lot, mainly through e-mail. Anyways, I have lived in Raleigh ever since. So I have lived here for well over twenty years at this point.

MRR: Did you feel at home right away in Raleigh? Did you have any inkling that that's where you would stay for decades to come?

Brian: I really liked it; it was nothing like where I grew up. Raleigh back then had sort of an old time feel to it. But at the same time I distinctly remembered weird things like the Ku Klux Klan being somewhat present. People from that used to toss their newsletters on your front porch back then. And rent was super cheap back then too. For

the first couple of years I remember I would walk around and sometimes look at the downtown skyline and sort of wonder how the hell I ended up here. I didn't know that I would stay this long; I guess I never felt the need to move. I think that everywhere is pretty much the same these days. I mean, you take yourself with you wherever you go, anyways. It is still a pretty nice place, except that the summer weather has always been brutally humid and hot and I never have liked that. Now I just choose to ignore it. Thank the lord for air conditioning.

MRR: Was anyone in the Raleigh scene skeptical of this new So-Cal semi-celebrity moving in? Did you find a new band right away and continue to do drawings based on the local happenings there?

"I will have to credit Black Flag with reassuring me that I could be into this music and not worry about appearances."

Brian: Well, I guess some people knew who I was, sure. Not everyone. I don't know if I remember a lot of opposition or anything like that. I was this goofy, naive kid who sort of showed up. Raleigh was a tight-knit scene back then with the people my age that I knew and even though I was sort of "growing up in public" I had a good time. I still did drawing and did magazines and things like that for a few years and by the end of the decade I sort of dried up. Part of that, I guess, was that I was getting burned out on what I was doing and by then I was playing in some local bands as a drummer. The first band I was in was called Wwax with No Label's Wayne Taylor and Superchunk's Mac Macaughn. I think that was around the second year I lived here. It was fun, and it was a fun time, for sure. I have played in bands for years and years afterwards, most local, a few people might know about. It is too long of a list to get into here!

MRR: Tell me about your relationship with the Melvins.

Brian: They have been friends of mine for years, Buzz and Dale. I met them a month after I moved out here, so that was the summer of 1986. I have been friends with them ever since. I really admire the music they make when they play together and I believe that they will go down in history as perhaps one of the top five rock type bands of all time. No one has the track record that they have and after all of this time they just keep on going. It is really amazing how consistent that the band is. I admire them a lot and also I am grateful to them because they have personally gone out of their way to help me on many levels. I would say that, besides Charles Cardello of Bifocal Media, who is a good friend and also my publisher, those guys have been some of the only people that have truly helped me out. I have worked for them, jammed with them, done all kinds of funny things with them. They are the good guys, the last band standing in my estimation. Dale is a huge influence and the nicest guy and Buzz is certainly one of the smartest guys I know. We don't see each other too much these days obviously but it is always great to hang out with them.

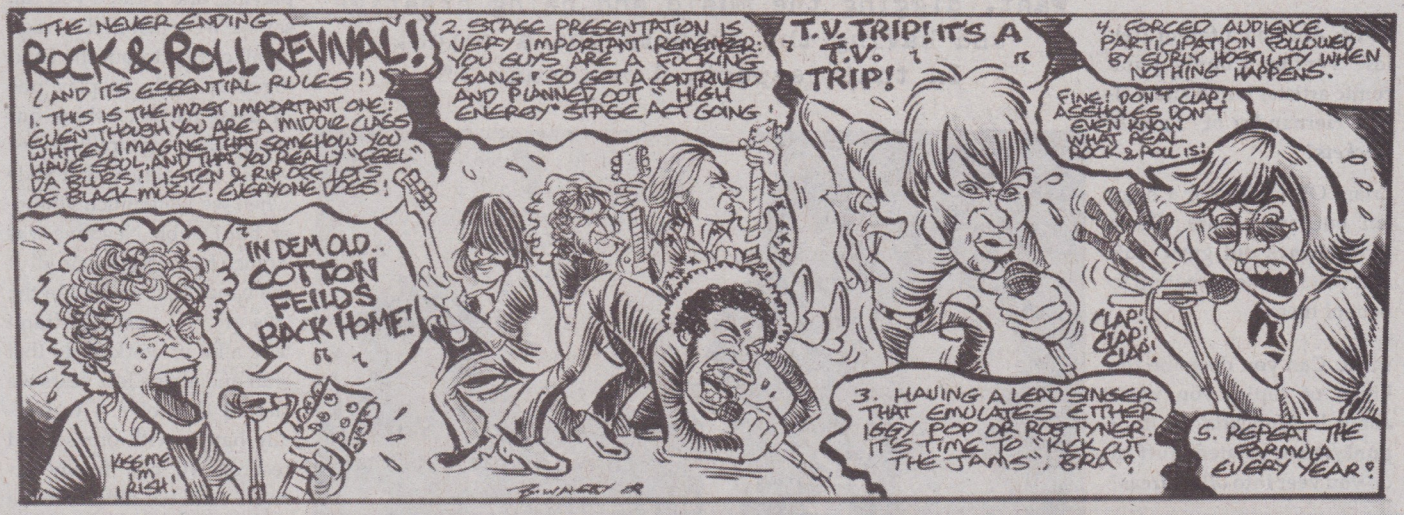
MRR: It sounds like you lost interest in drawing sometime in the '90s and then started to get back into it in full swing the '00s. Did you get burnt out, or was it just taking a back seat to other things (and if so, what things were they)? Was there something in particular that got you motivated to concentrate on drawing again?

Brian: Yeah, I got burned out with the stuff I was doing and I was also playing in bands and just sort of trying to find my way, I suppose. I felt pretty burned out with punk rock stuff and the subject matter of what I was doing. In some ways I wasted a lot of time. I felt like after all was said and done I wasn't living up to my potential, so eventually I tried to change all of that. Also, some people starting to get in touch with me wondering where the hell I went to and why did I disappear, stuff like that. One of those guys was a fellow named Chris Shary, who does a lot of artwork and draws things for the Descendents and All. He sort of lit a fire under my ass and I started to get back into things and try to improve what I started out doing—which I did. The work keeps getting better and better…usually.

MRR: Somewhere in there you became a father. How has that changed the way you work and the topics of your comics?

Brian: My daughter Willow was born at the end of last year. I was already a dad to Noble, my girlfriend's kid. So all of a sudden this year I have two children. Life is a lot different these days and, as any parent knows, you sacrifice a lot to be a parent. For starters, I stepped down as the drummer for Double Negative, which was a tough decision in some ways. It also has greatly changed the way I work, which has slowed down considerably these days because I have duties and responsibilities that sort of dominate my life now. I work at night a lot of times and I don't crank out the work like I used to. There have been some cartoons about being a parent, but they haven't dominated all of the work yet. If there is something to say about it, I suppose I will do more as things hit me. But, yeah, man...everything is totally different. I love my kids, though. I really fell in love with my daughter. It is cool.

MRR: So, you've got a new website going now—brianwalsby.net. Have you always embraced technology and the internet or did it



drag you in kicking and screaming?

Brian: I was always a late bloomer for everything so this is just another example of that. I didn't resist it. I love the internet. I could go on about how it is sad that you don't have to write letters or hand soap stamps and other clever things that kids like me did twenty-plus years ago, but there is no point. It is a different world now. The internet is a great tool and you would be an idiot to discount it. It isn't going away either so you might as well embrace its good points.

MRR: You said that one goal of the website is trying to reach a more comic book-oriented crowd, since a lot punks are already familiar with you. Have you started to read more comics as a result of trying infiltrate this world?

Brian: I can't say that I have...I know that there are probably a whole lot of great comics out there, but I sort of work in a void. I also don't really have the time or money to investigate. The people that I liked in that world are certainly Harvey Pekar, Robert Crumb, Peter Bagge, Daniel Clowes and Evan Dorkin. I bought a lot of their stuff and always liked those guys.

MRR: Are you a fan of (fellow Ventura County punk comic artists) Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez of *Love & Rockets*?

Brian: Oh yeah. Not a huge fan but, yeah, sure. Those guys always did great stuff and you have to give it up to both of them.

MRR: Can you describe the kinds of topics you write about in *Manchild*? Is it all punk/music related stuff or do you veer into other areas?

Brian: Some personal stuff, a la Harvey Pekar. I liked his stuff a lot. In all honesty, I had been doing the same sort of thing for years before I finally discovered his amazing stories, and when I did it really influenced me. There has been a whole lot of stuff about punk rock and music related stuff, musical obsessions of things that I love. I have done long stories on not only punk rock stuff, like Black Flag and the Adolescents, but people, like Scott Walker and Gene Clark. I haven't done that stuff quite as much these days. I have done a whole lot of sarcastic spoofs and parodies, a la *Mad* magazine. For the last decade, there seemed to be so much history to what I had been through in the '80s, with the letter writing and the bands and awkward moments and things like that. That dominated everything when I was working at getting back into the swing of things, but I think I have exhausted all of that as subject matter these days. So I am sort of looking for something else to do.

"If I am a punker, it is in the same way that folks like Mike Watt talk about it all. It's all about freedom, doing what you want, digging the music and being creative and having the guts to find a voice. In that respect, I am 'punk.'"

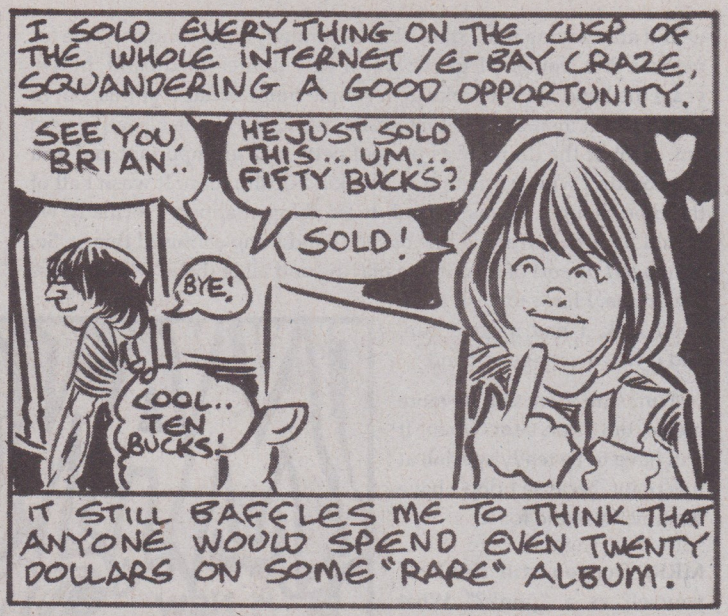
Double Negative
photos by Daniel Lupton

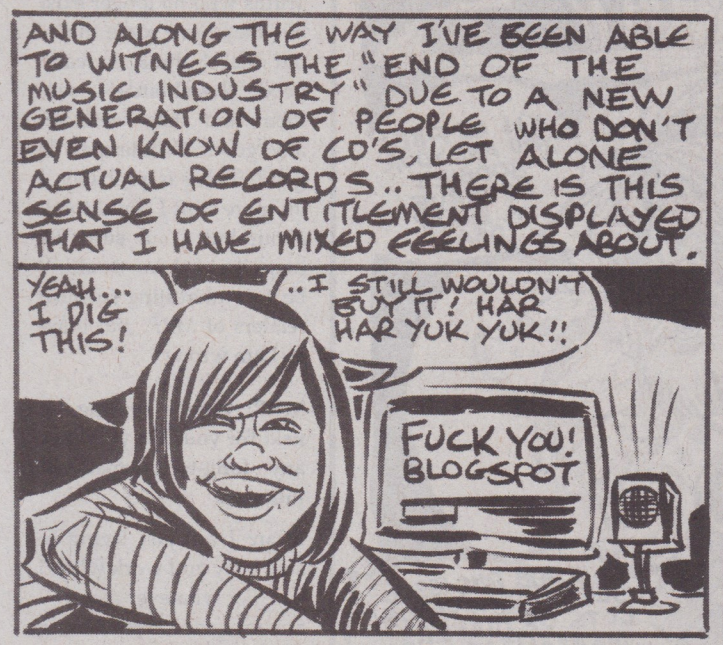
MRR: How did your band Double Negative get together? Was it an effort to get "back" into hardcore on your part? And why are you no longer in the band?

Brian: Double Negative got together over five years ago. The other people in the band are Kevin Collins (vocals), Scott Williams (guitar) and Justin Gray (bass). We have all known each other for years. We all played in other bands and sometimes we were in each other's bands too. We all grew up in the same time period, during the mid-'80s, and we were all into the punk rock scene at the time. We were all at loose ends in our lives at the time the band started, except for probably Kevin, who is a father of three. Scott and Justin started to hang out again and they started to go to house parties in Raleigh that had bands like Government Warning and Wasted Time playing, and I guess you can say we were inspired enough by all of that to put the band together solely to play one of those parties. I think our music came naturally to us; we all had played that style when we were much younger, but Double Negative was a much better band than all of the bands that we had in the '80s or '90s, easily. It didn't take a lot of work to do that stuff and after a few years we started to evolve. I was really happy with our second record—we had finally arrived. And we didn't have a mission or want to "show the youngsters how it is done," which we had heard and denied completely.

Anyway, at the end of last year my daughter Willow was born. Noble, who is five-years-old right now, is already here, so that makes it two kids. It soon became obvious that I wasn't going to have a lot of free time to devote to the band, so the writing was on the wall with two of the band members, so to speak. So I quit/was strongly hinted at to step down from the band, and that was pretty much it. On a band level it made sense; on a personal one it was weird because I wasn't done with it.

I USED TO HAVE A BIG AND COOL RECORD COLLECTION THAT I HAD TO DRAG AROUND EVERY TIME I MOVED.. SO I GRADUALLY SOLD ALL OF IT.
URGHH... STUPID RECORDS!
IT WAS SORT OF A PURGING EXPERIENCE.


I SOLD EVERYTHING ON THE CUSP OF THE WHOLE INTERNET / E-BAY CRAZE, SQUANDERING A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.
SEE YOU, BRIAN..
HE JUST SOLD THIS... UM... FIFTY BUCKS?
SOLD!
BYE!
COOL.. TEN BUCKS!
IT STILL BAFFELES ME TO THINK THAT ANYONE WOULD SPEND EVEN TWENTY DOLLARS ON SOME "RARE" ALBUM.


AND ALONG THE WAY I'VE BEEN ABLE TO WITNESS THE "END OF THE MUSIC INDUSTRY" DUE TO A NEW GENERATION OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW OF CD'S, LET ALONE ACTUAL RECORDS.. THERE IS THIS SENSE OF ENTITLEMENT DISPLAYED THAT I HAVE MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT.
YEAH... I DIG THIS!
..I STILL WOULDN'T BUY IT! HAR HAR YUK YUK!!
FUCK YOU! BLOGSPOT

PART OF HOW THINGS SEEM TO BE ROOTED IN IS WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE A COLLECTOR OR NOT. I AM NOT A RECORD COLLECTOR AT ALL.
I'M NOT A RECORD COLLECTOR.
YES. I CAN SEE THAT.

I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I'M SOME PURIST.. I JUST WANT TO HEAR MUSIC I LIKE REGARDLESS OF THE FORMAT. I HAVE NO BEEF OVER FORMATS AND DON'T WANT TO ARGUE OR DEBATE PEOPLE OVER IT.
THESE 78'S JUST DON'T HAVE THE WARMTH OF THESE TUBES!!
IT'S JUST A PASSING FAD! IT'LL GO AWAY, MAN!!

VERY RECENTLY, I SPENT A RARE EVENING SPINNING SOME RECORDS. I REMEMBERED THE FEELING OF FLIPPING THE RECORD, OF FEELING MORE INVOLVED WITH THE MUSIC. IT'S FUNNY HOW THINGS ARE GOING BACK TO THAT MINDSET.
WHAT DO I DO?
OH YEAH.. I GOTTA FLIP THE RECORD!
THE END

But after saying that I think that the underlying secondary issue for me was that Double Negative was a very drama-filled band. In five years the band almost broke up a couple times because of this, but in the end each member's self interest in being in Double Negative won out. A lot of the drama was (to me) petty and unimportant and you just couldn't win or function in that kind of situation. It wasn't all of the time though. It was a band, these things happen. Normally we would have gotten along fine but the band thing confused things. So, although I do sort of miss it, the playing and all of that, I will not miss the drama. I have to wish them good luck. I had a good run, and it was a very good band.

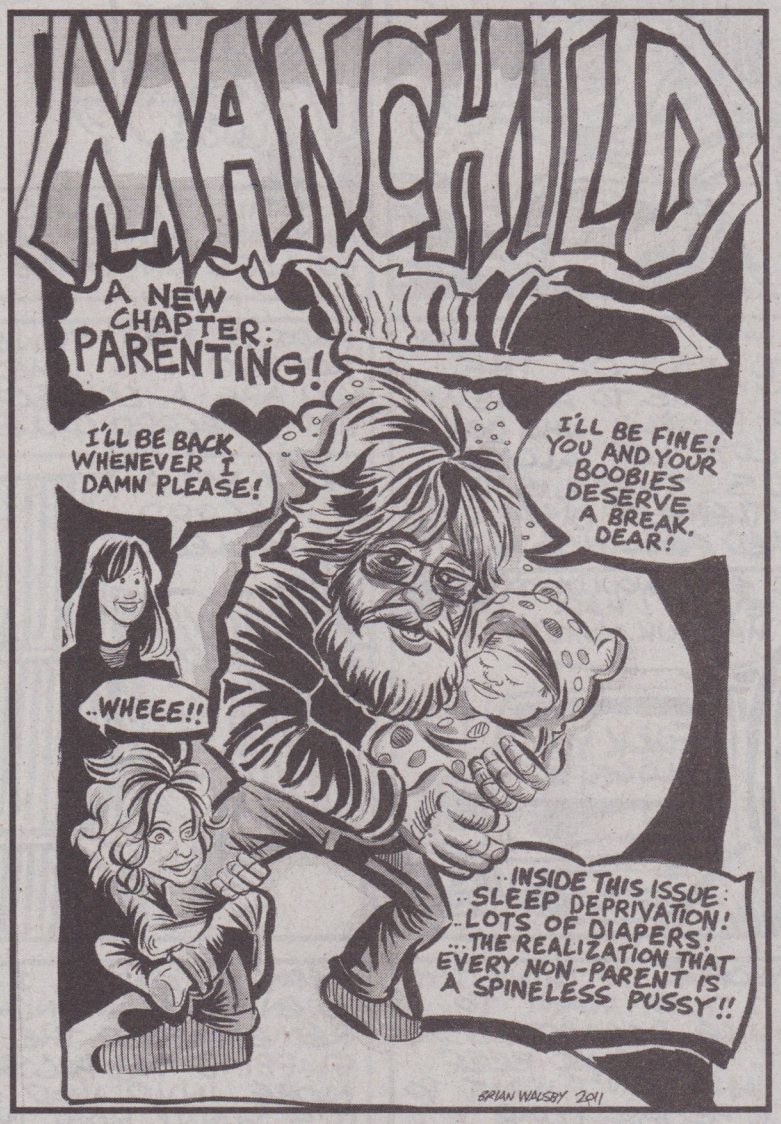
I am sure there will be more music, but I can't say when. It will have to be really special, at this point, because I don't have the time I used to for it.

MRR: Do you still think of yourself as a "punk?" What does that label mean to you now as opposed to what it did back in the day? Is there a set of ideals or ethics that you associate with punk, or is it just a music scene?

Brian: I don't think I ever really considered myself a punk rocker, or even a punk, but I always gravitated towards some of the ideas and a lot of the music when I was first getting into that stuff. I don't think that the label means too much these days, it is just a label, or a uniform. It is probably no different then being a hippie or pretending that you are a beat poet from the '50s. All of those things are tied together, of course. But ultimately it is not up to me to decide for other people what they want to do or who they are, even though at times it is fun to make fun of that stuff. If I am a punker, it is in the same way that folks like Mike Watt talk about it all. It's all about freedom, doing what you want, digging the music and being creative and having the guts to find a voice. In that respect, I am "punk." But the fashion side of it, the conformist side of it, the closed mindedness of it, and the supposed rules of it never appealed to me. And of course, all of that exists today in the exact same way it did back then. When I was in Double Negative for those five years, just about everybody we met was super cool and all of these younger people were into it for all of the right reasons. But obviously the sense of discovery for me personally was long gone. I couldn't say that I would go home and listen to a lot of the bands that we played with, as good as they were live. In some ways I felt like I was revisiting my past or living in someone else's present. I am glad that all of that stuff keeps going on and on though. As long as there are alienated kids, there will be punk rock.

MRR: How do you feel about how '80s hardcore, and your artwork, is now seen in this worshipful, fetishized way by a lot of newer punks?

Brian: It would be flattering to think that my stuff has excited some younger people. I think it has a little bit maybe. I think that people are just interested in things that happened before they discovered it all. I feel the same way when I read interviews with older people that did cool things and made great music from another era that I wasn't old enough to be a part of, too. So, you know, that is pretty cool. You can't help when you were born.



MRR: What are some newer bands (like, from after 2000) that you are into?

Brian: Oh, gosh. Not as much as I would like to write about. I like the band Fucked Up. Autolux is a good band. There was a band called the Dynamic Truths who no longer exist but they have some music out that I think is really good. Tweakbird—I saw them and they were really good. Grinderman is good. There is probably a lot more stuff I could think about but I am sure the majority of them wouldn't be too interesting to most readers of *MRR*...but maybe I am wrong.

MRR: What's coming up next for you? Do you have any long-term goals or projects?

Brian: I am just trying to stay busy and work when I can. For whatever reason, I am drawn to keep on doing this stuff, so I am sure that is what I will do.

MRR: Here's a blatant promo opportunity: Where can people find *Manchild* and other stuff to buy?

Brian: *Manchild* #3 and 4 are pretty much gone, out of print. *Manchild* #2 is still around. Oddly enough, that is probably the best one as far as cartooning goes, and subject matter. *Manchild* #1 is also available. And of course the newest one, *Manchild* #5, came out not too long ago. That one is sort of an oral history of Corrosion Of Conformity and the scene that they helped create here in Raleigh in the '80s. I think that one is my favorite. You can get them at my website which is: brianwalsby.net. They are also distributed by a company called Redeye, so you might find them at some weirdo music or bookstores in your area. I freelance whenever I can. I also have some neat t-shirts that me and Charles made. We have done them for Fucked Up, Melvins, Descendents, Honor Role, and Valient Thorr so far...they have done pretty well. We will do COC, Bl'ast! and a few others in the future. I also have giant prints of some of my work available, that would look good on a wall somewhere, so check it out kids—**brianwalsby.net**!

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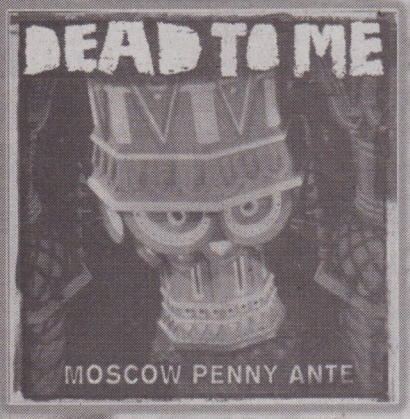

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"As often happens in the underground, the spotlight moved on to other things but the underground scene just went back underground. Expressing yourself on your own, when no other media around you is reflecting your reality, will always be pertinent. This isn't being replaced by Facebook or Twitter or blogs, because those are very fleeting, ephemeral expressions, and rarely involve the care one takes when deciding what to write down for posterity in a zine. If you want to leave a trace of your experiences, you still need to put it down on paper or in some other physical art form."
*–Louis Rastelli (*Fish Piss*), as told to Liz Worth (*Treat Me Like Dirt*)*

Vancouver's rock 'n' roll low-brow culture connoisseurs Bob Scott and Janelle Hollyrock live and breathe by this motto and Mongrel Zine *is the manifesto by which they spread their message. I sat down with the two of them on a warm July night to talk about their humble beginnings, the current state of Vancouver's music scene and where* MZ *is headed in the future. Read on…*

Interview by Bryce Dunn/photo: Bob Scott

MRR: I want to start off with how the two of you got involved individually in your respective scenes, then how you met and came to form the ideas of doing the magazine.

Bob: I was born in Montreal and then moved out here [to Vancouver] when I was a teenager, discovering things that were happening in both cities in the early to mid-'80s. Then I moved back to Montreal and started going to a mix of garage and hardcore shows, but the scene there was always really diverse. Garage and rock and roll music really stuck with me after seeing bands such as The Sherlocks, The Cryptics, The Gruesomes, and stuff on OG Records like Deja Voodoo. I was also seeing local bands like Shlonk! and Fail-Safe, S.C.U.M., Vomit + the Zits. There were some small run print zines that I would read but by the 2000s it was starting to disappear with the advent of the blog so I thought it would be a good time to start up a straight up print fanzine publication.

MRR: So then what zines at that time were influencing your decisions?

Bob: *What Wave*, *Cryptic Times*, and *Gravyzine* especially—I was really inspired by their gung-ho fandom. How did I get involved in the scene in Montreal? When I was in Montreal I never really did anything as far as starting a zine was concerned, but I was always going to shows and miraculously retained knowledge about them.

MRR: But did you feel like those zines at that time were helping you to connect with that particular community in a way?

Bob: Not really! But I just liked the idea that two friends of mine [Samia and Kari of *Gravyzine*] were putting together this really tight publication. It was better than anything else locally that I knew of in Montreal aside from *Fish Piss*. *Voice/Vice* had already evolved beyond its newsprint origins and changed its homebase.

Janelle: Did a lot of people read *Gravyzine* back then?

Bob: Not locally to my knowledge! I think a lot of people abroad knew and respected that it was there, but I only saw a couple copies here and there for sale. (laughs)

Janelle: I grew up in this really small town north of Calgary called Airdrie, and I used to get zines in the mail because there was only one record store there called Big K Music and if you wanted Trisha Yearwood or Garth Brooks you were set, but if you wanted anything else that was more impossible to find, you would have to hitch into Calgary or something like that. But even then I just didn't know enough so I used to read zines a lot. And I used to do zines in high school but I would just give them to my friends, I never sold them properly. There was one zine I remember I read called *in the meantime* that was a very East Coast [of Canada] indie pop/rock sort of thing, but other than that I used to just go to shows when I could get into Calgary. Then when I moved to Vancouver, going to shows just seemed to be the thing to do. And when we met, it was 2007 and it seemed like a really good time for shows—there was a lot of stuff happening. You would go to Pub 340 and it would packed, Pat's Pub would be packed. You could go to two, sometime three shows in one night and then end up at the E.R. afterward. [Editor's note: this was a small DIY underground venue, not the actual hospital E.R.] We met because I was at an art show at Lucky Red [now defunct gallery on the edge of Vancouver's Chinatown] and I saw Bob. We were going to walk to Pub 340 together to see a gig, and we starting talking about the History Channel and kinda clicked. I didn't see him again until he had his solo art show at JEM Gallery and we talked again and he remembered me and because this is a real mid 2000s story, we started messaging each other over MySpace, and by the time we had our first proper date, it felt like we were already together. But we had our first kiss at a Skip Jensen show at Pub 340, which was a very Vancouver thing to do.

Bob: Did we?

Janelle: We did, and you gave me that bat that you carved, you don't remember that?

Bob: I remember flirting but NOT kissing you because you were on a date with someone else, weren't you?! (laughter all around)

Janelle: I don't remember why we started the zine. I was the assistant editor at the *Calgary Straight*, which was the *Georgia Straight*'s failed attempt at starting the same thing out there. I didn't know anything, I started working as a receptionist and slowly worked my way up, scamming my way into that paper, so I guess I had that background and there was so much going on and we wanted to interview his friends back home in Montreal and it just seemed like a good thing to do at the time.

MRR: I feel like one the things for me about zines is that they connected me more to not only what I liked about garage music and culture but what was going on outside of my community that was similar.

Art: Johnny Sampson

Bob: Exactly! That's why *Gravyzine* was so important to me because it connected Montreal to other cities' music scenes and turned me on to so many different bands I didn't know existed before.

MRR: We talk about how zine culture seems so insular in a way because you think, who really reads this other than the five people I regularly hang out with, but the irony is that it really reaches a lot more people than you think at the time. So my next question is, when you sat down and said, "OK, I think it's time to start the zine!" who did you initially want to reach with that first zine?

Janelle: I thought it would be just people we know, but [nowadays] we sell a lot more zines in Europe and Australia and that was never my mindset going in, was that what you thought?

Bob: The first and foremost reason I do this zine is to do something with Janelle that we both find interesting. It's been trial and error, trying to learn zine etiquette and refine the zine to its current black and white photocopied digest format with accompanying CD compilation. I knew there were still a lot of people who cared to make wild rock and roll and truly experimental music and I was feeling pretty out of touch with what was really going on back in Montreal, having relocated to B.C. again. I wanted to put myself in touch with all of this again, and reach the people who still really care. I wanted to chronicle the music and art that I held dear back in the day but not hug the corpse of the past too tight. I like lots of different subjects and I want to explore them and learn more about them through my interviews. We are really pleased that the readership mirrors the content; a lot of cool and talented people have contacted us via *Mongrel Zine*.

Janelle: I thought that was a surprise when people from elsewhere outside Canada, outside Vancouver, were starting to buy the zine. But I guess that makes sense now because they want to know what's happening here, whereas in Vancouver you already know and maybe don't care?

MRR: That leads me to say that we've been involved with the scene for some time now and we've seen its ebb and flow; what is it about the scene now or before that gives you the energy to put the zine together?

Janelle: I feel like when I'm doing the zine in Vancouver, I'm doing it in spite of Vancouver. There are obviously specific people and bands that are very supportive, but I find we could do the zine anywhere. I think we just have the drive to do it because we need to do something.

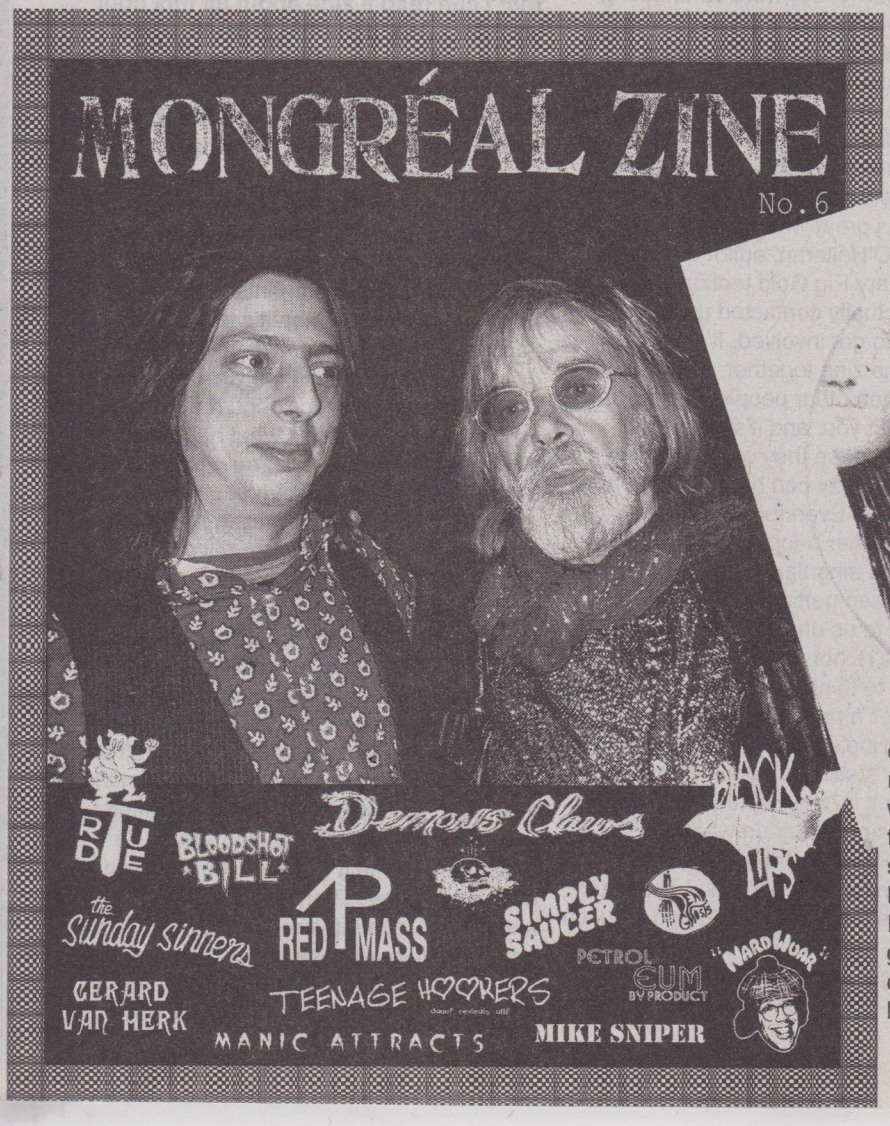
Bob: Janelle and I give each other the energy to put the zine together through our enthusiasm. Like when she starts to do the zine layout and we see how cool the printed pages are going to look, or how with the CD comp we're privy to some really exclusive and unreleased zine nerd music. Knowing that we might expose some Vancouver bands to an audience beyond their immediate tour territory by reviewing their releases, making articles, and having their music played on college radio and on podcasts, and by advertising our content and activities on the net to potential readers around the world—that gives us the required energy. Good local bands give us energy. Watching bands such as The Tranzmitors, Timecopz, Indian Wars & Dead Ghosts, Manic Attracts, and The Jolts have all resulted in their being in the zine. That is gleaning the surface of a rather large scene that plays and goes through quick lineup/name changes here. They play regardless of the constant shitty state of local live venues in Vancouver.

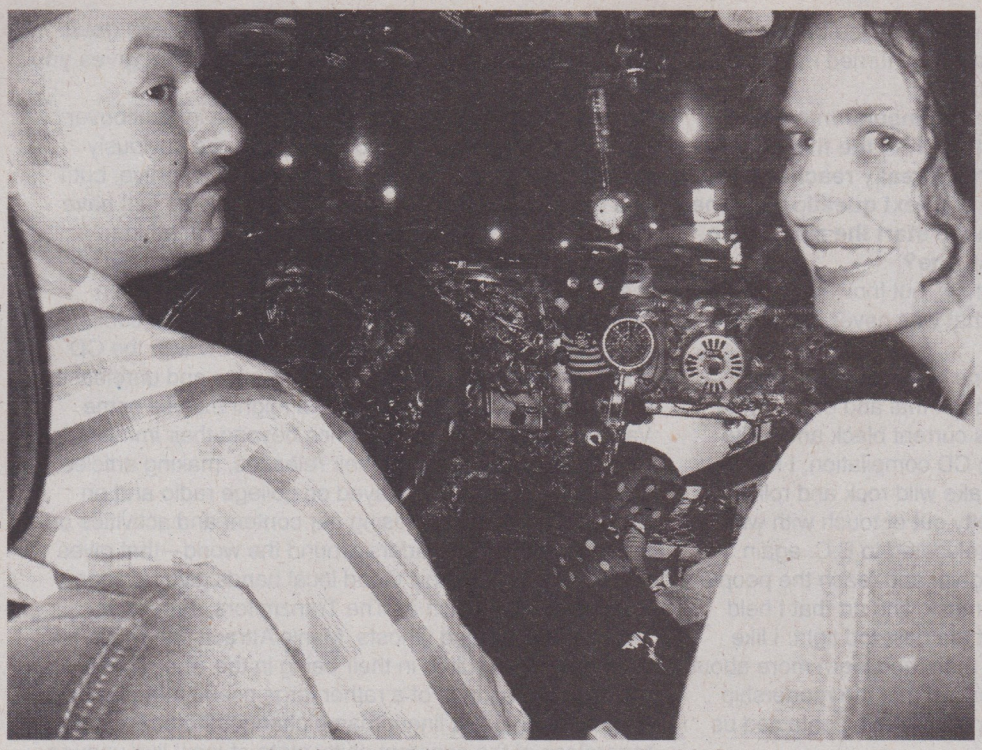
MRR: That's a good way to clarify that point, as it's one thing to do something in spite of, because you're thinking, "Why don't more people do this?" but who else would besides you guys?

Bob: I don't know. I'm sure there are other zines in town we don't know about. [Editor's note: No, not really.]

MRR: Well I might as well ask it now: there were papers like *The Skinny* and *The Nerve* that had finished maybe a month before you started, so it proves a point in a way, because if you hadn't started doing this, there may not have been a zine culture that really showcased this scene. But at the same time, what has made you guys persevere over those zines that folded and that were covering the same, if not similar content?

Bob: First of all, it's a labor of love; it's something she and I can do because it's something we have in common. We get burned out on it because we have other things going on in our lives but in zine land we can get away with not having a regular issue output schedule. It's worked out





Bob and Janelle Hollyrock in their art car photo: Andrea Tucker

to two to three a year. I wish we could do more and be punctual but this venture is a money pit at this point, and we fund the overhead for our zines mostly ourselves. The zine certainly does not earn enough to perpetuate itself and that must be remedied if we are to keep our stress levels down and focus on making a really good product. It seems we must keep it going as long as we feel like it's worth doing! I have no idea why those publications really folded but the lack of responsible journalism or avenue in which to report the good shit only gives us more initiative to report on our immediate surroundings and the array of cool underground stuff that is sent to us in the mail to review. Also, *Mongrel Zine* is our little window outside of our local bubble that zines, artists, and bands abroad pop in and out of. I'm sure the fact that we look to the world for juicy content has helped us thrive, if only intellectually.

Janelle: Yeah we like working together and we have a similar focus when working together. I always think about this Ford Madox Ford line about how "Man ought to do something." I can't remember how he words it exactly, but I think: I can do a really good zine, I enjoy making a really good zine, so why don't I do it? We just aren't those kinds of people that can go to work and come home and not do anything, I feel like we have to do something. I think we put out a really good product for people. And we're really serious about it. We don't fuck around when it comes to our zine.

MRR: When you thought about the content for the first issue, were you megalomaniacal about it or were you already thinking ahead and saying, no I want this person to do this, and that person to do this?

Bob: I'm still looking for old links back to the original scenes that I grew up respecting, like I would really dig it if Flipped Out Phil (of Montreal's *Subterranean Jungle* radio show from 1985-1999) were contributing to the zine somehow. I'm about to attempt to interview former Cryptic and Tyrant Records honcho Jordan Swift. Megalomaniacal is correct! I'm toughest on myself and the ones I love! I just try to make an exceptional zine. I don't want it to be a total waste of paper.

Janelle: It was great when people like What Wave Dave [O'Halloran, editor of *What Wave*] and Gary Pig Gold [editor of the *Pig Paper*] actually contacted us and said they wanted to get involved. It's a lot of work to put the zine together, so it's always really nice when other people want to do something with you, and it's great with these guys because they've been doing it for so long that they can bring that old-timer perspective to it. Even for music reviews it's good to have other people do them so that it's not just one singular voice.

Bob: We've been getting a lot of recorded material sent to us unsolicited by bands, labels that we're not particularly experts on, so we try to think of who might be best suited to cover a particular topic or band. Some of the zine's content may not be my bag, but it's still worth including in our zine because it is 'zine-worthy' and worth chronicling. I am harder on what goes on the CD compilations because they're something I listen to repeatedly! Thankfully there is a little network of great and staunch supporters of *Mongrel Zine* who help out.

Janelle: We get stuff in that's sort of a surprise too—we never thought that either when we first started the zine that people would send us records!

MRR: How surprised were you when people actually read the zine and wanted to contribute to it?

Bob: I'm always surprised at the amount of effort people are willing to give for the zine. I guess people are helping out because they appreciate that we're trying to make as great a fanzine as possible so they lend a hand a little and get the facts straight and help out with photo contributions and reviews. I like having actual musicians do some of the reviews for a change because I'm just metaphorically talking about how something blew my mind, and they can talk about timing and technicalities I wouldn't instinctively think to include in a review. Steve Ferierra, I'm talking about you! I love having the people that were inspirational to me actually enthusiastic enough about what we are doing to be in the trenches and helping out with reviews, interviews, articles, and supplying info and photos. Some bands have been really supportive of us when it comes to playing our zine launch parties.

MRR: Let's talk about the actual process for the sake of people who are reading this and saying it's all well and good that I can read a zine about all this cool stuff, but how does the process work about how you map it out, lay it down, and go to print?

Bob: My process starts with all the little memo books that I keep in my back pocket. I just carry a pen and a notebook everywhere and just write down things as I think of them. If I don't lose them by the time it's time to transcribe them into Notepad or Word documents they come in really handy, 'cause then it's total recall.

Janelle: Except the time when you turned one of them into pulp in the washer and recycled another by accident! (Laughs all around) Okay, so here's what happens. We usually have two or three months in between each issue. The first month is taken up with one of us wailing about how we're never doing the zine again, that it's too much work, that no one in town cares, not enough people are buying it, etc. And then the next month one of us will suddenly get an idea for someone we really want to interview and we'll add it to this Notepad file we keep on the computer, and eventually that Notebook gets pretty full of ideas and we start seriously working on the zine. With reviews, every time something comes in, I'm really organized 'cause I'm a librarian, I write it down on the Notepad on the computer. Then we'll go through it and try and locate the records that could be anywhere in our house and go "This is crap I don't want to do this" or "this will be good for this person" and divvy it up that way for

people to do reviews, especially. The reviews are the most work, and take up the most time, and usually get left till last because unlike with interviews, you don't have to do them all if you run out of time.
Bob: We started not writing negative music reviews as much as possible. No press is a fate worse than Death.
Janelle: If we really dislike something we just won't bother with it because we don't have time for it. I'm not going to waste time listening to a record I don't care about, y'know?
MRR: But the irony here is that we're doing this interview for a magazine that's notorious for writing scathing reviews—people like Doctor Dante, Shane White, and others—and to me, I've always had a love/hate relationship with that sort of writing because I know how important it is to stay positive because they are taking the time to send you the records for review, and you want to say something good about it, but who's to say that a bad review doesn't reinforce the notion of "hey, well maybe next time that next record will be better?"
Janelle: Well, let's say someone well known to us within our scene gives us a record and it's bad. We'll review it, but if someone nobody knows and nobody cares about sends us a bad record, I just don't have time to deal with it. I mean, we get a lot of submissions from people where we're just like "What are you doing? Do you even read *Mongrel Zine*?" So back to our process: as we get the interviews done, I start laying them out, and Bob starts harassing people for songs for the CD comp, and when it's maybe looking close to being half done we set up a launch party, which puts The Fear into us and makes us have to work double time to get everything done by this deadline we've arbitrarily created for ourselves. This causes so much stress—you have no idea! Keep in mind we're both working on other things at the same time we're working until four in the morning on the zine and now promoting a show. When we think we're done with the zine or we've just run out of time, we send it off to print, and then it's just a race to staple and fold and burn enough CDs and zines to have some for the launch party, which is usually the next day. After it's out then it's just weeks of more stapling and folding and mailing out the issues that have sold online. This whole process takes about two months of working on it nonstop every day. For some reason we did *MZ* #9 in three weeks and it just about killed us. I'm surprised we're still together after that! We work really collaboratively by reading each other's content and editing each other's content. I do the zine layout in InDesign, which is good because when I worked at the *Calgary Straight* I used Quark Express so I had some background, but I basically taught myself how to use it by looking at old zines that I liked and just started trying to copy their layout until I got my own style.
Bob: Your oddly cropped cluster of photos style.
Janelle: Yeah, I like clusters! I like just throwing crap on there so it just doesn't look like square boxes of type.
MRR: But you also have a knack for adding flourish like gold stars that are stuck to pages or stamped words that just stand out from the regular type.
Janelle: Ha! A lot of those are mistakes actually, so you can just imagine us at three o'clock in the morning saying, "Dammit, I can't believe we forgot this!" and stamping every issue over again. We make more mistakes than we probably should because we do everything late and at the last minute. Our proofreader is posted in Afghanistan, so we don't have a proofreader. He would catch so many things, but he's been MIA. (laughs)
Bob: What we end up laying out in an issue is what gets back to us in time, and the type of stuff I get from contributors like Jeff Clarke (Demon's Claws) short stories of late or Seedy Montreal Underground reports by Dan Pedro Dorito (Teenage Hookers) might figure into it.
MRR: About the reprinted stuff, like the Cramps interview (from Issue #5), how do you guys go about getting that sort of stuff? Is there an unwritten copyright rule that zine people have?
Bob: That was from *Gravyzine* online and we just asked Sal Canzoneiri (of Electric Frankenstein) because it was online but never in print. We just figured it had to be reprinted in a proper printed zine forum. We gave it its own layout, promised him some zines, and he was fine with it!
MRR: Normally you would think zines are really private in a way because you put so much work into them that you want to reap the benefits, but how would you feel if someone came along and asked you if they could reprint something from *Mongrel Zine*?
Janelle: Well, I think it's different because with those zines, that was like, twenty years ago so maybe they didn't mind having it reprinted because it was so long ago. I think I would feel weird if someone came to us now and said, "Can I reprint something?" I would say, "But you can still buy it off our website!" (laughs)
MRR: There is obviously a pretty symbiotic relationship between music and art, and you really make a point of including stuff you've done (looking at Bob) but others as well. What is the significance of including others people's art in the zine?
Bob: I'm allowed to put my art in the zine if I feel I did something worth including. I'm a visual artist, but also a film, animation, and antiques & collectible buff and I love to restore old furniture. I feel that fusing all of my interests into a fanzine so that others might be enlightened makes perfect sense. Writing my notes about what I am listening

to or currently reading while I take breaks during painted cork carving and drawing sessions makes doing the zine one and the same with creating my artwork. (Editor's note: you can view Bob's work here: www.bobscottartwork.ca)

MRR: What artists have you yet to talk to that you really want to have in the zine?

Bob: Raymond Pettibon would be great, a long Charles Burns interview, I could go on infinitely. I was a fan of reading *Comics Scene* and also *The Comics Journal* and *Psychotronic Video* so the types of visual stimulus I want to put in *Mongrel Zine* is varied.

Janelle: It would be nice to have Darren "King" Merinuk!

Bob: Yes! He's a renowned Canadian artist from Winnipeg. Everyone who has bought garage, punk, or surf vinyl releases put out on independent record labels worldwide in the past 30 years should know his stuff to some degree.

MRR: From reading all the issues so far, the one thing that strikes me is that, Bob, you always bring a little bit of Montreal back into the zine. It seems to be very important to you—why is that?

Bob: I was born and raised there and lived there on and off for over half of my 41 years. I miss it a lot, but I'm also tired of moving so much and want to focus on my life with Janelle in Vancouver, my art, and the zine. I'm never ruling out moving back there or moving anywhere else but I don't feel it is the time to decide where I want to go next until I have other facets of my independent existence worked out. *Mongrel Zine* is a way of keeping in touch with people who were in my life while I lived in Montreal. It certainly makes me revisit cool things in a nostalgic way but fortunately for my readers many of those people from back in the day have continued to flourish artistically and still produce records and tour at a furious pace and are in fact more awesome than ever so by default I'm avoiding stagnation on the Montreal scene plugs. We aim to bridge info gaps on bands/artists that have been around awhile for younger people. We do our best to be thorough with our content, yet present it in a concise manner that is unique and entertaining to read. Older punks contribute interviews that clarify spotty info and teach me things.

Janelle: There's a slight generational gap between the scenes we cover in Montreal and Vancouver.

Bob: I'm going to interview my dad actually, because he used to work in clubs in Montreal back in the mid '60s. That's stuff I'd really like to hear about.

MRR: You see how sometimes zines have to evolve over time and the shift in music styles and the generational gap has shifted the readership. With the Internet it's more immediate—what makes the zine still relevant today?

Bob: With the Internet though, everybody has a little bit of A.D.D. but with a zine you're stuck reading the one article until you're done, there's no changing the channel; people are prone to going to another webpage to get more fragmented information. Sitting at a computer really stresses me out a lot, it's a different way of obtaining information. It's more like you're trying to speed it up to get to the end of your search for info, whereas with a zine you're going to invest your time into it, hold it, read, and relax.

J: We're just really tactile people—when Bob and I are talking about something, like a movie for example, our first instinct is to go to the *Psychotronic* books instead of IMDB. It's just the kind of people we are.

MRR: Where do you see the zine going now?

Bob: Branching out into a small record label seems to be a logical succession. There is some insane stuff I would really love to put out. Jeff Clarke and I are scheming up short films to pepper a *Mongrel Zine* DVD compilation for an upcoming issue. For now you get the various artist CD comps that come with the zine!

MRR: What zines are you into right now, besides *Mongrel Zine* obviously?

Janelle: *Dig It!* from France is really good, *Roctober*, *Bananas* from New York.

Bob: *Standard Issue* from Ottawa. Ugly Things of course.

MRR: Where do you see zine culture going in the future?

Janelle: I don't think it's going to change much. People have been saying that zines are going to die for 25 years and it hasn't happened yet. People are going to want to find a way to create something themselves, the do-it-yourself attitude is innate in a lot of us…putting pen to paper is so simple, so easy that it will yield good results if you do it well.

Bob: Zine culture is sticking around. I'll make sure of it while I'm around.

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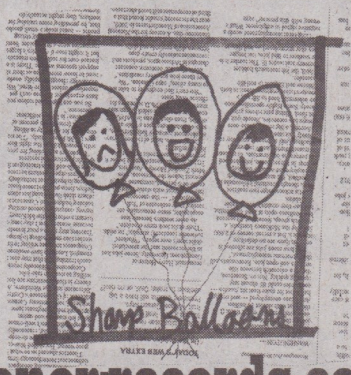

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ROYAL HEADACHE

At the time of writing the two most anticipated Australian punk records of 2011 are the debut albums from Total Control and Royal Headache. While Melbourne's Total Control take on cold wave synth punk, Sydney's Royal Headache has a punchy power pop garage sound and style, and though they differ quite drastically, both are amazing. They are absolutely brilliant live. On the eve of their US tour, which includes a spot at this year's Goner Fest, I caught up with Royal Headache at guitarist Law's house. We talk about their album released on RIP Society records, playing in Sydney, and their expectations of the upcoming US tour. Unfortunately charismatic singer Shogun couldn't make the interview.

Tim Scott

MRR: For those not familiar with Royal Headache can you tell us what you are about? You play the rock music. But why? For who?

Shortty: I'd like to think that we have always played music for our own enjoyment. We don't really think about the audience as much as just writing songs because we enjoy it. I feel we have a pretty honest approach to it. We aren't trying to play music for a certain crowd and its music that we like and it's influenced by music we have grown up listening to for years.

Law: We are about fast songs. Girls. Beer.

Joe: Beer, pizza, records, TV.

Law: Hanging out with friends.

Joe: Stuffing our faces with food. If you listen to our music you can tell that we love stuffing our faces with pizza.

Shortty: It's an outlet, too. I know over the years whenever I've not been in a band... those few months I get depressed if I'm not making music. It's an outlet. I can draw a little and stuff, but music helps balance my whole life. It's not like if I'm not playing music I can't talk to people (ha), but it's a big part of my life and it has been for a long time.

MRR: On the mix you made for the Rose Quartz blog you had the Marked Men, the Haskels, the Replacements and Thin Lizzy. Would they be a good indicator for where you are coming from musically?

Shortty: I really don't like talking about influences too much to tell you the truth. What do you guys think?

Joe: I don't think the Replacements or Thin Lizzy have much of a place in the Royal Headache sound. That's just what I listen to.

Shortty: I think we've come to the point where we just write songs that come out of us, that come out of Shogun. We are not trying too hard. Certain things or general genres you can hear, but I don't think we are trying to sound like any particular band.

Joe: We are kind of an older band now. Initially when you start you have to have reference points. But we have now grown to a point where this is the music that we make when we get together. The only thing I can say about those four bands is that they all have the same emotional core where everything is manic and heart on sleeve. All four have a complete honesty about them which I think is translated in Royal Headache and that is something which would have attracted us to them in the first place.

Shortty: Basically, with a lot of music I feel that good songs are not enough. I have to believe in a band and where they are coming from. Obviously I don't know the people in those bands mentioned, but you get a vibe or understanding on what they do or did is true. It comes down to that emotional honesty that Joe was talking about. I'm not really into gimmicky or joke bands. Sure we have an element of fun and stuff, but I feel that there is also an emotional rawness which is integral to our sound. Particularly with Shogun, too. It's a pity he is not here.

MRR: You have all been in other bands before with varying degrees of longevity, but most of them on the short side. At what point did you realize that Royal Headache was going to be an ongoing "let's tour the States" kind of band?

Shortty: I don't think we ever did. It just

kind of happened. (haha)

Joe: Shortty finally found an opportunity to tour America! (haha)

Shortty: I still don't think it's actually going to happen (more laughter). Something is going to stuff up and it's not going to happen.

Law:I don't think we ever thought it would get to this point. I remember when we started it was more like, "Hey let's punch out some 7"s."

Shortty: It was like, "Hey guess what? We got a gig with Straight Arrows-woo hoo!" (laughter) It was a big deal. I remember it was our fourth show at Repressed and we were like, "Oh we've done it all now. There's nothing really more to do." (laughter) We've also slowed the pace down to something we are more comfortable with over the last year. It's now more manageable. How do you feel Joe? Do you feel more comfortable now that we don't play as often and do it at our own pace? It felt for a while that we were playing lots of shows and it was getting out of our control.

Joe: Yeah totally. There was a stage when it wasn't that fun to play. Playing shitty shows with shitty bands that you didn't really dig. Supports for US hype bands.

Shortty: Yeah, we are not going to name any bands, but the best shows are your own shows when you are playing with your mates bands—it's like a party.

Joe: Yeah it got to a point where we were playing "business" shows rather than fun shows. There're tour managers and everything has to be like "this" or like "that." "You can't go here," or "you can't go there."

Shortty: Yeah, you are playing but the way they treat you, it actually seems like you are an inconvenience. That's cool, I guess. It's like a novelty. We were used to playing people's lounge rooms, and then people asked us to do these bigger shows, and it was fun and an interesting experience, but in the end you end up thinking if it's even worth it. But it's good to experience if only to find out that it's something that you don't want.

Joe: Also there's been no reason to break up. With the old bands there was always a reason to break up. It comes to a point where it's no longer fun or no longer what you want to do. Like with the hardcore bands you guys were in, you were getting jaded.

Shortty: Yeah, I guess there's only so far you can take it, but I feel with this band we can do things the way we want. Like, we took a couple of months off and have come back to it.

Joe: We've given ourselves no boundaries. Musically there's nothing that we can't try because it's like, "Who cares?" (haha).

MRR: You will be touring the States with your best buddies the Bed Wettin' Bad Boys. Not to piss in your pockets, but you are two of the best bands in Sydney. How did you all meet and become drinking buddies?

Joe. It was through me, I guess. Nic and I went to high school together and with Ben too, in Cairns, and then we moved to Sydney.

Shortty: For American readers Cairns is in far north Queensland. What would the American equivalent be?

Joe: I don't know. It's like coming from Indiana, not even Indiana, Alabama and moving to New York.

Shortty: No Sydney's more like LA. I don't know.

Joe: Sydney is sunny like LA.

Shorrty: Melbourne is like Portland (laughter).

Law: Wouldn't Melbourne be San Francisco?

Shortty: San Francisco crossed with Portland (more laughter).

Joe: And Cairns is more like Albuquerque. Anyway, so I moved to Sydney and the Bed Wettin' Bad Boys started when we moved here. And then I guess Royal Headache started playing around and I encountered Shortty at shows.

Shortty: It was a New Year's Eve party with Straight Arrows. At Kirk Street?

Joe: No it was at Cosmo's. I was actually wasted and Bed Wettin' Bad Boys had just finished a Kiss cover set and you were telling me I needed to check out a Japanese grind band who did Kiss covers.

Shortty: Oh, yeah, that's right! What band was that? It had an acronym CSSO or something. It was released back in the late '90s.

Joe: Yeah we bonded over Kiss. I think it was a couple of weeks after that the Royal Headache MySpace page started.

Law: Yeah I remember there were some funny images on that—kids by a big lake. And we thought, "Yeah that kind of represents us."

Shortty: Through you (Joe) I mean Ben and Nic.

Joe: After that I told Ben and Nic about you and he found the MySpace page and got really excited and put you on that Repressed (Records) in-store, and then it just so happened Nic and myself convinced you guys to let me in the band. (haha)

Shortty: I think it was the best idea ever because since you joining the band I've met the best people ever. So many great friends. It's worked out so well. Drinking buddies.

MRR: Both you and Bed Wettin' Bad Boys seem to be into sports. Do you think punk and sports mix? Is punk the new jock? And I don't mean Fat Wreck bands on DVD snowboard soundtracks.

Shortty: I like basketball. I like watching it. I haven't played it for a while. I ride my bike. I love TV sports. Shogun is just not into sports at all.

Joe: I think it's an Australian thing. Growing up in Cairns there was nothing much to do anyway. I didn't have the internet until grade twelve so the only thing to do was go outside and run around and do something. I don't know why people have this weird thing about sports and music.

Shortty: Like you have to be one or the other? You either to have be a pale goth that can't like physical activity, or...

Law: I think it's like that in Sydney, but not in Melbourne. You talk about Australian Football League teams in Melbourne and everyone has a team, but in Sydney no one will support anything sport wise (laughter).

Shortty: I think it's because music in Melbourne is so across the board. There're less people into non-corporate music in Sydney and it seems many feel that sport is something "other" people do. Something barbaric people do and support. In Melbourne it seems everyone is in a band. Even if you are a Collingwood AFL player you are in a band and jam your Pete Murray covers (laughter). I don't know what I'm talking about!

Joe: Australian punk rock has always been about sport anyway. X were probably into sport! Rose Tattoo would have been on it.

Shortty: Can't you see Angry Anderson and the Tatt's rocking a Rabbitohs jersey? (laughter)

Law: He sang at an AFL Grand Final.

Shortty: Oh yeah, he was wearing those leather pants. It looked like he had let one go. There was a big bulge at the back. It was like he was getting old and incontinent. Getting "angry" in his pants.

MRR: It seems like you were always going to release the record on RIP Society but did other labels come knocking? You are probably sick of being asked questions about the amount of interest that was generated when you started, but do you feel it has died down a little now?

Joe: Maybe but we still get stupid offers. Regurgiatator want to take us out on tour.

Shortty: There was definitely some US labels who wanted to put out some 7"s, which was cool and flattering, and maybe it will happen, though it takes a while for us to get our shit together for recording.

Joe: The LP we wanted to get right...to make sure it sounded the way we thought it should. Even thought we didn't spend that much time on the actual recording of the record we spent a lot of time not making the record (laughter). We spent two days recording it and then about a year just thinking about it, then we came back and thought, "We should put it out." It just made sense that we'd put it out with Nick.

Shortty: I think there was a lot of interest and then we started to get interest from really weird places. Like non-punk places. Corporate stuff. They liked the idea of us, and maybe they'd heard a song and liked the sound, but then they saw us live and they were like, "Oh these guys are rank! This is pretty gross." But I kind of like that we weren't what they thought we'd be.

Joe: But it's not like we had a legitimate chance of getting on a major label. Remember that guy when we played that show in Bondi? Who was he?

Shortty: Oh some promoter. He was like, "Your front man Shogun is like a hero but an antihero. It's really interesting." (laughter)

Joe: Wasn't there another label guy who came up to you and said, "I'd love to sign a band like your band, but you guys wouldn't be into it would ya?"

Law: Ha ha you love it! He was the sound guy.

Joe: What?

Law: Well he was hanging out next to the sound guy. It was a fun show.

Shortty: It was. But Bondi is a weird place full of guys on steroids and girls with silicone implants

Law: Now I can't walk down Bondi without getting bashed!

Joe: Nobody in Bondi is going to read *MRR*!

Shortty: But back to the question, I'd like to think that people are still interested in this record that is coming out.

Joe: It's got to the point where we are just doing what we want for shows.

Shortty: We've always been pretty good at saying no to shows. (laughter)

Joe: There was a point when we would get asked to play with the Buzzcocks and it was like, "How can we turn that down?" You can't turn that down. Maybe we are no longer the fresh young faces of Sydney.

Shortty: It's like anything. Everyone wants something fresh and new and you have your five minutes of being that thing, but that's fine.

Joe: But as far as interest as in people coming to shows, that hasn't died at all.

Shortty: If anything because we don't play that often, so when we do play it's bit more of an event.

Joe: Plus it's easier for us. It's easier for them, too.

Shortty: Exactly. It's like a casual relationship. (laughter)

Joe: We just come in for a twenty minute quickie then leave. Sneak out

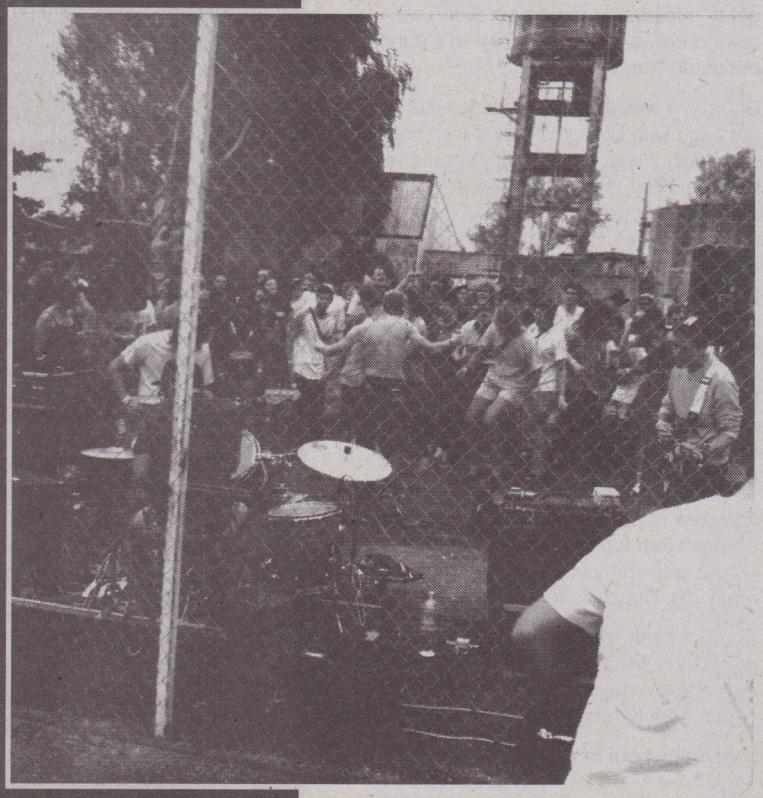
Shortty: Then people think about it for a couple of months then come back. (laughter)

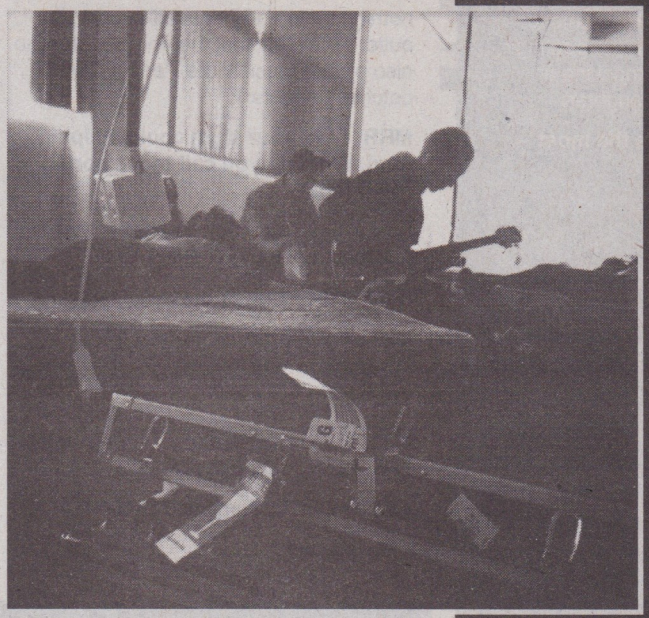
MRR: The next one was meant for Shogun. Shoges, a lot of your songs are about girls. Perhaps your most well known is called just that "Girls." Would you consider yourself a romantic-tragic or otherwise? For some reason I'm thinking either Joe or Law would be the smoothest lovers in the band.

Joe: Correct. (haha)

Shortty: Hey guys, I've got a few techniques now. Blow people's minds. (haha)

Joe: You've only got to be smooth with a girl once and that's it. Get them stuck in a relationship. Trapped. (laughter) No, but in all seriousness there's a lot more to being a smooth lover than sex. You got





to be smooth in the kitchen. You have to know how to make four different varieties of pizza.

Law: You have to know how to pick her up at midnight from the club. That's smooth.

Shortty: Yeah I know, I know how to treat a woman well. I'm a very giving person. (laughter) No, not in the way you think, but I'm that, too. When I'm in a relationship I put a lot of myself in it. I'm a nice guy. I'm not afraid to say that. (more laughter) You guys know that!

Law: Ladies of America watch out. This guy is on the prowl.

Shortty: I didn't say that! I think we should move on the next question!

MRR: While the scene in Melbourne may be bigger and more active, it seems in Sydney it's closer and more fun. Everyone seems to be friends and hang out. What do you find are the good and bad things about being in a band in Sydney?

Shorrty: There is a lack of venues for one, which is bad. It's a bit sad. I was talking to your dad Lawrence and he was involved in the Annandale which is a pretty long and established rock and roll venue for the last ten or fifteen years, and that's probably going to close down.

Joe: Probably the worst thing now is for a band trying to find avenues and places to play. It's probably not as easy as when we first started out.

Shortty: It's harder now? In what way?

Joe: I think so. You have a couple of places that are entry points, but there aren't many. Like the warehouses are now closed. When we started they were still going. There were places like Louie's and Maggotville. Now you are kind of relying on Blackwire and in-stores at Repressed.

Shortty: I would have to say that some of my best friends are from Sydney and in Sydney bands. It's just a bunch of people that hang out. It's not some "musical community" although that's what it may look like from the outside. It's really just a bunch of friends.

Joe: And everyone is out there trying to find good shows and places to play. It's supportive. Everyone is 100% into trying to make things happen.

Shortty: I get the idea that Melbourne is a lot more competitive and maybe in some aspects a bit more cliquey compared to here. Which is cool. Maybe it has more career musicians who want to make it. Not "make it," but leave some kind of legacy or something. It's a music town.

Joe: Maybe because Melbourne has so many more bands so it's harder to get shows so people have to make alliances or whatever. In Sydney it's more like, "You're in a band? Cool let's hang out." Sydney is getting really good again. There are a bunch of bands who are starting, but there was a period there where it was the same six or seven bands.

Shortty: It's probably the same people, but they are doing newer stuff and there's a few new people coming in, too.

Joe: I think that one of the hardest things in Sydney is finding new people. Or finding new people who haven't' been in bands. There seems to be a lot more people that are hip to some sort of punk thing in Melbourne.

Shortty: People in Melbourne know all the right obscure reference points. I don't know. But the Sydney to Melbourne comparison is such a worn out discussion. I've got lots of friends in Melbourne and I love my friends in Sydney, too.

MRR: Some of the songs on the album such as "Psychotic Episode" and "Honey Joy" have been in your live set for a while. Have they changed much on the new record to how people would know them live? I know "Honey Joy" now has keys.

Shortty: That was a bit of a last minute thing to chuck the keys on there. I think Shogun was trying to hide his vocals (ha).

Law: We did it once live though.

Shorrty: That was at a party. I think the songs are pretty similar.

Joe: It was recorded a year and a half ago so basically I don't know. Nothing has changed. We don't fuck around with the songs. There's no point. We write short pop songs. There's not much we can do besides arrangement that can change them a lot. It's one guitar and one bass and it's not like we can get crazy and…

Shortty: Chuck in a pan flute.

Law: (haha) That's what "Honey Joy" needed, a pan flute!

Shortty: I reckon just Pan with his hairy legs and goat-like body.

Law: A jug!

Joe: Did you know the Angels started as a jug band? A real jug band, with jug and washboards and shit.

Shortty: Did they play in pubs? Weren't they a pub rock band?

Joe: Yeah they were from Adelaide and that was their thing.

Law: Really? I want to hear those first records.

Shortty: All you need is "Dogs Are Talking."

Joe: I'm pretty sure they were from Adelaide. That's what Nic (Warnock, Bed Wettin' Bad Boys, RIP Society Records) told me. He is getting it all from Murray Engleheart and his book *Blood, Sweat and Beers.* But to get back to the question, basically we have always been a punk band and there's never been a point to go into a studio and start layering guitars or stuff.

Shortty: To me the songs are two and a half minutes.

Joe: Not even two and a half minutes...the whole point is that the songs are raw, so there's no point in trying to dress them up as something that they aren't.

MRR: So you are touring the States in September. What are you guys looking forward to the most?

Shortty: Well, you guys just watched *Man vs Food* last night, so I guess you are keen on eating contests. Everyone raves about the burritos in the Mission, so I'm looking forward to trying some of them. I also want to go to New York and eat a bagel with cream cheese. It sounds great for breakfast.

Law: I'm going to have a hot dog.

Shortty: For breakfast?

Law: Why not? Buy if off a vendor.

Shortty: I'm just excited to be going to the States full stop. I've been there once before, but that was only Texas. I'm looking forward to going to New York, San Francisco, Chicago. That sounds just so exciting in itself. I feel so far away from them.

Joe: It's all about exploiting our good

economically strong Aussie dollar (haha). That's the whole reason we started this band for one day when the Aussie dollar was strong we could go over there and buy all of the records we want for cheap.

Shortty: Eat so many bagels.

Joe: Stock up on all you can eat $1 buffets.

Shortty: Sit in some diner drinking coffee after coffee writing notes how you feel like a cockroach and how the sun is blaring on your back.

MRR: You got to sit in coffeehouses writing blogs on you laptop now

Shortty: Right so pen and paper is not needed now

Law: Write on your tablet.

Joe: We are going to catch some baseball games as well!

MRR: Royal Headache, Deaf Wish, Kitchens Floor, Straight Arrows and a shitload of rowdy Aussie's are descending upon Goner Fest this year. Can you explain the Goner/Aussie band love tryst? Who are you looking forward to seeing the most at Goner?

Shortty: The Gories man! That's going to be fun. I want to see this one band from Minneapolis called the Real Numbers. They are kind of '70s UK sounding and they sound really good. The dude Eli is another band called Cozy who we are playing with.

Joe: I looked at the Goner lineup and there's a whole bunch of stuff I've never heard of. But I'm looking forward to discovering some new bands.

Shortty: I guess the Australian Goner thing started with Eddy Current because they put them out and I think years ago when Mikey (Young) used to work at Corduroy Records I think he and Richard Stanley knew the Goner dudes. And I'm assuming there were ties with Goner through Dropkick records and stuff. More recently Eddy Current, UV Race, blah blah blah.

Joe. Basically we are going to waltz in there riding on coattails after everyone has done the hard work. We are going to go in there, put on some real good Aussie accents, wear some Akubras with corks (laughter).

Shortty: I'm pretty much going to look like Mick Dundee with a big blade and a crocodile skin vest.

Joe: I'm going for a more Yahoo Serious look (laughter).

Shortty: Shogun is going to look like Chopper (more laughter). And Lawrence? What is another Aussie icon?

Joe: Just dress as a kangaroo and a koala combined.

Law: I should buy a kangaroo costume.

Joe: Did Nic tell you what he wants to paint on the side of the tour van? He wants to draw a giant mural of a kangaroo beating up Fonzie. Boxing him and knocking a milkshake out of his hand. (laughter)

MRR: Shortty, do you have the most unpunk job in the band?

Shortty: What's a punk job?

Law: Being on the dole?

Joe: A punk job is no job.

Shortty: I don't have to wear a tie or anything, but I work for the city council as a planner. I've been doing it for like five years now.

Joe: You are the system.

Shortty: I am the system, I am the enemy. I am the man. Ha. Nah. it's actually pretty cool. It pays the rent. It's flexible. The good thing is that I'm getting paid the whole time I'm on tour which is pretty nice.

Law: No shit! Drinks are on you for the whole tour (laughter).

Shortty: When I first started working full time I was living at Maggotville which is a punk warehouse and I was really self conscious about it and I was thinking, "What am I doing? I'm selling my soul!" This was five years ago, but then I realized you don't have to compromise all your ideals just because you are working. It's not like you all of a sudden become like Rupert Murdoch. And my job is not ethically dodgy. It's a public sector job where money is not the be all and end all.

MRR: Joe, you used to be in a Napalm Death cover band, Napalm Breath. Are they still going?

Joe: Haha. I've jokingly said that they are still playing with no original members. Kind of like Napalm Death. Are they still playing?

Shortty: Yeah, they are still putting out records. The singer sang on an Extortion record.

Joe: Are you serious? You can't kill those songs. I was only in the band for one practice. It was my idea to start the band. Actually, I was there for two practices. After the second practice I realized that they were all into Tool and shit, so I was like...

Shortty: That's always a good reason to leave a room (laughter).

Joe: I had my suspicions when on the first jam I turned up and the bass player had a whole pedal board for his bass.

Law: I've been there before!

Joe: I was living in semi-rural Queensland and there was nothing to do and I needed a musical outlet except for that the only people who also played music wore Perfect Circle patches (laughter).

MRR: Law, your Mum cooks Filipino food. What do you call those spring roll things?

Law: I'm not sure how to answer that question. Let me go get my Mum.

(Law takes recorder out to his mum)

Law: Hey Mum we are doing this interview for a magazine. What do you call those pastry spring rolls?

Law's mum: Pastries?

Law: Pastry spring rolls?

Law's mum: Oh lumpia. L-U-M-P-I-A

Law: Thanks

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ed nasty and the dopeds

By Collin Makamson

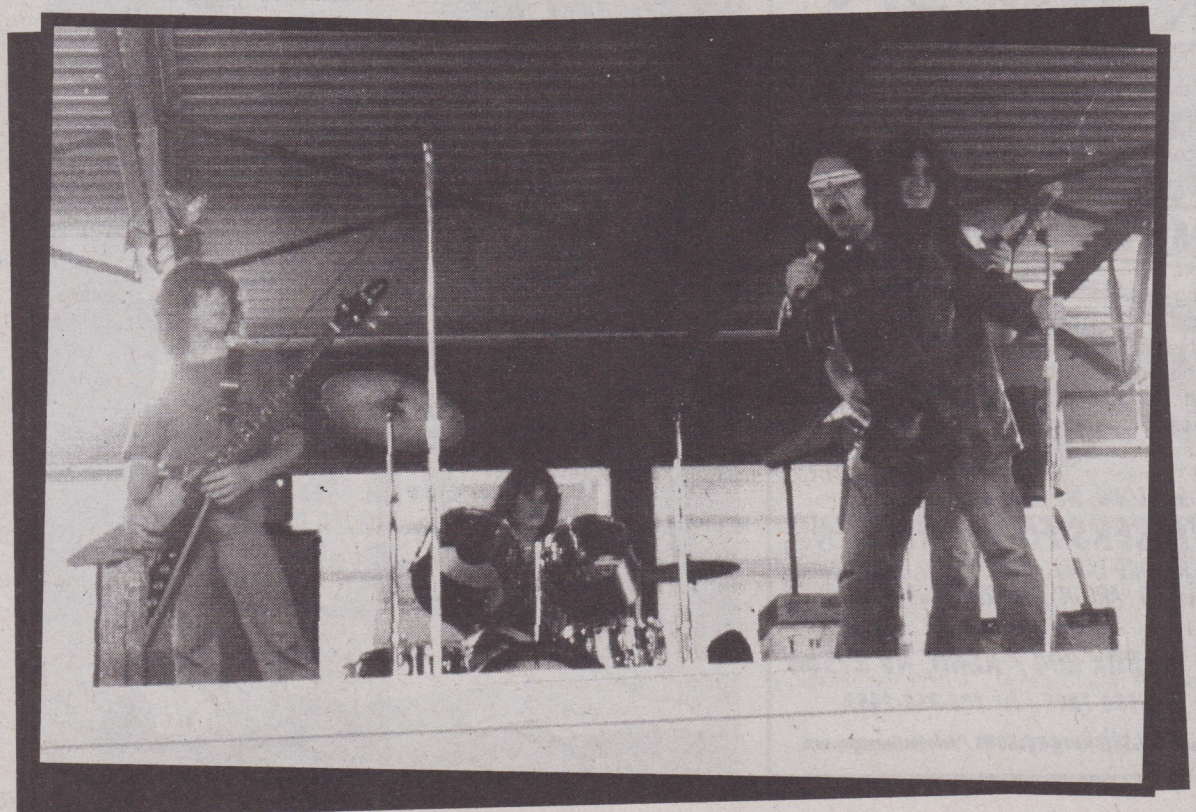
With conditions favorable for the existence of nothing save sprawl and Brett Favre's massive lawn, the University of Southern Mississippi and the city of Hattiesburg in every way embody a cultureless, backwater dump. All of which makes the brief flowering and cheaply recorded clatter of a bunch of bored USM students and heavy metal cover band drop-outs calling themselves Ed Nasty and the Dopeds that much more compelling. Inexplicable too, as the Dopeds' lone single in nearly every respect personifies the type of blurry, inscrutable and ridiculously lo-fi invective that keep punk rock collectors in a fit of constant cold call sweats and craigslist consternation. Now, thanks to a timely reissue on Last Laugh records (no tapes), the ears of everyman can thrill to the sounds of Hattiesburg's finest. Also now, thanks to this less than timely interview, the true story of The Leaders Of The Punk Rock Movement can finally be told!

The man who would become Nasty was born Ed Inman in Jackson, Mississippi in October, 1957 to a perfectly stable pair of working professionals (dad—attorney, mom— arts administrator). Of solidly upper middle-class extraction, Inman grew up unmusical and not terribly enamored of the sounds and styles of the early to mid-'70s. "Jackson had its own AOR (or Adult Oriented Rock) FM station called WZZQ that began in the late '60s and was formatted like a hundred other FM rock stations across the country. 'Big' concerts ranged from Alice Cooper to Dan Fogelberg. The Grateful Dead even played Jackson once. At the local bars it was more heavy metal cover bands." More on that later.

Fast forward from then to 1977: Enter the inseminating cultural accelerant of punk rock and the Sex Pistols. Like so many others caught in the wake of the Pistols' abortive southern snail-trail, Inman was intrigued. "Seeing the Sex Pistols certainly had some influence. Mainstream rock had gotten pretty sophisticated and mellow along the lines of Steely Dan, etc. in the late '70s, which was fine, but I saw punk as taking music back to something simpler and more raw—something that a teenager could actually do in his or her garage." So, the future *wunderkind* behind a Top Ten punk collectible started doing what? He started collecting punk records; buying anything he could lay his hands on: Ramones, Runaways, Talking Heads, Blondie, Richard Hell, Television, and, of course, the Sex Pistols. Ed even attempted to take the punk message to the airwaves, hosting a new wave-centric radio show on college station WGDR during a semester spent at Goddard college in Vermont in 1977 and—in perhaps a foreshadowing of the roaring silence which would accompany the Dopeds' singular vinyl bow—saw his efforts sadly translate into something less than spontaneous teenage combustion.

Back southwards at Southern; spring of '78: Ed taps some childhood buddies to assist in breathing life into a rather unlikely-named project. From whence did the name —one of punk rock's all-time greatest—originate, Ed? "I just made it up." And what were the goals of the group: The abolition of squares, the overthrow of society, dope guns and fucking in the street? "Just something to do for entertainment." However simple this masthead manifesto may read to some, it is one guaranteed to resonate within the innards of any student, then or now, unlucky enough to have matriculated to within USM's interminable confines.

And now Ed needs a band. Remember the cover bands from earlier? Well, just as the embryonic Clash, Boys and Generation X sprung from the shared gene-pool of the London SS, Jackson, Mississippi in the late '70s was having a hesher riot of its own!



Ed: "The Dopeds was just a side-project…the other guys played together in a rock band called The SS."

SS and Dopeds guitarist, Thom Eason: "[Playing in the Dopeds] was and still is one of the proudest moments of my life! The Jackson, Mississippi "music scene" was pretty cliquish and because we were younger than everyone (median age was late teens, 17–21) and were in a metal cover band, we were never accepted into the scene. Of course, it wouldn't have happened, but for the efforts of Ed, and we were just "session musicians" (speaking of not getting paid!), but we all had a good time."

Jackson's loss would ultimately prove to be Hat-

Reviewer hates punk rock era of '70's music

By Rebecca Howell

Punk rock seems to be to the '70s what rock 'n' roll was to the '50s. Let's hope punk doesn't stick around as long.

The music is the last thing that "punkers" are concerned with. Punk bands spend most of their energy and time with building up a tremendous image dealing with sex and violence. They dress up in outlandish stage clothes — which they even wear off-stage — and will perform any kind of lewd act on stage that they can think of. After all, that's entertainment.

As far as the musically-artistic ability of the "punk-ers" is concerned, it's nonexistant or at least not displayed. But the music is very loud to compensate for the lack of talent. Most of the words to the songs are unintelligible, such as "We Are Men" by Devo, "Liar" by the Sex Pistols and "You Sucker" by Ed Nasty and the Dopeds.

All in all, punk rock seems to be following on the heels of disco, and is aimed at the younger (14-15 year old) generation.

With a little luck, maybe it will go away.

(Editor's note: Ed Nasty and the Dopeds is a group formed by a former USM student.)

tiesburg's gain as Ed drafted in the entire, sprawling line-up of The SS—Thom Eason, Chris Hall, Wayne McDowell, Scott Graham, Evan Bradford, Dewitt Deweesee, Real Maxwell, Boyd Edwards and Bill Ballar—to become the inchoate Dopeds (and don't bother calling any of them because they don't have any original copies of the picture-sleeve either!).

"We practiced some…I can't say a lot," says Inman apologetically. However, for the man who was so loudly to proclaim that he was gonna be everything, his blanket statement strangely did not cover being a natural performer.

Take it Thom: "Ed was a reticent star—it usually took a good amount of prodding to get him up on stage, but once he put the specs on, he *was* Ed Nasty!"

This lack of experience and aversion to the spotlight might have proved disastrous for a more crassly commercial-minded band. Luckily, The Dopeds just took it in stride, continued to hone their craft and played out live only *three times* during the course of the band's lifetime; one of which was a truly life-changing experience.

Ed and Thom tag-team; Thom's your legal man: "We did at least three live gigs that I can remember. One at the Universalist Church and two Town Creek appearances."

Quick-tag, Ed's in: "Oh man, I had nearly forgotten about the church show. I think I still have one of the tickets we printed for that. I remember doing the Punk Rock worship service there too. The 'Order of Hymns' included "Beat On The Brat!" The minister, Gordon Gibson, was definitely pretty tolerant to let us get away with all that!"

Toughened-up from their tour on the ecclesiastical live circuit, it was now time for the Dopeds' date with long-promised destiny: Time to make a record!

Ed can tell it best: "We recorded the tracks mono with one mic in the attic of a warehouse where the band practiced, then went back to my house and dubbed in the vocals. Pressed 1000 records at United in Nashville; Sex-o was my label name. Seems like we paid around $300 for the records…can't remember exactly."

Now, dear reader, if you have never personally enjoyed the distinct American privilege of hearing or beholding the single by Ed Nasty & The Dopeds—live at full blast—then this humble description could make their lone recording sound as if it's just any other record. And it is just any other record; just any other record that also happens to be light-years beyond almost any other record on the planet. Not to overstate this particular platter's near-infinite graces, but both sides of the Dopeds' single play almost as a clinic on how to get everything right on a punk record. Needle in groove, your ears hear dulcet tones and thoughtful lyrics ("but you're gonna die, you're gonna die, and I'll meet you in hell!"), musical economy and precise instrumental interplay (two chords instead of three, stopping and starting mostly at the same time). Record in hand, your eyes see distinct quality controls and attention to detail (band name spelled correctly on both label and sleeve), savvy brand marketing and dedication to a core audience ("FOR THE VERY BEST IN MUSIC BUY ONLY SEX-O RECORDS"), helpful hints to enrich the listening experience ("for best results play only at full volume. Can be played at 45 or 33 or 78"). And, if you're like 99% of the scum lucky enough to count among your worldly possessions an original copy of Sex-o vinyl, the picture sleeve you have hard-filed in your firebox is likely a Xerox.

Ed weighs in on this, the meatiest of picked-bones within the Dopeds' oeuvre (which anyone with a non-inflatable girlfriend can quite rightly gloss over). "Originally all the records had sleeves…some later did not. The pink offset printed one was the original. White ones were photocopied and done later, long after the originals were lost." Scintillating, I know.

Surprisingly, Sex-o Records did not become the next Peavey Electronics, with none of its executives being honored with a star on the Hollywood Rock Walk of Fame and none of its stockholders being enabled to hob-nob in the Rose Garden with George Bush number two. Its one offering went largely unnoticed by Deep South territory tastemakers or, if reviewed at all, was hostilely (and oftentimes hilariously) received and completely misunderstood; as is the case with the band's only known contemporaneous review coming courtesy from some bimbo at the awful and still extant USM college newspaper, the *Student Printz*. "Punk bands spend most of their energy and time with building up a tremendous image dealing with sex and violence. They dress up in outlandish stage clothes—which they even wear off-stage—and will perform any kind of lewd act on strange that they can think of." Hey, maybe Rebecca was a closet fan after all!

Dénouement. As is so often the case with punk and garage bands, with their single recorded and no live dates on the horizon, the participants found they had little time or energy left to commit to the paying of their summertime dues.

Ed again: "The whole thing was just a diversion, a project, nothing particularly meaningful resulted from it except that some local bands have over the years still played our songs in tribute…we had the records in local record stores; hardly a big seller though. We probably gave away as many as we sold….no official breakup ever that I remember…more that I just drifted into different projects…" And so, the Dopeds' saga ended, with the majority of membership returning to their pube-stache and pitcher's sleeve Camero rock roots in The SS and Ed going back to school. The SS would grind on, tripping Jack Daniels, well into the '80s, long after Inman thought the memory of his alter-ego would have faded from view...and you can pretty much write the story from here.

Rescued from undue obscurity by virtue of its inclusion on *Killed By Death #7* and *Back To Front #6*, the Dopeds, twenty years after they had ceased to exist as a band, suddenly became the focus of a tumult of attention (at least in the world of collectors). When asked about his reaction to his freshly-minted star status within the twilight kingdom of posthumous punk, Ed had this to say. "I guess I first heard the comps in the early '90s. I'm amused and flattered…still waiting on a royalty check though." Don't rule out a comeback either; Ed and most of the Dopeds are still in touch with Ed most recently reprising his role as Nasty, performing both sides of the Dopeds single alongside current Jackson punks, The Overnnight Lows, at Goner Fest in 2007. What about it, Ed baby? "Never say never."

Possibly the greatest part-time punks Mississippi has ever known can finally now be freed from the scribbled bondage of grease-smeared want-lists and couture Kugelberg supper-clubs. The legend of Ed Nasty will never be extinguished, but rather continue to smolder on as inspiration to fellow sad-sacks stuck out in the Styx. Shine on you crazy Doped…

BLACK MAMBA BEAT TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA

by MR STIX

This wasn't a tour per se; it was a few shows organized around trips visiting family. So there weren't many long drives and humorous anecdotes with local mutants. It was a chance for some friends to see what we, as BLACK MAMBA BEAT, have been doing and more importantly to see what's going down in the South African 'scene' and maybe turn some people on to our sound.

Day 1: Shiva's - Pretoria

Now even though as mentioned it wasn't a tour per se, it started of like most tours "complications." We were able to rehearse at my friend's parents' house. There was a drum kit to play, six guitars to choose from but no bass! So our first rehearsal, after three weeks, consisted of myself on my guitar and the bass player playing one of the six guitars through a bass amp but it was all good and we sounded tight. So after some beers and catching up with my surrogate Jo'burg family we "hit the jol" (went to the gig / party).

Shiva's was the name of the venue and I was suitably juiced. The amount of people was adequate and the stage small. Perfect Mamba territory. There were what seemed like the usual suspects of punx and rockers at typically suburban venue with the obligatory huge bar, tables and chairs and pool tables. We played with local post-hardcore/metal punk types, Tweede Van Regs ("second from the right," translated from Afrikaans) who rocked out in their native tongue mostly, they started with a cover of a song by another local, well known (a few years back?) band called Fokofpolisiekar (Fuck Off Police Car, duh). After shots of Jager and tequila shot we hit the stage and were ready to break the line (the line between stage and people), so we did our best to provide some entertainment and shenanigans. This went down well and the crowd was rocking towards the end, especially when we pulled CCR's "Proud Mary" out the bag. Another local band Liberty Valance followed with more chugga chugga hxc riffs with a '90s posi-core vibe. All in all a success and one to remember.

The Black Dahlia - Johannesburg:

This show, was like many shows, it was very 50/50 as to if people would turn up or not. It was on a Tuesday in the middle of Boksburg and hard to find. It wasn't looking good and wasn't very full, by this time of year (mid-Dec) most landlocked lubbers tend to hit the seaside for holidays, including punx. One good thing, backline was awesome, the venue was fucken huge and the sound lady cool, however there was hardly anyone there! So it was a good rehearsal before our Durban shows. We played with one other band, called The Vendetta Cartel who had gone more nu-metal than punk, they had previously been one of the most popular hxc/punk bands South Africa had to offer though only having one remaining original member, singer, Vinnie. After the show we partied with our friends Geoff and Marianne and stayed awake (all bar a rat) for the flight to Durban at 6am. As we waited for the Durban flight this felt a lot like a tour-sleep deprivation, drunk and delirium ensued, which was fun but only for half an hour.

Durban, Kwa-Zulu Natal (Mamba Mother City):

We arrived in my hometown around 7am and were picked up by my mom, due to sleep deprivation conversation was limited and we got back to my house and dossed (slept) hard.

We awoke feeling kind of refreshed and dropped off at the venue my parents. This show was at the legendary Hotel Winston. A place that has been going for years and where I played my first ever gig at age fourteen.

Of coarse I'm bias to my hometown, but as soon as we walked in the vibe was awesome. People asking about the bands, cheap quarts (large beers kind of like 40s) and entertaining metalheads who still lived at home. Whose nuggets of conversational genius went like this:

One metalhead to another: "Guess what I'm getting?"
Other metalhead: "New pedal?"
1st metaller: "No."
2nd metaller: "New amp?"
1st metaller: "No."
2nd metaller: "New house?"
1st metaller: "No."
2nd metaller: "New room?"
1st metaller: "No." ..... "New lip ring!!"

It kind of reminded me of when Black Time played Nebraska and I was outside in the parking lot drinking whisky and listening to Metallica's "Master Of Puppets" album. Similar vibe but better.

The first band that played was Fruits & Veggies, man, what a ramshackle bunch. We met the bass

Car Boot Press

Fruits and Veggies

player "Lupe" (Loopy?) prior to the show, a true character/waster. They played a weird mix of ska, reggae, afro styles, this is a bit of a shitty description but they're a highly awesome live band. The kind of band that will play whenever as long as the beer is cold or as long as there is beer! Afterwards we hit the stage and it was an awesome gig amongst friends and with the Durban humidity, shirts were off instantly. Despite the beer bellies and stinkin' pits, the crowd stayed, so one could surmise, we ruled.

After us were Car Boot Vendors, another great Durban band led by brother Matt AKA "The Beard," who helped organize this gig and his band mate "Skollie" who organizes these nights known as "skollie jol"(in the pic Skollie has the specs, the Beard has a hat). They played some cool anthemic folk-punk jams with loads of jumps and beer fueled fever, they ended with a cover of Against Me!'s "Sink, Florida, Sink," which had the arms/beers raised and dudes hollering. This rounded off an awesome night and further reinstated my observations that Johannesburg is like LA-it's where the money and gear is, but is very cliquey and full of small groups, where as Durban is more like SF, way more mellow and people are more down to party. In a nutshell the Durban kids are alright.

Our final show was another one organized by brother Matt AKA "The Beard" on a whim. It was to be in the centre of town in a small dive called Jameson's Bar. Now as an aside you gotta understand that the center of town is quite dodgy, it rides a fine line between first and third world, truly African but pretty dangerous at the same time. Needless to say I was apprehensive when my mom dropped us off for the gig. We got no hassle even though I felt very white, with my guitar case screaming steal me.

The venue was fucking rad, it was a tiny bar filled with some old ballies (older people, 35 upwards), young punks and music fans. The set up was super DIY, a drum-kit, PA and guitar amp with most other stuff including bass getting D.I.ed. This wasn't fucking Vampire Weekend in Brooklyn, this was Central Durban, no pretense here just some quarts, (equivalent to 40oz) and a jol (Party!).

Fruits & Veggies played first providing more entertaining slop jams, beer riffs, marijuana bass. Afterwards we played another great Durban show and ended with "Proud Mary" and "Teenage Werewolf," I hope Lux was proud. The Midwest Monster was in Durban.

After the show we took a picture outside one of Durban's central statues, for some reason a car guard (a person who watches your car in exchange for money) decided to sit down in front of us completing one of the best Mamba band pics (see picture) After this we went to a skate contest, where we knew the judges so we got some free food and beer (we were like the punk rock Kardashians), then headed to a club and partied the night away.

In conclusion South Africa is a great place to play and there is definitely a scene in place to help you out and good bands emerging. The main cost is your flight and anyone looking to go on holiday and play some shows that is definitely the way to go, beer is cheap, great food and good vibes. For those of you wanting to know about the "Great elephant in the room," Apartheid, no two ways about it it's still there and rears it's ugly head in many places, but to be honest seeing the youth being way more integrated than when we were growing up and people seem to be way more color blind. People of our age group and upwards especially are still prone to unPC statements which sux but I see positive changes happening. Which is more than can be said for both London and parts of the USA visited.

Big thanks to the following:
To T for sorting out alot of stuff and seeing this idea through to reality and always answering my many questions.
To the beard and the skollie jol crew for helping with gigs and awesome vibes
To Fruits and Veggies (Durban is safe in your hands)
To Shaun for organising us in Joburg.
To the Strodls (Ray and Carol) for showing us a great pre gig party and putting us up.
Big thanks to Geoff (super macdaddy no2) and Marianne for supporting our gigs in Pretoria and Joburg, supplying lifts laughs and beers.
Lastly to the old heads who turned up supported and shared nostalgia with
Ken-Rae and Kirst, Warren "larry" Deyes, Budgie, Danny, Sarah Anderson, Snoop, Byron (for organizing my guitar)

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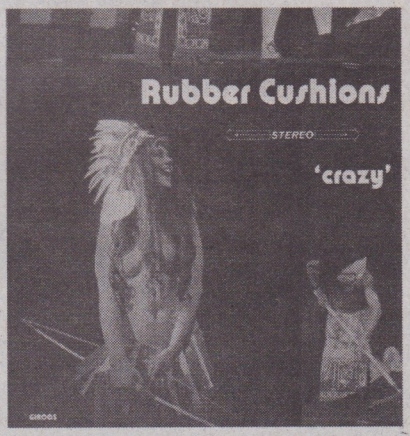

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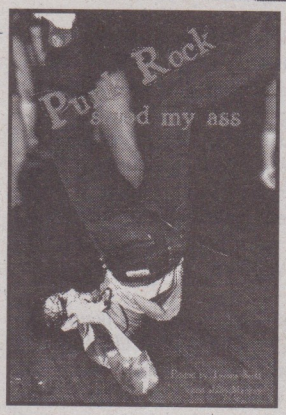


Punk Rock Saved My Ass
Edited by Terena Scott & Jane Mackay
148 pages • $10.00
Medusa's Muse
PO Box 1021
Ukiah, CA 95382
www.medusasmuse.com

This is a collection of true-life prose and poetry about how people found punk across the past few decades. More than two dozen people contribute their "How I discovered punk" story, and that's about it, minus a handful of photos of punks and bands.

Everyone reading this magazine has his or her own version of this story. By definition, our own personal discovery story is the most meaningful one to us. The experience is a defining moment in our lives, and is bound up in our ego and our sense of self. This personal narrative is a hugely important part of the bedrock of our identity as a human being struggling against society's smothering sameness.

The uniqueness of this experience is why this book is practically unreadable. I'll be blunt: only the stories of my friends, loved ones, and musical heroes interest me. Their discovery of punk adds more to my understanding of where they came from and adds to my appreciation of how far they've come since that discovery. The details of their pre-punk lives fill in gaps in their personal and artistic foundations for me.

That vital bit of context–any sort of personal connection–is pretty much absent for me here and probably pretty much absent for 99% of you reading this review. There are two musicians/writers who I've heard of in this book: Jennifer Blowdryer and Michael Dean (from the S.F. band BOMB, not the Mike Dean from COC). Look, I am always interested in what Jennifer has to say, but there are a lot more informative places to read her writing (including her books on Manic D Press and Soft Skull Press, and her columns in back issues of *MRR*). Reading an update from Michael about what he's doing nowadays was interesting but not worth the $10 I would've paid for this book in a store. Neither of these contributions added to my understanding of their art & music. I'm almost positive that another couple of contributors to *Punk Rock Saved My Ass* mention an old friend of mine in their stories, but again, it adds nothing that I haven't heard directly and in more detail from my friend in person—if it's even the same person that they're talking about. I have no personal connection or musical connection to any of the other two dozen contributors. I'm sure some of them are wonderful, creative people and I'm missing out, but where's the hook that makes me value their stories? Just because they found punk doesn't mean the reader owes them extra respect. Welcome to the club, it's a pretty big one at this point.

It's unclear whom this book is for. Grizzled veterans have heard it all from people they actually know and may even care about, not to mention that they have already gone through this themselves and told and re-told the story to friends and enemies alike. Newly minted punks are in the midst of their own deflowering ritual. They're busy breathing each breath of air like it's a new taste, and living each day as if they'd just been spit out of their mother's cunt. The only possible thing these stories could lend a newbie is the sense that what they're going through has been successfully survived, and that others have made great art, music, and sometimes even improved society after finding punk and the DIY underground. But I call bullshit on that too: if they can find this book in a bookstore or on-line, or are reading this issue of *Maximumrocknroll,* or can comprehend that there are punk bands that have been playing for three decades, *then they already know this.*

The stories are generally well written and it's not the contributors' fault that each page is literary pain for the reader. I believe that the entire concept of the book is to blame. The introduction, written by one of the editors, begins with the following two sentences: "This is not another book romanticizing or denigrating punk rock. Nor do I claim to understand, or even be, punk." If I didn't have to review this book for *MRR*, I would've put the book back on the shelf at this point. If the editor doesn't even understand the key concept of the entire book, the thing that links all of the following narratives together, why should the reader bother reading another word? And then if she doesn't think she represents or otherwise relates to the primary concept… Well, thankfully a few paragraphs later we learn that yes, she loves the music and would probably classify herself as a "hippie-punk" and not an unhyphenated "punk." Fine by me, we all have our sub-sub-sub genres we claim, right?

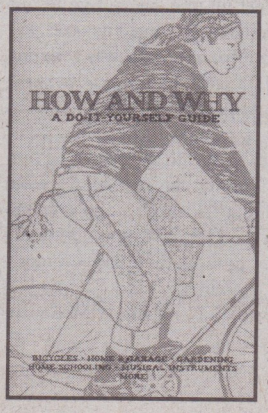
She ends the introduction this way: "This book is about how punk can inspire. Some of the stories are tragic, some funny. Some will make you wonder if punk did anything for the writer at all, or doubt whether they even are punk… All celebrate one thing: the passionate, raw, creative, powerful force that is Punk." The problem is that these stories don't really describe a lot of things that resulted from these writers discovering punk. These narratives are primarily about their discovery of punk, and that's it. If what the writers accomplished once they discovered the underground is mentioned, it is mentioned in passing. It's as if the editors are content to present the reader with stories of discovery and that's it. Two dozen people found punk–so what? These stories don't inspire the reader to break down the walls or start screaming for change or remember to kick it over.

They don't inspire at all, frankly, unless the reader is a friend or loved one of a contributor. I mean, if I knew some of these people personally, I would be really proud that Mary or Bob or Pat had their awesome story printed for posterity, but since I don't, there's no context that distinguishes their stories from the stories of everyone we know.

I'll give an example of a "How I got into punk rock" story that is worthwhile to people outside of the protagonists' personal circle. There is an all-African American proto-punk band from Detroit called Death. In the early '70s they were a funk band, then they went to see Alice Cooper–that's right, Alice Cooper who is as safe as Kiss nowadays–and his live show changed everything for them. They then went to see Iggy Pop whenever they could and started a totally badass proto punk band. Whenever they practiced in their all-black neighborhood in Detroit, the neighbors would complain about them playing that weird, loud rock music (in a friendly way, not a hostile way). That story is striking for a lot of reasons–one because they did more than Jimi Hendrix or other black rock musicians and went for a totally Stooges/Figures Of Light stripped-down proto-punk sound, pissing off their neighbors in the process. Also, it's an interesting cultural fact that at the time, Alice Cooper was a scary, groundbreaking live act.

Part of the problem with this collection is that the editors are also the publishers. Their DIY Publishing house is called Medusa's Muse and it's run out of the kitchen of one of the editors as a self-described "micro press." This project could've used an outsider who wasn't personally invested in the book. That person could've suggested ways to shape the narratives or the whole concept of this book and it probably would've been a lot more successful. I give the editors and their press a lot of credit for assembling this labor of love and organizing two dozen different contributions from across the planet. Unfortunately I cannot give them credit for releasing a good book.

—Jesse Luscious



How and Why: A Do-It-Yourself Guide
Matte Resist
175 Pages • $14.00
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www.microcosmpublishing.com

Two summers ago I was living in rural Massachusetts with a small group of friends. One afternoon we looked out from our porch at the huge overgrown front yard and decided to get some sheers. Two days later we gathered in the freshly revealed dirt, armed with shovels and hoes and got down to it. We spent the next week working in the oppressive New England heat, making rows, tearing out weeds, creating flower beds and sweeping a path from the

front door into our new garden. Over the course of that summer we continued to dig and plant there, enlisting the help of other friends, borrowing tools from neighbors. It was not uncommon to see one of my housemates out at any hour, covered in dirt and tending to the newest vegetable that had taken root. We spent the hottest months of the year feasting on kale and tomatoes—filthy, exhausted, satisfied.

This kind of experience is possibly the most powerful a group can have: we did it ourselves. Matte Resist in his book *How and Why: A Do-It-Yourself Guide,* seems to be the kind of guy that also cherishes the moments when we set ourselves to a task and find that we can in fact do new and exciting things with relatively little money and a lot of work and ingenuity.

Matte's book compiles a fairly large assortment of these projects and while impressive as his attitude and accomplishments are, nothing here seems really new. *How and Why* is pretty standard DIY zine fare, complete with tips on bike repairs, making musical instruments, buying a house and gardening. Wait—*Buying a house?* Okay, so maybe there's a few new ideas atypical of the DIY ethic but for the most part the book does what most DIY books do: it presents a project and gives instructions.

And *How and Why* does this well. Most of the projects are simple, clearly explained and, for the most part, fairly useful. There are plans for a cool little bike cart, a backyard greenhouse and musical instruments that I doubt most people will attempt. The section on gardening is especially informative and includes a great introduction to composting as well as a chart of companion plants that any devoted gardener will find useful. The illustrations are nice, the designs are novel and it's very cool to see the photos Matte and his family in action.

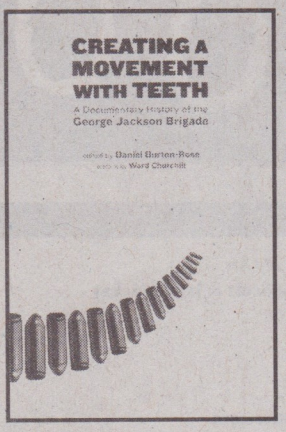
One place this book diverges from a great deal of DIY manuals comes between the various projects and information. Unlike many zines proclaiming a DIY ethic, Matte Resist attempts to delve into what he sees as the real significance of these projects. Before each section, Matte editorializes on what he sees as the underlying philosophy and impetus for a DIY lifestyle, commenting on everything from the politics of oil consumption to the alienation of the supermarket.

And here is where I get to the problems I have with this. I will preface this by saying I don't think these problems are specific to *How and Why,* but rather endemic in the DIY culture at large. Radical politics and DIY movements bound themselves together decades ago and the ideas that eschewing mindless consumption in favor of direct experience continues to be a rallying call among dissident currents. I feel a tendency to appreciate DIY culture for the wrong reasons, as though these activities were revolutionary in and of themselves, and not simply tools (and often ineffective ones) among many for creating a liberated space. Throughout many of these types of publications, a sense of spectacular self-righteousness lurks in the background: I grow my own tomatoes, I ride a bike, I compost, etc., and I am not subject to the same kinds of cultural and state oppression as those who don't do this.

What gets missed in these analyses is a greater struggle that becomes relegated to the margins. The goal of dissident movements is not a simply withdrawal from capitalism—which is impossible—but rather the transformation of society into a more egalitarian world, free from the alienation and coercion that markets force onto us. When we engage in projects like community gardens we should understand that we don't escape the systems of capitalism but at best keep one aspect of that alienation at bay; while important and satisfying, these projects aren't inherently *resistant.* Planting a carrot will not overturn the various penetrating ways a capitalist society drives, regulates and determines your everyday life. Fetishizing bicycles instead of automobiles is still fetishizing a commodity: bicycles are just a mode of transportation (albeit a better one) and not inherently revolutionary. And doing-it-yourself gets you no closer to doing-something-greater-with-others.

My summers in gardens did not release me from the slavery of a capitalist world-system and neither have my subsequent projects. Granted we had free, fresh vegetables and good memories, but we still had to get up one day and go to our shitty jobs. The landlord still wanted his rent and the state still wanted its taxes. We didn't undo alienation even if we had found a way to reconnect ourselves with one part of living. But what we did do is the real goal of DIY endeavors: we cooperated, found solutions to problems we never encountered, worked together without ever giving orders. And we got others to help. Neighbors, friends and acquaintances became quick to lend hands and materials in a collective effort to do something fun. This is what DIY should be about: laying the foundations that can be used in greater struggles, learning how real democracy works, forging friendships and creating new problems to set ourselves on. *How and Why* gives a lot of starting places for these projects, but it is really up to us, as communities, to make these projects mean something more than building bikes and cultivating gardens.

—Matthew McKenzie



Creating a Movement with Teeth: A Documentary History of the George Jackson Brigade
Edited by Daniel Burton-Rose; Preface by Ward Churchill
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"The George Jackson Brigade is the only armed group in the United States in the 1960s and '70s which apologized for one of its actions, the first Safeway bombing."

Have you heard much about the George Jackson Brigade? Starting in 1975 the group made 14 pipe bombings against state and corporate targets, pulled successful band robberies, and actually freed a jailed member. The Brigade is noteworthy in many respects, particularly as we move beyond the higher-profile and limited binary of the Black Panthers and the Weathermen.

From the author's intro:

The Brigade was both a product of its times and exceptional. In a period when the movement (anti-imperialist, prisoners' rights, feminist and queer liberation) was dividing along political, racial and gender lines, the George Jackson Brigade was striking for its diversity. Out of seven members five were queer or bisexual (according to Mead, Seidel was moving in the direction of the latter before death interrupted). Four were ex-convicts (and soon to be convicts again). Three members were women, one member black. College-educated intellectuals worked equally with underclass theoreticians. As Brown and Bertram put it in a poem published in the International Women's Day communiqué "dykes niggers cons...a collection of oppressed people turning inside out with action.

This book is a companion to Burton-Rose's other book—*Guerilla USA: the George Jackson Brigade and the Anti-Capitalist Underground of the 1970s*—which is a more in-depth and interpretive historical study. What we get here is primary source material: profiles of the members from declassified law enforcement files; stories from mainstream media; communiqués from the Brigade; and responses from the local Left, including a crucial debate on armed action. The book ends with the author's 2005 interview at the AK Press warehouse in Oakland with three Brigade veterans.

The book's organization and accessibility are to be commended. Sections are smartly arranged, and the footnotes succinct and clear. Burton-Rose contextualizes the group and their efforts but does not editorialize—"In this circle, it was considered that the corporations and state agencies culpable in perpetuating global inequality were so well known as to require no further discussion. The relevant question was what militants would do with this knowledge."

The questions and frustrations raised do not feel dated: the grind of aboveground work, the dangerous heavier-than-thou attitude of those underground, how to win public sympathy when your actions kill and injure civilians. The Brigade underwent a serious reassessment after a Safeway grocery store was not evacuated after their announcing call. The documents show the group's (and individual's) learning curve with regard to bank robbery, dealing with media and honing their targets.

The chorus of voices and styles is a strength. The letters from other Seattle groups (with equally-strident names like Stagecoach Mary Collective, Walla Walla Brothers, The John Brown Book Club, and the Vinegar Beard Collective) give a greater depth to the issues. As with better historical studies, you may close the book with a self-conscious sigh. *Has there been progress? What now?*

A larger, critical evaluation of modern U.S. armed movements has begun and *Creating a Movement with Teeth* is a welcome addition. Praise also to Josh McPhee for the clean design, making the reading itself a pleasure.

— Travis Fristoe.

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25 RIFLES – "History of Flags" EP

Guitar dominated pop punk, with noodle-y flourishes sprinkled in occasionally, and hints of emo. (I guess the old standards for that statement are either JAWBREAKER or HOT WATER MUSIC. In this case, and I feel in a good majority of the cases, I'm gonna go with HWM as my point of nearest reference). If this were it's own hardcore equivalent, one might say that it is "straight ahead" or "meat and taters," and it would not sound like a negative review. This is also not a negative review. This is a pretty standard 7". Nothing sticks with me or makes me terribly excited, but is a far shot away from bad. The only note in terms of songwriting I would give is that all of these songs are kind of repetitive. Lines and stanzas are repeated often, and it ends up feeling like this was done to pad out the length of these songs, which they don't need. This band is relatively new, and I hope to see another recording later that has little more trust in the ability of the lyrics to carry the songs. (LP)
(Snappy Little Numbers)

ADELIT@S – "No Hay Descanso" LP

Outta Portland, OR, ADELIT@S do a few things well and are able to blend these styles mostly successfully. They play fast hardcore punk—frequently dirty, driven, and desperate, sometimes triumphant. The male vocalist roars with power and the female can sing and shout. The way the two work together reminds me of ANTIPRODUCT. They add in catchy acoustic sing-a-longs, reminiscent of the MINUTEMEN and also a more-traditional Mexican (?Latin American?) style, including the *i-yi-yi*. The lyrics are sung and printed in Spanish; English translations are provided. The words reinforce the sound by being desperate, hopeful, and full of rage. I found the first side hits a little harder than the second, but thankfully they keep the record concise with only ten songs. This gatefold LP is hand-screened and 500 copies were made. Live, these kids are a revelation, and this record can't match that. Still, the fist-raising power of at least some of these tracks cannot be denied. (JM)
(Tomorrow Belongs To Us / La Societe Pue Prod / Jornalero)

AGAINST EMPIRE – "Thieves and Leeches" LP

I've known about this band for a while and caught a song or two before but this was the first time I've listened all the way through one of their records. If you are like me (or at least me a few minutes ago) and are also woefully ignorant, go check out this record, it's pretty fucking good. I can hear a strong nod to '80s hardcore in the vocalist's delivery but the band is a bruising crust outfit that is way more influenced by punk rock than metal. It's fast and makes you want to run around and mosh rather than gravely headbang, although the music has its heavy moments as well. There is also a CRUCIFIX cover on side B for the heads. (BL)
(Profane Existence)

AMBASSADOR GUN – "Promise of Rest/Dynasty"

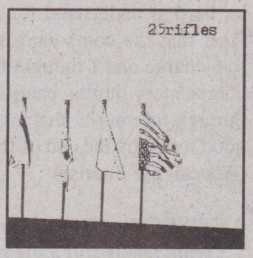
This Minneapolis three-piece sounds like dudes who have been in punk bands who are now doing death metal. This is tinged with a bit of that proggy melodic guitar lead stuff that is usually done really badly in metalcore bands, but is also done awesomely in a few crust bands. In this case it sounds fairly ripping and I am a fan. The element that I probably liked the most is the growlingly screamed vocals, which are raw and gritty but you can still catch the words if you have an ear for pissed off dudes. Both jams on the disc are for the headbangers. (BL)
(Minor Bird / Pangea)

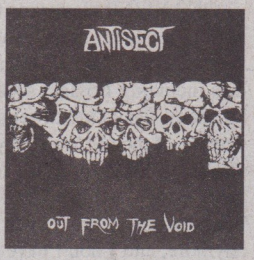
AMEBIX – "Knights of the Black Sun" 12"

I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry to everyone who's wrapped themselves so tightly in the legend of the AMEBIX and who want so badly to love the new material, but the first half of this song fucking sounds like RUSH meets EUROPE (mostly due to the incredibly cheesy synths) and the back end sounds like SPINAL TAP. This is not an issue of my being "closed-minded" or wanting the band to sound just like their old stuff, the issue is that this is a really ridiculous song that would fit much better in a mid-'80s AOR station's playlist than any punk's record collection. Everything about this, starting with the incredibly over-polished studio sound and working down to the fact that it's a one-sided 12" with a fucking etching on the back (such an efficient use of natural resources) argues against this even being classifiable as punk. Look, these three guys can do whatever they want with their band and their music and I wish them the best of luck, but this song is a turd and if this "single" is representative of the forthcoming album I can't say I have very high hopes for that either. (AU)
(Profane Existence)

A//NARCOLEPSIA / SIERVOS DE NADIE – split LP

A//NARCOLEPSIA is a hardcore band from Venezuela with a raging vocalist who takes serious charge of these tunes; her voice elevates this disc to another level of awesome. This band hides nothing when it comes to their politics, openly left and anarcho in theme. This is my first exposure to this band and I want to hear more from them. On the flipside we have





SIERVOS DE NADIE from Spain play fast hardcore with a few melodic parts here and there. Although A//NARCOLEPSIA is a dominating force on this split, both bands compliment each other well in sound, attitude, and politics. Nice effort that had many labels participating in the release of this record. (MS)
(Xuntas Pola Nestizaxe / Cabeza de Vaca / Les Nains Aussi)

ANION – "Carrion King" EP

I like it when a crust band isn't afraid to be a little weird. This Vancouver band has a solid mid-tempo metallic crust sound but they also change things up with a little hardcore and some arty sounding guitar parts, all while remaining murky and dark. I like the multiple vocal parts, they keep things fresh and varied and the bass is swampy as fuck. I had no idea what the name meant so I looked it up and it's a chemistry term that is a bit hard to understand for a caveman like me but I get that the compound in question has a negative charge and I thought that was an apt enough commentary on this band. A negative charge runs through the music, making it hard to remain in a good mood by the end of the record. (BL)
(Apocalypse Sunrise)

ANTISECT – "Out From the Void" EP

Yeah, this is still a great record. On the cutting edge of the rise of metal and crust in the UK scene, this 1985 single is one of the key influences (along with early SACRILEGE) of today's metallic loud-quiet-loud crust style. While the earlier material had a kind of plodding, one-note quality (the better to emphasize the lyrics) this single rocks quite a bit harder, with a definite MOTÖRHEAD influence apparent alongside the more stomping proto-mosh riffs. Besides reproducing the original packaging, the label has (cheekily?) included an insert containing letters from the band to the label and back regarding a dispute over royalties due. One thing's for sure, ANTISECT had some pretty amazing custom stationary. If you've ever liked a crust band, this is well worth checking out, you'll be amazing at how contemporary it sounds decades after its release. (AU)
(Antisociety)

ARCHAGATHUS / ONANIZER – split EP

ONANIZER play seven tracks of fast old school grind; shit man, heavy on the grind this month. Anyways this was co-released between three labels including Bovine, seems like a worthy return for them. They kind of remind me of a less fucked version of the old West Bay style, good stuff. ARCHAGATHUS are a lot more noisy, I've heard they are a Canadian answer to AGATHOCLES, but fuck dude I don't even know what that means anymore, and I don't have time to reacquaint myself with their body of work at the moment. This is awesome though more like old noise-core than anything else, heavily processed vocals, some almost black metal style riffing, they actually play at a more mid tempo pace, relatively speaking, with a few chaotic fast parts added in. Pretty rad shit. (AH)
(Pan Del Muerte / Coffee Grinder / Bovine)

BACK IN THE DAY – "Ramón the Living" CD

A grinding comedic thrash attack that takes musical cues from ANTHRAX, MUNICIPAL WASTE and GWAR while presenting their wares in the sample laden irreverent spirit of SPAZZ. The laughs actually detract from the relentless assault, but I don't think that BACKINTHEDAY take themselves seriously enough to mind if I get distracted by their skits and tambourines. (WN)
(Step Down)

BANNER PILOT – "Resignation Day" LP

So the first BANNER PILOT LP got remixed and reissued by Fat Wreck with two extra songs. This is my first time hearing the record in any form (just a heads up). The record in this new incarnation sounds like a pretty typical emo inflected pop punk record. The recording on this new version sounds slick and rather boring. It's all very "professional rock'n'roll," if that makes sense. The two guitars are almost completely separated stereo left and right, and the drums are achingly (in a bad way) clean. The bass drum in particular sounds like someone hitting a big thick piece of rubber. Irksome, says I. Everything is balanced and nothing dominates and there's no clipping, blah blah blah, I know a lot of you couldn't care less about that shit. So, given such things, I can't really recommend this record unless you want an overproduced HOT WATER MUSIC-esque listen. Sidebar: for kicks I dug the original release out of the archive and listened to a few tracks. They're way rougher and slightly interesting. Even the singing sounds more convincing. It's still the same schlock, but sounding more like a punk band. (LP)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

BAYONETS!!! – "Two Songs Regarding Faith Mountain" flexi

This one-sided release is over inside of three minutes. They use the time wisely, generating a bass- and drum-heavy chaotic spazzathon. They're able to build a little tension before the destruction. This is a rad dance record if you drank *way* too much coffee. From what I can hear, the lyrics are nonsensical. Imagine DOGFIGHT and VERONICA LIPGLOSS & THE EVIL EYES, sweatin', twitchy and saxophone-free, and you're in the ballpark. Pretty cool, and the packaging is nice as well. (JM)
(Revolution Winter)

THE BEATEN HEARTS – "Badlands" EP

The A-side rolls like the DICKS meets SPRINGSTEEN meets the GUN CLUB. It's a power ballad, but lacking any of the passion of the above. The B-side however manages to pack a nice little two platter combination of punk rock, rock'n'roll. One original, one a cover—"Lies" by the SAINTS, and no better a reference point. A-side thumbs down, B-side thumbs up. (SD)
(Maladroit)

BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS – "Nobody Else/ Help"

In my long tenure of reviewing I have come across so many terrible band names I could fill a book…I think this may be the worst. Jesus. Anyway our homie DX in Oz hipped us to these fellow Aussies, and aside from the name they are actually ripping. Imagine if the REPLACEMENTS were *reallllly* drunk. I mean hammered, out of it, probably get arrested, blackout drunk. That's pretty much how these sounds; super proficient hazy Minneapolis/Midwest music like HUSKER DU or DINOSAUR JR with a really drunk singer. It's pretty fuckin' ill. (TB)
(R.I.P. Society)

BLACK GOD – "Fundamental Headwalker" EP

Here we have the first release from what appears to be, for some, a fairly anticipated new band featuring a variety of Louisville, Kentucky folks who've served in ENDPOINT, COLISEUM, BLACK CROSS and others of a similar ilk. While I'm not fit to compare it to those bands, the main thrust here is an amalgam of sounds and subgenres that saw their peak in the '90s and early aughts including, but probably not limited to, noise rock, mathrock, and DC indie along the lines of Fugazi or other classic mid-period Dischord acts, all topped off with some dark and wiry HOT SNAKES leads. The result is immensely catchy, heavy, and rocking and I'm really looking forward to hearing more. (JH)
(No Idea)

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA – "Defeat/ Fucking Mess"

Nice cover art! A few of us handing around the *MRR* reviewing area were agreeing that a detailed drawing of an ancient battle scene with a large battle elephant in the middle was a nice choice for a cover. Now I want to know if this is an old drawing/painting or if it was drawn for this cover? A battle elephant might be a good way to describe BHOC. What you get is two new tracks from this Chico, California band. BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA play big burly hardcore that has grind-core and thrash influences. Their discordant guitar sounds make me happy. The B-side, "Fucking Mess" is more of a straightforward hardcore track with understandable vocals. As usual, good stuff from this band. (MH)
(To Live a Lie)

BLACK WINE – "Summer of Indifference" LP

Music made by children of the '90s for children of the '90s. This album is super good, but to enjoy this you must like must like melodic punk, grunge, and '90s indie, because it's equal parts of each. BLACK WINE is at their best in their heavier songs. The guitar tone has that perfect crunch for the riffs they're dishing out. They have a few slower / cleaner PAVEMENT-style jams that are okay, but don't match the band's strength. They are a riff-driven band with a sound that needs to be heavy, distorted and unrelenting. When they do everything right, it comes across sounding like a punk band influenced by the B-side of NIRVANA's *Incesticide*. And since NIRVANA *is* the best band ever this rules for two reasons: one, it sounds kick ass, and two, it is super hard to be both influenced by NIRVANA and sound original. When bands remind me of NIRVANA it's because they are totally ripping them off. And that's just boring. The world does not need any more clone bands, they need

bands like BLACK WINE. If you are still reading this, buy this record. (FS)
(Don Giovanni)

BLANK REALM – "Hey Little Child!"

Negative Guest List has added a record label arm to its ever-growing empire and BLANK REALM appear to kick-off what they're calling their "NGL Jukebox Series." This means one song that us yanks get to pay an arm and a leg for. Whatever. On this one sided 45, BLANK REALM tackle "Hey Little Child" by ALEX CHILTON, transforming it into a modern gararge-psych workout that has an unmistakable OH SEES feel. It's all designed for maximum sweat. Not a bad listen at all. (MC)
(Negative Guest List)

BOO FROG – "Better than the Rest" LP

BOO FROG is sorta DEAD MOON styled rudimentary garage, a band that formed after a CRAMPS tribute show, featuring Chris Newman who was in classic Portland punkers NAPALM BEACH. His partner in crime Erika started out in small town HC bands in the '80s until alienated by the boy's club nature of the scene back then. This band is nowhere near as transcendent as DEAD MOON, but this is a lot cooler than it looks like it's gonna be. You gotta listen to the whole record, not just dismiss it. It's a grower. The song "Bad Pam" is a sneering reclamation of the bad girl cliché in every rock song ever, Erika has a cool spoken-sung style… "She's a flower with teeth." They are going for a swampy nasty sound. The song "Mind Bender" is a trashy throwaway psycheout… "Anabasis" is a heart wrencher with skeleton guitars. "Re-revolution" has a hobo BOWIE ballad feel. BOO FROG are genuine lifers, and while this is not life changing music, it is the true and eternal sound of people who were born in the garage, "I'm digging through the garbage can cuz I'm a back alley man." People that make their own scene, self-made punkers. This band has heart and soul, and they make music for people whose hearts are in the basements and back rooms of the underground. (LG)
(Skull Man)

BROWN SUGAR – "Get Fuckin Mugged!" flexi

I thought from the look of this thing that it was gonna be one of the month's stinkers, but man was I wrong and I couldn't be more stoked. These goons from Buffalo, New York play a super stupid and primitive brand of ugly punk that fits nicely with some of the more hardcore KBD tracks or perhaps some of their modern NY compatriots ACID REFLUX. The first two songs are mid-paced stompers carried along by outrageous vocals and creative drumming, while the third speeds it up for a bit (I hear DEADLINE but maybe that's just cause I listened to 'em today) before losing some steam with a drawn out ending. But have no fear! This is freaking excellent and these gentlemen deserve your hard-earned cash, even if it will no doubt go towards greasy junk food and suitcases full of freaky sex toys. (JH)
(Feral Kid)

BURDENS – "You Can't Save Us All" EP

Hell yeah, it's like time machine night up in here. This has *Until Your Heart Stops* written all over it and transports me right back to Mass seeing CAVE IN (in the era right when Steve started singing) all the time with all the other bands that played those shows like CONVERGE, PIEBALD, CABLE, GANDIVA, BARRIT. All that shit from when wind-milling dudes still wore sweaters and headbands with, like, ECONOCHRIST patches on 'em and what you ate, well really what you didn't eat, was a fashion statement. Based on this 7", BURDENS would have fit perfectly on those shows with their total mid-'90s styled mosh-y metalcore with bits of SLAYER peppered all over it. (JU)
(Harvcore)

CERVIX – "Life Fucker" EP

About goddamn time these lunatics got a record out! While they nominally adhere to today's "noise-core" sound, they definitely have their own fringe vibe that seems to draw from more than the usual DISORDER/CONFUSE influences. Certainly the heavily-reverbed totally manic half-sung vocals recall L.S.D. and the metallic guitar leads push these songs in an early G.I.S.M. direction as well. They're much more straightforward than either of the aforementioned bands of course, but still those hints are there and they really help CERVIX stand out from the pack. This is a sick record to listen to on repeat during your next acid trip, and if you have a chance to see them live: *be there*. Fuck you for not sending a reviewer copy. (AU)
(Video Disease)

CHAOTIC NEUTRAL – "Strangers" EP

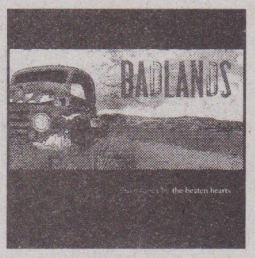
Debut EP from these Indianapolis folks. Ingredients for awesomeness are here: this is fast and tight POISON IDEA style hardcore with manic vocals, but I'm afraid there's just nothing memorable about these songs. By the drawn-out mosh part at the end of track two, interest has been lost and it all begins to sound pretty generic. A decent try, but I think it'll take some more distinctive songwriting to stand out from the pack. (JH)
(self-released)

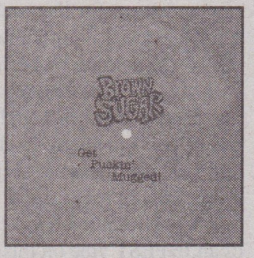
CHAROGNE STONE – "La Main De L'Ange" EP

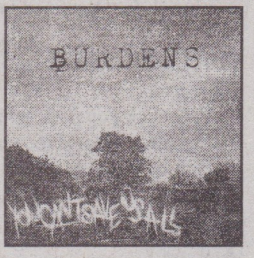
This looks like it might be a one-person band from France—hard to tell. Place it someplace between hardcore, grindcore and fastcore. All the lyrics look to be sung in French. The lyric sheet itself cracks me up—each song is three or four phrases with "x2" or "x4" after them! The guitar is straightforward power chord hardcore that has a modern heavy tone. If it's the same person is singing on every track I'm impressed by the different ways he can make his voice sound. This has a unique sound with an almost sludge-y guitar tone playing simple power chords, a spastic powerviolence way of changing within songs and many different vocal sounds. The stuff's a little simple and rough around the edges but I get the feeling this is one person's passion so props to him for getting this out. (MH)
(To Live a Lie)

CONTRA TODOS MIS MIEDOS – "Cólera" EP

MRR HQ is located in San Francisco a few blocks from where the Saint John Coltrane African Orthodox Church used to be located—a church that was centered around an explosion of spirituality and free jazz. While John Coltrane's avant-garde cutting edge has dulled with the recognition of his more traditional material as breakthrough classics of the genre, leading to mainstream acceptance, his experimental free jazz period is something that still remains challenging. It's as much about Coltrane's movement through the experimentation as a listening experience, it seems to never necessarily arrive at its destination, which is kind of the point. Chilean hardcore band CONTRA TODOS MIS MIEDOS ("Against All My Fears") features a cropped close up of Coltrane's image from the *Blue Train* LP on the cover, and while the music is stellar QUICKSAND/ REFUSED styled hardcore—and worthy of checking out alone if those points of reference prick your ears—it solidly delivers a relatively stable set of ideas. The relation to the core of ideas of Coltrane that warrants appropriating his image for the cover isn't really evident. The title of the EP translates to rage, and while Coltrane's music was moody, anger was never really the core of its impact in the same way you







think of anger being a central focus of punk music. Coltrane died in 1967, nine or ten years before the punk explosion of the '70s, and at the nascent steps of Michigan '60s punk like the STOOGES and MC5, that at their most experimental were taking influence from the expansion of music simultaneously being forwarded by free jazz. The relation to hardcore might simply that this type of posi-hardcore that's reaching for a broader meaning is also reaching to find that deeper, spiritual core beyond just existing as a pure musical experience. I can only infer that with no translations in English for the band's lyrics or to the lengthy notes on the sleeve aside from a footnote to Karl Marx (!)—the one diatribe in English in the recording is near nonsensical. This EP *is* however, an impressive marked jump in delivery, playing and recording values from their 2008 *XXVII* LP. The guitars are free to jump around, crush and solo wildly on the flange, while segmented, crunching, lumbering break downs and harsh shouted vocals give the EP an intensity like the best of the '90s bands of this style. Weighed on one scale it's a quite experimental deviation from the one-two-three punk rock, but in tacking itself to one of the creative geniuses of modern music, I kept waiting for it jump off the deep end like *Ascension* or *Om... Go for it you wild Chileans!!!!* Bring out the harp, chimes and alto sax and combine that with QUICKSAND and FARSIDE!!! Overall good EP, limited to 560 copies. (KS)
(Amendment)

CONVERGE / DROPDEAD – split EP

I haven't heard anything CONVERGE has done in about ten years or so, this song is actually pretty ripping *except* for that weird circus-y guitar part. Eh, whatever, I don't know if it's time constraints due to the format, or because of who the split is with but this is a lot more straight forward and raging than I remember them being. DROPDEAD is a band I'm a little more likely to listen to on a regular basis, and this song seems different to me also. Bob's vokills seem just a little bit lower pitched than usual, that's a good thing in my book. Kind of an INFEST vibe on this one. Really though just fucking classic fast hardcore like they've been doing forever now. They've still got it! (AH)
Deathwish Inc/Armageddon)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "North Sentinel Island" CD

Very slick pop punk with sweet vocals. The way this person sings and the way the drums are recorded kind of reminds me of BLINK 182. If bubblegum is what you want, these folks do it smooth, sugary, and chewy. (LP)
(Red Scare)

COUNT VERTIGO – "I'm a Mutant/X Patriots"

Oooohh COUNT VERTIGO! OK, so confession time. COUNT VERTIGO was the first uberrarity I traded for in the mid-'90s and really felt like I was getting over on a dude. I handed over my DOA *Hardcore 81* LP for this record that I'd never even seen before, let alone heard. I wasn't prepared!! This one ended up being one of my all-time favorite US punk rock 45s. Yeah, just a solo 45 from the weirdo front-man of Portland's equally amazing outfit ICE 9. Damn—Cool Records really put out some shit. Super tweaker super aggro synth punk (with emphasis on P-U-N-K) this is some next level shit that's aged perfectly whilst most KBD "punk classics" are forgotten collecting dust. *Fuck*, this is the *shit*. "I'm A Mu-Tant I'm A Mu-Tant." (GB)
(Mississippi)

CRASS – "Our Wedding" EP

So someone made a one sided bootleg 7" of the most pointless CRASS prank ever. For why? Is it a prank on us record collectors? Making us pay over $10 for a one song 7" that the band isn't even getting paid for. And that one song sucks! Okay so the short version of the story is back in the early '80s CRASS recorded a cover song called "Our Wedding" for *Penis Envy*. The song was about being married and chastity. It's just a church organ with Joy De Vivre singing very sweetly. It was meant as a satire, although nothing in the song leads you to that conclusion. And as a joke, they sent the song to a Romance magazine for teen girls called *Loving's*. The magazine liked it and agreed to make a flexi out of the song and give it away free with one of their issues. Not until after the issue was sent out did the magazine realize the song was in fact recorded by CRASS (they had called themselves Creative Recording And Sound Services). So it was a funny joke, whatever. Well, nowadays that flexi is super hard to find and goes for big bucks on them internets. And so some entrepreneurial bootlegger had a bright idea, and here we are. More proof you can slap the name CRASS on any ol turd, limit it to 300 copies and it'll sell. Better hurry you scumbags. (FS)
(Bootleg)

CRISIS OF CONFORMITY – "Fist Fight / Kick It Down and Kick It Around"

What does it mean when a "joke" band is one of the best records that I heard this month? I may have never even known it was some *Saturday Night Live* spoof if Allan McNaughton didn't tell me about it (which he regretted afterward; how funny would this review have been if I took it seriously?). Parody or not, these two songs nail the early '80s DC-type hardcore meets SUICIDAL TENDENCIES sound faultlessly, like they were pulled from some recently discovered basement find or something. The lyrics are in the "I live in a dumb society" mode, but done so well that really the joke is on me for taking it all hook, line and sinker. Fuck, now that I think about it, I really loved the ANARCHY 6 LP back in the late '80s as well. Too bad this is only two tracks, because it totally rules! (BG)
(Drag City)

CULTURE SHOCK – "Everything" 3xCD

Everyone has a band that defines a time and a moment, and oft times that band will remain a constant favorite against all odds. That band for me is CULTURE SHOCK. In hindsight their blend of punk/ska and reggae may seem played out, but at the time (mid-'80s) there was nothing like it. When their second LP came out I had just left school at sixteen and the world was my oyster... and that LP was the soundtrack to a summer of hitchhiking, free festivals, drugs, and booze. CULTURE SHOCK was born a mere stones throw from Stonehenge (a mystical standing stones hippy destination) out of the ashes of the SUBHUMANS, A HEADS and ORGANIZED CHAOS. The sound picks up where the final SUBHUMANS LP *Split Vision* left off with more emphasis on dubby basslines and ska guitars. It's hard to make a triple CD of that sound attractive, but every song on here is great. Each of the three LPs are here in their entirety as well as the demos that I played to death and some live stuff, as well as a giant booklet of lyrics. You have to remember times were different then, the anarchy and chaos of the early '80s had changed into more of a traveler peace/punk hippy vibe which CULTURE SHOCK fit right into, playing at open air free festivals across the land. I feel so close to this music it's hard for me to recommend it because the memories of the times are intertwined with the sounds.... But isn't that how the best music should be?? (TB)
(Bluurg)

DARK AGES – "Can America Survive?" LP

The one time I saw DARK AGES was a few years ago at Richmond, Virginia's No Way Fest II; a full two days spent enduring an endless slew of similar-sounding bands at the height of the No Way/GOVERNMENT WARNING early-'80s hardcore revival. It all blurred together after a couple of hours, so I wouldn't even attempt to tell you my impression of their set. That said, they are from Kansas City, have already released a couple of 7 inches, and this here is their first full length on Sorry State records. Aside from one or two moments that bring to mind DIRECT CONTROL, the A-side is surprisingly modern and clean hardcore, something you don't generally associate with Sorry State releases. While that side wasn't doing it for me, the tone changes pretty drastically from the start of flip, which rightfully earns them references to fellow Midwesterners, DIE KREUZEN, though it's still not quite as quirky or deranged as those cheeseheads (but really, what could be?). Overall there are some cool moments here and I'm sure plenty of kids will shit over this, but it's inconsistent and the majority doesn't do much for me. It does, however, include a pretty radical foldout poster, so maybe if you're on the fence that will sway you to pick it up. (JH)
(Sorry State)

DEAD MOON – "Unknown Passage" LP

How the fuck am I supposed to review an amazing record by my favorite band of all time? Mississippi records have outdone themselves again by re-releasing the first three DEAD MOON LPs, which have been out of print for ages now. This one starts off with the classic "Dead Moon Night," an anthem if there ever was one. "54-40 Or Fight" kicks up the tempo a bit and has compelled rooms full of people to dance with some of the wildest abandon I've ever seen. "I'm Wise" is a perfect, somber song that sounds like the loneliest midnight drive in rural Wyoming. "Demona" is simple and direct in a way that many bands try to replicate, but only DEAD MOON does flawlessly perfect. Let's face it: every goddamn song on this record is perfect and essential. DEAD MOON is more than just a simple band...they are a symbol of being resilient in these fucked up times that we live

in. When everything has fallen to shit, when you've lost your hope in humanity, when you're laying in a hospital bed thinking you're gonna die, DEAD MOON's music is going to be there for you and help you believe that you're going to make it (yeah, that's a little heavy-handed, but this is true for me). "But what do they sound like", you ask? Raw, honest, bare bones, stripped down rock'n'roll filtered through a gallon of whiskey and axle grease. Fred Cole has been playing rock for almost 40 goddamn years and has the hearing loss to prove it. His wife, Toody has been by his side the whole time and plays bass like a woman possessed. Andrew Loomis provides the most powerful backbeat through an alcohol-soaked haze. There will never be another band like them. I honestly don't trust people who dislike DEAD MOON. Mississippi Records did a fantastic job on this re-release. The packaging and sound is exactly as it was when it was first released. The only difference is that it says "Mississippi Records" instead of "Tombstone." Highest recommendations! (GH)
(Mississippi)

DEAD MOON – "Defiance" LP

I guess this stuff is getting re-put out. It's all thick wax and shit. I barely need to listen to this to tell you how much you need to hock your mamma's jewelry to buy this now. Pretty much every song's a winner. There's ballads that'll make you want to cry and rockers that'll make you want to kill. How to describe DEAD MOON to a newbie? Imagine the most stripped down primal garage country biker punk. Throw the SEEDS, MOTORHEAD, WIPERS, BLUE CHEER, HANK WILLIAMS, NEIL YOUNG, and the RAMONES in a blender with tons of bourbon and cigarettes and you'll get an idea. Fred Cole is a rock'n'roll legend and they're some of the nicest real people you'll ever meet. Buy this or you're a fool. (RO)
(Mississippi)

DEAD MOON – "In the Graveyard" LP

What more can be said of DEAD MOON? Surely the other reviewers handling "Unknown Passage" and "Defiance" have made lofty praises of the band and those albums. Because, DEAD MOON and their first three albums are untouchable. Beginning to end they destroy. Not a second of filler. So completely classic that you could listen to them every day of your life and never grow tired of it. They have the perfect style of '60s era garage combined with equal parts punk, blues and country. Their sound is so uniquely their own, that comparing them to any individual band in naturally flawed. Like trying to compare the RAMONES to anyone else. This record was their first, originally released in 1988 on DEAD MOON's own record label, Tombstone. They never had good distribution, marketing or advertising, so their mass popularity never materialized. And they stayed that hidden unknown band that your friend would turn you onto, and it would blow your mind. The few that knew them well, flipped over them. This is truly one of the best albums by one of the best bands of all time. A while ago DEAD MOON stopped printing their own records, and thankfully Mississippi came along and reprinted a few. If you've never heard these guys, do yourself a favor and pick up one of these represses. It doesn't matter which one. (FS)
(Mississippi)

DEATH BY STEAMSHIP – "S.S. Endurance" LP

S.S. Endurance is an impressive debut full-length from these Seattle area emo rockers. OK, "emo" is not a good word anymore, but I'm talking about the original connotation of the term, as in a more experimental type of hardcore. After listening to the album three times over the course of just as many days, I still have a mental block when it comes to words for describing it. There's certainly a slight FUGAZI type of thing going on, but much more abrasive and really only in a sense of style that jumps from melodious to powerful and back again. I'm also reminded a bit of BEEFEATER at times, mixed with Pacific Northwest gloominess and a touch of cynicism. My inability to pigeonhole the band exposes their unrestrained penchant to go beyond genre defining boundaries, which is something that is desperately needed in the punk scene today. Very cool. (BG)
(Whoa! Boat)

DEATHRATS – "Give Up" EP

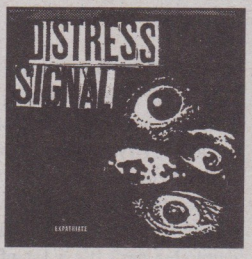
Woooo! Somebody is pissed... and it's DEATHRATS. Expanding and, dare I say, improving upon the legacy that is DC hardcore, this four piece rips through six angry, fast, dark, feedback laden noisy tracks with some breakdowns here and there. I have to say that this is some creative writing. It's very recognizable HC in the DEATHREAT with more a more classic USHC leaning and some hints of Scandi HC, yet there are cohesive changes that sound neither too busy or choppy, at least not in an unintended way. The songs meld together (which will be a pain in my ass when I play this on the radio), leading into one another quite well bringing attention to the fact that even though each track is unique, every song on here belongs on this record. I can see this band playing with RAW NERVE and other awesome creative, non "mysterious" HC that has been springing up. I have to say that I have been into this band since the first song I heard by them and I really loath the comparisons they get because they have a female singer. Or that bullshit like, "DEATHRATS are like SICKFIX and PUNCH cuz they are the only good HC bands with women in them." One, SICKFIX does rule, two, this band is better than PUNCH and three, you fuckers are missing the point... This is what good hardcore sounds like, female vox and all. The lyrics are personal, angry and a big "fuck you." The style is mostly throaty, frantic and tough sounding shit, but then there are spoken, almost talking in pitch, parts here that add to the music. If this were a dude screamin', Youth Attack would have eaten this shit up. These are good vocals, lady or not, because they are another instrument that belongs with the music—no dude can match 'em. Get it. (MB)
(To Live A Lie)

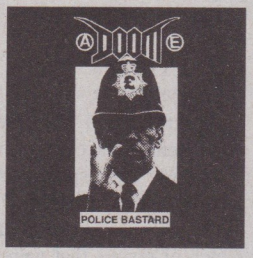
THE DESTRUCTORS / DUN2DEF – split CD

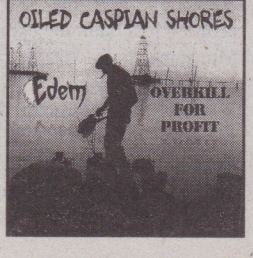
Two long running street punk bands, DUN2DEF from the UK have been at it for ten years and the DESTRUCTORS (aka DESTRUCTORS 666) have been at it even longer—1977. This disc is full of slick, catchy, simple, by the numbers street punk but I found myself enjoying the hell out of the songs. Both bands play anthem after anthem with vaguely political lyrics but more so the lyrics give a feeling of complete disaffection with governments and society. DUN2DEF throw in a cover of "Antisocial" and "Empire of Weather" is a catchy working slave track with dual male/female vocals. Not a lot has changed over the years with the DESTRUCTORS; you get straightforward catchy UK street punk. (MH)
(Rowdy Farrago)

THE DIMENSIONS – "Two, Someday" EP

It took me a while to figure out what the hell this reminded me of. Outta nowhere it popped into my head, and I realized why it wasn't so obvious. While I loved the first KID DYNAMITE record, the second was good but not quite as good. Then they broke up and members went on to form NONE MORE BLACK, which I thought was quite disappointing, but others seemed to really love. These guys sound a lot like NMB, if you ask me. It's not fast, not slow very melodic jams with scratchy vocals. I bet there are tons of kids out there who'll dig this. (BD)
(Chambers)







DIRECT HIT! – "Domesplitter" CD

Ten tracks of energetic, anthemic modern basement hardcore. Definitely akin to early HOT WATER MUSIC in spirit, if not as rockin' musically. Not too much shoutin', and lots of singing along, gruff melodies, and angst aplenty. Tis on a label called Kind Of Like records, and I'm kinda liking it! Kind of like a rollickin' pre-natal LAWRENCE ARMS, before the latter got really good. (RK)
(Kind Of Like)

THE DISCORD OF A FORGOTTEN SKETCH – CD

Discordant and angular emotional hardcore from Montreal. There are overt homages to '90s emo, but just as many influences drawn from manic and technical modern hardcore. Their forays into disjointed chaos make for the most interesting listens on the disc, a disc that seems to lack cohesion while holding my interest. A touch more fidelity would have benefitted the recording, but that is a minor complaint. For those who missed out on the living rooms of 1994. (WN)
(Désordre Ordonné)

DISTRESS SIGNAL – "Expatriate" EP

This is a killer dark hardcore disc from PA. Think INTEGRITY and UNBROKEN but with more of a stoner/doom metal influence. The riffs are heavy and the vocals have that higher pitched shout thing going on like you hear with the MELVINS or SLEEP. These are all good things, and when the band speeds it up for songs like "Pulse Decay" they wander into a more furious punk realm as well. You can listen to this a few times in a row and not get bored at all. (BL)
(Harvcore)

DIVORCE – "Love Attack/Meating"

This is like the more manic parts of NEON BLUD or a sloppier, darker PRE. Lady vocals that sound heavily influenced by WORST CASE SCENARIO, occasional blast beats, repetitive heaviness, sonic leanings somewhere between what you would find on Load or Skingraft. Is that enough accolades yet? It's a lot of my dreams come true. Note to band: please come to my town, you can play at my house. (MM)
(Nightschool)

DMZ/LYRES – "Radio Demos/Live At Cantones 1982" CD

What a weird CD, one half dedicated to the DMZ demos, the other a live show by the LYRES. Somebody is desperate. Anyways twelve demo tracks, mainly covers by '70s garage heroes DMZ. The quality is poor, offering nothing new to a bunch of covers that were frankly better done by the original artists. I'm sticking with their studio output. I really dig the LYRES, one of the quality '80s garage acts, but do I really need a live CD recorded in a bathtub? Nah. (SD)
(Munster)

DOOM – "Police Bastard" EP

Last time I saw DOOM was late '80s sometime. I tried to see them in Texas, but in true crusty style I was so blasted I had to tap out early. At least this time I didn't pass out by the stage with my head in a PA speaker. DOOM is as much a part of me as the blood that courses through my veins. Since my teenage years they have always been there, and have always been comfortingly the same. This is a re-issue of a record that came out in '89, with the classic early line-up. How do you describe DOOM?? They just are. Maybe somewhere between a bulldozer and cement mixer? The archetypal crusty hardcore band: fast and raw. If I were to be on a desert island, I hope I would have a DOOM record, or tape, or flexi. "Police. Police Bastard." Genius. (TB)
(Profane Existence)

DOOM – "Doomed From the Start" CD

More DOOM??? Don't mind if I do. This CD has four demos from '87-'92. The first was from the session they recorded a track for the infamous *Vile Peace* comp that put a lot of the late '80s crusty bands on the map; awesome to hear a slightly cleaner version of "Relief." The second demo is so familiar to me as I battered the fuck out of the tape back in the '80s… "Waaaaaaaaar is big businessssssss." There's 27 tracks on here, all familiar but different versions, and don't be put off by "demo" as they sound great (or as great as DOOM can sound!!!!!), though the third demo is a little muddy, but whatevs… I could listen to this every day. "I'm sorry. Alcohol". To the uninitiated, it's bulldozer crust with DISCHARGE style lyrics…. Blurrrrrrrghhhhhh. (TB)
(Anti-Society)

EAGLE BOYS – "Kambalda" EP

Australian punk that brings to mind the SHITTY LIMITS, without the herky-jerky sensibilities. Decent songs, especially the last one, nothing to cry about but what is? Glad for a moment, at least, that Australia had a punk band with guitars and such, instead of happy/sad music, just dumb music, hello. Definitely continues with the Oz tradition of not so hot band names, but what do I care? They broke up already. Anyways, recommended if you're attuned to the Negative Guest List sensibility or else just want another black thing to puke on. (BB)
(Negative Guest List)

EDEM / OVERKILL FOR PROFIT – split EP

Well, I'll be. From Tian An Men records, releaser of punk rock from the far reaches of the globe comes this slab of wax from Azerbaijan. If you're like most Americans, you probably didn't know there was country called Azerbaijan, but I know readers of this fine magazine would know that Azerbaijan is a former Soviet republic that lies on the western coast of the Caspian Sea. EDEM offer two tunes of pleasant pop-punk. OVERKILL FOR PROFIT is hardcore with some nice breakdowns. I could do without the big guitar solo at the end on the second song, but otherwise these are two pretty solid tunes. In general both bands are pretty straightforward in their respective styles. Lyrics in both English and Ajerbaijani (I assume). (MD)
(Tian An Men 89)

ED SCHRADER'S MUSIC BEAT – "Rats/This is my Sermon"

Whoa, I am into this… This is really pushing the boundaries of what *MRR* covers, but it fucking rules! It sounds like an extremely minimalist take on old industrial, but played live. We have two tracks from a tour 7" by a two-piece with bass and drums (I wish they had equal billing here). The song "Sermon" sounds like a Dalek from *Dr. Who* is singing it–"*Exterminate!*" 'member? "Rats" is just as plodding with heavy sludgy bass and primitive thumping drums. It's a less garage-y more primal sounding NÜ SENSAE. This band would have played with THROBBING GRISTLE back in the day. One thing though… Into it!! (MB)
(Load)

THE ENERGY – "Get Split" LP

Get Split comes off to me as a perfect background album while you're hanging out with friends and getting loose. The music is generally upbeat punk with occasional psychedelic overtones, but the singer's relentless monotone ramblings, which fall somewhere between a spoken word drug stupor and a laid back delivery, keep the band's sound in a league of its own. While not really referencing any band in particular, these dudes have some commonality with the STOOGES and the crooning style of the much-underrated FLAMING STARS. This album grows on you and gets better with each listen (but still sounds good as background music). It's twisted and distorted, and recommended for those of a like mind—not new age hippies or straight edge types. (BG)
(Team Science)

ENTREFUEGO – "El Espiritu Intacto, La Esperanzo De Pie" EP

This band have a real '90s post-edge hardcore sound, on further investigation it appears their last record came out in 2000 so that makes sense. Not quite screamo, but yet not TERROR either, but somewhere in between, maybe a more chaotic A18 or Finnish bands like ENDSTAND. Sung in Spanish, it's a decent disc for sure. Though maybe a little earnest for a cynic like me. (TB)
(Amendment)

EXPLOSIVO! – "If The Devil Had A Guitar…" LP

Ugh. Emo. How this is considered "punk" I don't know. To me, "emo" is an abomination of music like no other. All the clever and witty lyrics, all the complex little angular guitar riffs and breakdowns and fancy shit just makes the whiny-ness of "emo" even that much worse! And good god – I just flipped this over to the B-side and there is an acoustic "ballad" that is making me wanna gouge my ears out with a pen. My apologies to anyone who actually likes "emo" for my complete and total disdain for this, but if you do like "emo," you're probably reading *Razorcake* instead of *MRR* anyways… (ML)
(Dead Broke / Limited Pressing)

EYES & EARS / SNAKE MOUNTAIN – split EP

One track each by these two Denver bands, which is enough to just barely give you a taste of what's going on these days in the mile high dive bar badlands. EYES & EARS falls somewhere in sound between lo-fi garage rock and warehouse

punk with dual male and female vocals that feed off each other pretty decently. I definitely dig it, but at the same time they remind me of a band that's playing for a while at a bar and I end up heading for another beer without really feeling like I'm missing much. But shit, I can't really make a judgment on one freakin' song now, can I? SNAKE MOUNTAIN is my preferred of the two, as they throw down a catchy stoner rock number with a bit of a snotty glam punk influence that had me playing the side a few times over. Again though, one song is not enough! Looking forward to more by both of these groups. (BG)
(Snappy Little Fingers)

FREEMAN – "It Doesn't Matter" CD

From Virginia, we have a melodic punk band with moments of hardcore. Sound wise this is similar to HOT WATER MUSIC, STRIKE ANYWHERE, and AVAIL. Decent enough influences, but not so strong in terms of quality, it just sounds a little flat vocally and power wise. Maybe it's that the recording is too polished. The production sounds like a major label SOCIAL DISTORTION album, which isn't a good thing for this type of stuff. The songs could use some work too. Oh well. (RL)
(Failsafe)

THE FUCKING HOTLIGHTS – "High Society Torture Party" LP

I reviewed a 10" last month that was in the JESUS LIZARD / SHELLAC / OX BOW world and this is yet another record in the same universe. Is this a new trend, to revisit the early-mid '90s underground heavy rock? This is pummeling heavy rock with menacing vocals. In this case the singer sounds a little bit like the guy from KILLDOZER or BARKMARKET. Back in the early '90s this minimalist yet heavy and menacing sound was a revelation, but I'm not sure it has the same impact these days. The FUCKING HOTLIGHTS do it well, except when they get too melodic and try too hard and sing. On tracks like "Sugarbaker" they are downright frightening and I mean that in a good way. The demented and crazy feeling on "Warehouse" reminds me of BARKMARKET or the rock side of COP SHOOT COP. (MH)
(Programme Two)

FUEL INJECTED .45 – "Past Demo-ns" CD

A collection of recordings from this Vancouver band that split in 2004. The female vocals are the focus, tough and bluesy, like BABES IN TOYLAND playing DOWN covers. The music is heavy mid tempo head banging groove metal, featuring members of THOR and STRAPPING YOUNG LAD and FEAR FACTORY. (WN)
(Alternative Tentacles)

GAZ-66 INTRUSION – "Power Without Violence / Death Tomorrow" EP

Named after a Soviet-era military transport, this three-piece Ukrainian band blasts twelve throttling tracks of screech, stop, start-blast beat mayhem from two different recording sessions with two different drummers, from 2009 and 2010. The A-side featuring the newer session *Power Without Violence* has a bit of a crisper edge to it as it alternates between grindcore-ish blur and straight ahead fastcore. There's more of a stop-start powerviolence influence to the B-side *Death Tomorrow*, which was originally released as a longer, ultra-limited 3", CD-R. Technical, brutal and harsh, this stands with the best of current bands playing this style. My only complaint is while the song titles are in English, the lyrics are entirely in Cyrillic with no explanations in English (or in German, the EP was co-released in Germany). As the internet and ease of information pulls the hardcore community closer, there starts to be an interchangeability in the community—this band could be from Malaysia, Redwood City, Winnipeg, Berlin or Brazil, and when a band just lists off their Myspace page or email address as a contact without even listing what country it's from, there's even less of an identity of where the music is coming from or intended to represent unless you look it up online. Maybe that's a strength, maybe that's just the simplistic beauty of grind, but what was so great about the international hardcore of the '80s and '90s was it's regional sounds, the look and feel were evident as a reaction to and expression of the community from which it was based. GAZ-66 INTRUSTION is probably the best thrash band I've heard from the Ukraine, and even maybe the former Soviet Union itself, but there's very little that represents that at face value—a minor point to an otherwise totally blasting release, Limited to 500 copies. (KS)
(625 Thrash / Crucificados)

GEHENNA – "Lands of Sodom II /Upon the Gravehill" EP + CD

Finally, this fucking record was impossible to find. Anyone that knows me knows how much I like this band. Pretty much any band I've done has ripped them off in one way or another. If you haven't heard them, well, you're blowing it. This particular record is a fucking monster, totally relentless black thrash that reminds me of SANGRAAL (more seven crowns brutality. KREATOR, BATHORY, GG ALLIN, G.I.S.M., alcohol, drugs, hate—it all factors into the shit these dudes have been laying down for years now. This also comes with a CD of the previously vinyl only *Upon the Gravehill* record which again is just a fucking monster. The only other bands that came close in the past few years for me would be UNRUH and ENEWETAK as far as lasting influence and being shit I still play regularly, essential. (AH)
(A389)

GEHENNA – "O.D.R.I.E.P." flexi

This is a one-song flexi of GEHENNA covering the old DRI song, "Yes Ma'am." It sounds good and it's rad to see bands release flexis again. With the rise in production prices you don't see them often anymore, especially for a fun and cool project like this with only about a minute's worth of music. Totally worth picking up for record nerds and fans of the band. (BL)
(A389)

GHOST ROBOT NINJA BEAR – "The Curtain Call" CD

So upon first glance, and in the true spirit of judging a book by its cover, I can't help but notice the roughly ten thousand dollars worth of equipment being played upon by the band in their photo. I see no less than fourteen effects pedals on the floor, one of those SGs with a Bigsby tailpiece, and (gasp!) an Orange head running through a Marshall cabinet?! I thought that was a no-no, unless you're looking to ruin the head? Someone correct me if I'm wrong on that one. I was expecting to hear all kinds of awesome guitar riffage a-la SCREAMING FEMALES or any other gearhead guitar nerd band, but I'm not hearing it (or nearly as much of it as I had expected). All I can tell is that this is very polished high-production rock. Don't get me wrong, this stuff can be enjoyable and a nice change of pace from the usual shitty sound I normally enjoy, but to me the focus on the technical end of the deal detracts from the music itself. (BD)
(self-released)

GLOM DA! / MAKABERT FYND – split LP

A solid split between two raging crusty, current Swedish bands. GLOM DA! follow up their two 7" EPs and split 7" with five tracks of rumbling, riff laden mid-tempo dual vocal thrashing. There's SKITSYSTEM-styled rock mixed with

DISCHARGE edge to their attack, but it's a bit more rough hewn in delivery. Lyrics are in Swedish with translated explanations of ultra punk themes of DIY, attacking mainstream music, dumpstering food, credit card debt and anti-violence. On the flip, seven tracks from MAKABERT FYND have no translations from Swedish in their lyrics, but musically offer a more straight ahead attack of two vocalists raw screaming over faster, stripped down D-beat hardcore. There's no reliance on low end, as the harshness of the vocals and speed of the churning music carries the impact. A very complementary split, where there's enough resemblance and difference between the bands to sustain listening to both sides as a complete record as opposed to favoring a side. Housed in a gatefold sleeve with artwork by Crash Mange. Cool! (KS)
(Sorry State)

GODDAMMITBOYHOWDY – "Is Rez Punk" EP

Super good and simple driving pop punk. You get heavy early-DESCENDENTS vibe, combined with a Florida meets Minneapolis pop structure. Songs about desperation and darkness. And as they are from Montana, you get that "music from the middle of nowhere" touch. You know, they're not trying to be cool or placate to whatever trend is hot at the moment. It's just some kids playing their hearts out, trying to create punk as they see it. And it destroys. (FS)
(Minor Bird)

GODHUNTER / METHRA – split 10"

Two doomy, sludgy heavy bands from Tucson, Arizona. GODHUNTER play a heavy slow hateful sound that could be found someplace between EYEHATEGOD and BUZZOVEN with a touch more stoner rock. There are a few things that set this apart. First, the lyrics seem centered around anti-god/jesus and the unhappiness of life. Second, there are some crazy guitar solos thrown in. METHRA are also oppressively heavy but sometimes speed it up and have more of a hardcore influence. "Big Gulp" is a slow doom track. (MH)
(Acid Reflux)

THE GOOEYS – "Scary Black Cherry Nap" EP

This sounds like the DOORS jumped on the garage rock revival. Or maybe DEFEKTORS playing BLACK RANDY tunes. Get real stoned, it's got a spooky vibe that's kind of cool but it's not really wowzers or anything. (MM)
(Mammoth Cave Recording Co)

GRAVEHILL – "Practioners of Fell Sorcery" LP

This band seems to be pretty big in the metal scene these days, but I don't know who from this original demo are still in the band. The singer/bassist and the guitarist are both in Gehenna, so I'm guessing the drummer is still in it, who knows. This is way more influenced by (old) death metal than what they normally play. I'm talking some serious demo metal shit here, as in I could drop a MORBID ANGEL reference, but I'd be referring to the demos, when it was still heavily influenced by the more extreme thrash bands of the time, just taking it a little further. Maybe NIHILST would make sense. This is a fucking killer record and it's great that it's not languishing in MP3 land anymore, unless you were lucky enough to get an actual tape when it came out. This is the way metal should be played, stripped of all the bullshit and just out to crush. (AH)
(A389)

HALF HEARTED HERO – "Running Water" LP

Nice cover art, cool colored vinyl, top-notch production, excellent playing, but boring, boring melodic pop-punk. Only six songs from this Massachusetts outfit and that's enough for me. These songs could have come from a hundred other bands. You know the kind. Nice melodic vocals, with reinforcing backing vocals—mostly upbeat, but a slower ballad-type tune thrown in to mix it up. Lots of little guitar leads and the occasional heavy riff. Basically, pop-punk. Sorry, this did nothing for me. (MD)
(Animal Style)

HALO OF SNAKES – "Viper Letters and Murder Ballads" 10"

Exhibit 19.4 in the seemingly never-ending swarm of modern bands regurgitating the sounds of the '90s. A mish mash of influences manifest themselves on *Viper Letters...*, but a JESUS LIZARD vocal delivery and tempo combine with a TIME IN MALTA approach to DRIVE LIKE JEHU guitars and form the meat of HALO OF SNAKES, a guitar that breaks into wanking brilliance when it hits the leads (LOST GOAT is the inescapable reference, though that is probably too Bay Area specific for most). These sounds are definitely given a modern treatment, and the record does not come across as a rusty nostalgia wagon—quite the contrary, these tunes are urgent and pissed, with personal lyrics spewed with a vengeance. The pace moves between plodding and medium, and the attack is heavy from the first note to the last, and even though I feel like I've heard this before, HALO OF SNAKES manage to keep it interesting. (WN)
(Harvcore)

HERMANOS DE LA MENTE FURIOSA – "Marichiweu" EP

I understand this band is from Argentina. They do sing in Spanish, though lyric translations are provided in a variety of languages. I'm in no way an expert on South American hardcore, but the first thing that comes to my mind is thrash. This is not thrash. HERMANXS DE LA MENTE FURIOSA play a more mid-paced version of hardcore with a touch of that mid-nineties screamo. A good listen. (MD)
(Crecer)

HONDURAN – "Serial Inebriate" EP

Yes, another 7" of generic heavy grind, with dual vocals! One high pitched vocalist, one guy doing a kind of constipated grunt that's not quite low enough. Some shitty *slammin'* breakdowns that make these dudes seem like some DYING FETUS type bullshit. The layout looks like a CD-R demo, musically it's at that level too. (AH)
(self-released)

THE INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND – "Everbody Knows/No Nerve"

Now this is some classic shit!! The INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND is one of those obscure bands that you hear about often, but still they seem to be under the radar for the most part I think... Hopefully this reissue of their first single from way back in 1978 will help bring them the credit they justly deserve. With only a few singles over a few years to their credit, this band produced some great songs that fall into the category of "power-pop" or "pub-rock" with a sound that is totally UK and of the '70s. You know, the kind of stuff that all the cool new bands are trying to re-create. Along with bands like the JOOK, the RINGS, LEYTON BUZZARDS and so on and so on, this is really awesome lo-fi, catchy rock'n'roll that you should take the time to check out! (ML)
(Last Laugh)

INSANITY DEFENSE – "Epitaph 1982-1985" CD

This is nice. This CD compiles the demo and LP of this relatively obscure Long Island hardcore band who were obviously huge MINOR THREAT fans (to the point of blatantly recycling MT riffs for their own songs). The demo material is the better stuff, *heavily* influenced by the Dischord scene and 7 SECONDS while the LP material sounds more like the DIE KREUZEN *October File* LP with some minor thrash influence, kind of a proto-SOUNDGARDEN sound but still retaining the MINOR THREAT stop-start style. This package also contains a DVD with two surprisingly well-shot and edited gigs, one demo-era and one LP era rehearsal. While this stuff is not essential, it's really fucking good '80s hardcore and it's as good or better than a lot of stuff that's already gotten the reissue treatment. Definitely recommended for fans of early DCHC and '80s HC purists in general. (AU)
(Welfare)

INTERNAL ROT – "Eyelids" EP

I've got to admit the name had me hoping for some old school, filthy death/grind, kind of like the early PHOBIA shit. This is definitely grind, but more in line with INSECT WARFARE in that it's pretty much full speed blasting for most of the record. Great bass tone on this thing, real grimy and up pretty high in the mix. This is great no bullshit grind with no shitty modern influences to fuck it up. Got to mention the cover art, fucking classic, super simple but I just really dig it. (AH)
(625 Thrash / Crucifados)

ISTERISMO – "Vittima del Confusione: 2005-2010" LP

What can really be said about this wild bunch? First off, I think that people who say they sound like WRETCHED, or DECLINO, or IMPACT, etc., are just confused or have never heard those bands. Maybe there are some lifted riffs hidden in there, but if you can point me to someone that can pick *any* riffs out of this fuzz, I'll eat my hat. (Not really, I actually don't care one bit, so...) Yes, they are fast, and yes, they sing in Italian, but these noisy Japanese punkers have a sound all their own. Bottom line is that this band plays awesome raw

hardcore which fits in with the whole blown-out, violent roaring sounds that the shoelace-headband set of neo hipster noise crusters are all a-flutter over these last few years. Not that there's anything wrong with that, because this scene, and in Japan especially, has produced some of my favorite wild hardcore records in recent years, and the ISTERISMO EP *Non Puo Sopprimere il Mio Conflitto*—which is collected on this here LP—is one of them. This discog LP, also contains their trax from the *Deny the Report vol. 5* CD, *Yotsuva*, and *Hardcore Inferno* comps, their first demo, split tape with TERROR, and a live cassette. There's a lot of music here and very little variation, so if hissing feedback, screaming maniacs, and unrefined walls of noise hurdling at you at 100 miles per hour isn't your thing, steer clear, but for me, it's bliss. (JU)
(540)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III / TIMMY'S ORGANISM – split EP

Timmy Vulgar is a nut, this is nut music for nut people, much more punk than Mohawk-look. Though this indeed is not TV's best tune to date, it's nothing to sneeze at. I'll hold my nose but I like it. Bad and dumb and gross but not immature. JWC side is actually better, a straightforward pop tune in the Goner Records vein (which makes sense). Verse better than the chorus, but there's enough verses so you can pretend that he meant for that to be the hook. Anyways that's it, here it is, buy it if you want, I probably would, but I got a free promo copy so I don't have to do anything after hearing this, I can just go home. (BB)
(Goner)

JUKEBOX VALUE / USER – split EP

I started this off with side J (for JUKEBOX VALUE) and I do really hate when people say crap things like I'm about to, but, (put on douchy DJ, over enthused voice in your mind to read this) they sound like the lovechild of FYP and SONIC YOUTH! Ok, well I doubt anyone has ever made a link between those two bands before, but I was actually making reference to my use of the word *lovechild* to explain how a band sounds. Anyway, that really is what they sound like. And I like that. It's not a bad thing. Side U (for USER, there you go. You're smart!) gets going and the only thing I notice is it's pretty similar sounding to side J. Though USER is a little further into SONIC YOUTH territory and not in the good, rocking "Goo" way but more of the ambient, self indulgent droning fashion I don't really have the attention span for. Though the Snax label logo made me laugh out loud. (GG)
(Smog Veil / Snax)

JUST URBAIN – "Everybody Loves Just Urbain" EP

A *fine* release by 540 Records, in fact, the finest, the best release of all the punk records this month, this shit makes your goddam DEAD MOON shit that everyone is twisting nipple over sound like FUGAZI. Three songs that bring together everything I love about Australian punk: first is a dumb/brooding number about killing yourself and messing that up... second song has piano (an OZ staple) and the third tune is a catchy upbeat number about how they're the greatest band (I think) replete with references to other Aussie bands of the era. Complete great record that makes one wonder why the hell people made bullshit like "crust" or anything else when you could just make music like this until Iran sends the nukes. (BB)
(540)

LADY PISS – "Streaming" 12"

Baltimore's LADY PISS delivers six songs of swirling dissonance and precise noise that brings to mind weirdos such as SWANS, early BAUHAUS and maybe even SHELLAC. Their demeanor is angry, yet even-tempered and in control. "Never Come Back" sounds almost goth in its approach and the distant, repetitive guitar hook is catchy as hell. The final track, "The Veil" is about as straightforward and rocking as they get and it suits them well. It sounds kind of like PETER MURPHY getting beaten up by punks. I mean that in a positive way. Great record. Bad band name. (GH)
(Sympathizer)

LEBAKKO – "En Tullut Toistamaan Tarinaa Samaa/Ismejä Jumalia Rahaa Armeijoita Ja Chatteja"

Finland's LEBAKKO fucking rules! Ok? Alright...the first song on the A-side is raw, fast, and melodic and reminds me of one of those poppy Denmark bands if they were drunker and more punk. The bass line to that song will be stuck in my head for days and I am cursing LEBAKKO for not sending a reviewer copy of this record so that I can take it home and play it until the grooves wear out. Seriously, so full of energy, so fucking punk and perfect. I am listening to it for the fifth time in a row right now. The flip side is just as great. It has more of a pop edge in a way that reminds me of San Francisco's own N/N. I can't recommend this enough. Track this shit down, crank it up to eleven and blow out your goddamn speakers with it. My only complaint is that it is too fuckin' short. Can I understand any words written on the sleeve or sung on this record? Fuck no. That is fine by me. (GH)
(PML)

LEFT FOR DEAD – "Mass Media Distortion" CD

This LEFT FOR DEAD is not the killer hardcore band of the same name that I thought (hoped) this was when I first pulled it out of my review box, but they're pretty goddamn amazing as well. These guys have been pelting out a blend of tuneful and heavy UK anarcho-punk and a bit of straight up metallic rawk since the '90s and show no sign of letting up. Maybe they're even better? Admittedly I was unmoved by the music at first, not really digging metal, but then the insightful and potent lyrics made me want to listen to the album again as I was halfway through. A couple of beers and a bowl hit or two later, I began to realize the incredible range of sound this band achieves, and that the metal influence was minimal. And then there are the melodic female vocals that kick in occasionally to support the lead's gruff delivery and it works brilliantly. And on the third spin I was even digging the metallic guitar riffs because they're used sparingly and in just the right places. I'm a convert! Check it out. (BG)
(Active Distribution / self-released)

LIMES – "Tarantula! Plus Blue Blood" CD

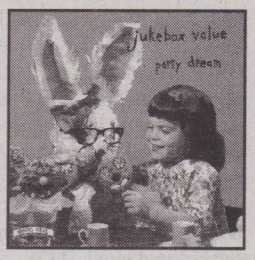
This album has a bluesy, rootsy sound lightened with interesting and slightly space age keyboard accents. Droning LOU REED like vocals and swampy, up beat, yet effortlessly mellow jangling guitars. I like this. (GG)
(Goner)

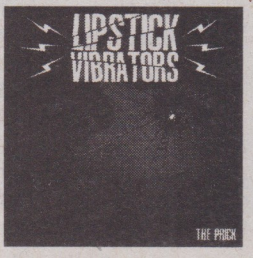
LIPSTICK VIBRATORS – "The Prick" CD

Well... My first reaction to this was "ho-hum, another boring rock'n'roll band." Gotta say I was dead wrong on this one! These guys rock! This is fucking awesome rock'n'roll from France! I seem to find that most of the bands coming out of France are more along the lines of the STITCHES and not as hard-rocking as say the WEAKLINGS or the CANDY SNATCHERS. So if you like to rock yer ass off to hard-hitting rock'n'roll, you should check these guys out! (ML)
(Rockin Dogs / Stryckhnine Production)

THE LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" EP

My record of the month, hands down. These London punks dish out four of the most uncompromising tracks I've heard in ages—bands go to great lengths to sound noisier, more





intense, or more over the top than the next band, but the LOWEST FORM seem to pull it off out of sheer necessity. A discernible but tortured guitar leads the charge through a near perfectly executed display of total madness that culminates in the slightest hint of melody that closes out "Trip II The Moon Part Six," undoubtedly the greatest song I have heard in ages. (WN)
(Low Recordings)

MAD ANTHONY – "...I Spent All My Money On Speed Metal" CD

This is neither punk nor metal. It's straight up slick alternative rock for college pussies. This is maybe comparable to later FAITH NO MORE or STONE TEMPLE PILOTS but way more boring, if you can imagine that. The singer is a crooner with solo DANZIG qualities and the band can play their instruments but horseshit is horseshit. They'll probably be huge. (RO)
(Phraty)

MAD ANTHONY / YELLOW BELTS – split EP

Holy shit. I haven't had a terrible bar rock record for a few months so I guess it was my time. The YELLOW BELTS think they are TURBONEGRO mixed with BAD BRAINS, but dudes, this is just bad roadhouse raaawk. I keep expecting Patrick Swayze to show up and break a pool cue over some fake biker's skull. MAD ANTHONY are also experts in bad rawk, this sounds like something from the *Singles* soundtrack mixed with a terrible JESUS LIZARD cover band. Appropriately it's on shit colored vinyl. (LG)
(XMAS Cactus)

MAHLEKET HANIKOT SHOTRIM – CD

This is plodding, repetitive punk that has not one redeeming musically quality. I wouldn't have even liked this in the '90s and I liked a lot of shite back then. Think of the PIST only worse, or any of that awful crap that Profane Existence shat out at will from its greased up PC arse. As my grandpa used to say, "All them bloody songs sound the same." (SD)
(Punk, no contact)

MAJOR DAMAGE – "Power of One" EP

I guess this is a solo project by Brandon (you know, that guy from Richmond who's in every band?), and it's pretty good faux '80s HC. That being said, I kind of prefer DIRECT CONTROL for this style as they incorporate more Euro-style influences while this is straight NYHC/Boston worship. If it has more of a mean NEGATIVE FX edge I'd probably like it a bit more, but as it is it's just kind of by-the-numbers. Not bad at all, but there's nothing here that really jumps out either. The riffs are solid and the songs are catchy enough, but only the really dynamic shit (like "Take it Down") sounds like stuff I'd listen to more than once. (AU)
(Even Worse / Way Back When)

MAKABERT FYND – LP

Man, I really want to like this. I love this style, they've got the TOTALITÄR connection and all but...it just feels kind of lifeless. There aren't any really huge hooks or super-speedy parts or really amazing solos (well, except the rad drunken DISCHARGE ripper in "Drömliv") nothing that grabbed me by the throat and made me pay attention. There's no question this is solid as fuck mid-tempo Swedish HC, but to me it feels kind of B-list, like a band that plays too long on a weeknight where it's pretty good and you want to stay, but you've got work in the morning and you just don't have time. (AU)
(Skrammel)

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? – "Your Weight on the Moon" CD

Here is a reissue of the 10" that came out in 1994. MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? is well known for their brand of surf rock and insanely large discography throughout the '90s. They were like the UNHOLY GRAVE of alt-surf. Their stuff is cool though. It's really fast driving surf with sci-fi themes. Well, the sci-fi themes are more confined to their imagery, song titles, and sound clip samples, because there are rarely lyrics. They do mostly instrumentals. So if you're a dork who enjoys surf, like me, I suggest giving this band a try. (FS)
(Overground)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN – "Sounds Too Loud, Lights Too Bright" LP

Well I'll be damned. Mere minutes after referencing NONE MORE BLACK in the last review I typed, I get this record which has their singer doing guest vocals on one of the songs. The rest of the record ain't too different, starting in the same vain as the aforementioned influence. By the time I got through the second side, KID DYNAMITE was shining through more. These guys should do a split with the DIMENSIONS. (BD)
(Dead Broke)

MARABOOTS – "A Genoux" EP

Ah French Oi! Bless you. For some inexplicable reason, while a lot of skin music leaves me cold, French stuff is always decent—go figure. This is fucking *great*... super clean guitars like the TEMPLARS, rough vocals and sick backups—they even make a fuckin sax sound great... no shit. Along with the two raucous skin sing-a-longs, they are also fiercely anti-fascist, which in a time of wishy washy blurred political lines is a plus. Oi fuckin' Oi. (TB)
(UPVR)

MESRINE / SAKATAT – split EP

Two intense, blistering fast grindcore bands; SAKATAT from Turkey and MESRINE from Canada. SAKATAT is tight, fast, early sounding grindcore in the vein of NAPALM DEATH and ROT. This band has a number of releases including splits with AGATHOCLES and CUT YOUR THROAT but this the first time I've heard them. MESRINE does a raw death metal influenced grindcore. "Modern Void" is a nice head banger with super quick clean guitar. If you want more grindcore you can't go wrong with this 7" (MH)
(To Live a Lie)

MIDWEST BEAT – "Back to Mono" EP

I find most power pop really anodyne and weedy with creepy stalker guy lyrics, this is leagues away from that fifty ninth generation generic whiney wannabe *Power Pearls* drek. It's classic power-pop for all the ALEX CHILTON freaks out there. They cover a HUSSY song, which was my favorite song on here; it has a killer NERVES appeal, and was the first one I listened to. Their own songs are more power-pop in the trad-dad classic rock style, FLAMING GROOVIES, BIG STAR and so on. After listening to the killer cover of a song I had never even heard, I was hoping for more of the same. Their own songs were good, but more rock structured than punk if that makes sense? But I am someone who prefers BLACK FLAG to the BEATLES so... If you are a power pop psycho you will probably dig the shit outta this 7". (LG)
(Eradicator)

MISSING MONUMENTS – "Painted White" LP

This is another average power pop band in a scene that's become increasingly saturated with the mundane and obvious. Way too close to the pop punk that was ever so popular in the early '90s—I'm thinking the QUEERS / VINDICTIVES but without the excuse of hindsight. (SD)
(Douchemaster)

MORBO – "De Baja Calidad" LP

So stoked to see a full length from this Peruvian punk band, who I first noticed on the BRUTALES MATANZAS compilation also on the Cintas Pepe label. The first track reminds me of my favorite song by SORELLA MALDESTRA with the robotic effect filtered vocals at the beginning. This the sound of really early punk with some slightly fuzzed out basic guitar leads and mid tempo drumming and a bass that follows the drums building a solid rhythm section. The songs are reminiscent of a lot of REVOLUCION X, specifically in the vocals and in the sentiment of "I'm Making My Future With the Border Patrol," but not in speed or the "tuca-tuca" drums of the aforementioned band. This band argues that good punk is really good rock'n'roll, and any track on here could be on the *Solo Para Punks* comp from Mexico on Cobra discos—I mean in quality, sound, lyrics, song structure... In other words, this sounds like old punk, more informed by los SAICOS than LEUZEMIA as far as Peruvian comparisons, yet still very original. The lyrics are snotty, pissed and political, in a funny "fuck you" and rudimentary way. MORBO is obnoxious and fresh while still being able to harness the spirit of creativity, regardless of skill, that old punk is so amazing for. So fucking good, pretty crazy, and totally fucking punk. Primordial punk... If you don't get it, you are a chump. (MB)
(Cintas Pepe)

MOSCOW MOSCOW MOSCOW – "Hammer, Sickles And Girls" EP

Three tracks of surf instrumentals plus one with a vocal shout out. Lacking in hooks and that special x-factor—excitement, energy and a floor-pounding riff. Rudimentary in a bad way, and boring in no other way but bad. (SD)
(Eradicator)

NEON HOLE / SUFFERING MIND – split EP

Awkward (stoned?), grind madness from NEON HOLE. It sounds forced, but they are forcing a huge sound into a brutally small hole and I am left feeling dirty in a very pleasant way. SUFFERING MIND is nowhere near as subtle, just full on grindcore punks of the Polish variety. If you like grind (and some of us do), then you have found your jam. (WN)
(Bovine / Bullshit Propaganda / Crucificados Pelo Sistema / Halo Of Flies / Beer Demon: no information / Coffee Grinder: no information / Give Praise / Pan Delmuerte)

NEON HOLE / UNHOLY GRAVE – split EP

The traxes that NEON HOLE contributes to their side of this split 7" with (one of) the J CHURCH(es) of grind, spends most of its time loitering around gurgling, down-tuned GRIEF-style dirges that once or twice go into blast mode for a half minute or so at a time and sound surprisingly in tune, which I seem to think is rarer than balls on a pitbull in this genre. Flip it. Yup, that's UNHOLY GRAVE alright. I can tell by the lo-fi grind, and not simply because this side of the center label says, "UNHOLY GRAVE." Is it safe to assume that UNHOLY GRAVE is anti anti-whaling, since their portion of the insert boasts the phrase, "Sea Shepherd Sucks!!"? Interesting? (JU)
(Bovine / Give Praise)

NERVESKADE – "Noise Pollution" EP

On this platter NERVESKADE does DISCHARGE, DISORDER, SS DECONTROL, and JERRY'S KIDS songs. I hate cover songs, I find them to be the most insulting of all musical tragedies, and the ultimate lowest common denominator situation, which in a live setting more often than not just results in the only song(s) people (read: idiots) will mosh/sing along/show any physical enthusiasm for. I really like this band a lot, but this product leaves no room for effort, therefore I just don't have time for it. And please don't come to me with the business about bands getting to play and pay tribute to some of their favorite songs. We don't come here for karaoke. At least I don't. In reality the joke's on me in the end. (JU)
(540)

NIGHTBRINGER – "31st and Michigan/A Better Tomorrow"

This is fucking great! Can I just leave the review at that? NIGHTBRINGER's second release is two straight-up hardcore destroyers that will reinvigorate your faith in modern music. In some (er…many) ways this is total epic-core, like FUCKED UP, but they've also incorporated a '90s-era Chicago hardcore sound that, combined, grabs you and pushes you facedown to the floor. The title track is a wistful reflection on a gentrified neighborhood that has lost its culture, and the flip starts off as a driving instrumental that ends with an expressive fury of despair. Both songs are super powerful and leave you thirsting for more. Recommended. (BG)
(Dear Healer)

NO MORE SAINTS – "Consume" LP

This band has a timeless sound that would not be out of place on a *Skate Rock* comp if *Thrasher* revived the series with current bands. Their style rides the proverbial rail between something that harkens to skating ditches in sunny suburban Southern California, and gloomy Bay Area hardcore such as ECONOCHRIST, with the yelled, restrained quality of the vocals reminding me more of BORN/DEAD than anything. Although I like this, these songs differ very little from each other, and a four song 7" would've made the same point. (DG)
(Negligent Faith / Seize Control / Soul Exchange)

OBNOX – "I'm Bleeding Now" LP

OBNOX is Bim Thomas, drummer from THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY and the BASSHOLES. If we're to look at "I'm Bleeding Now" with the same "solo" signifiers made famous by other folks as of late, all one would need to do is point out that tape hiss coupled with electronics *simply must* equal some kind of adventurous departure. The trouble is that Mr. Thomas has played a significant role in developing that much-lauded sound for years now. OBNOX just brings him out from behind the kit and lets him do his thing in the spotlight. Some moments are far better than others, like the few tunes that meld extremely aggressive blown-out rock with legitimately soulful vocals, but the entire LP really works well. If you want a bombastic, noisy record made with a lot of feeling, I'm struggling to think of a 2011 LP more worthy of that distinction than "I'm Bleeding Now." (MC)
(Smog Veil)

PARASITES OF THE WESTERN WORLD – "Politico/ Zytol Automation"

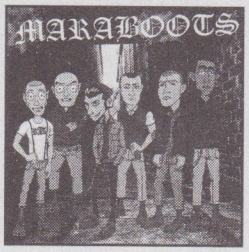
1979 single (I'm confused, DeStijl did the mp3 reissue but the vinyl is original?) from these genre-spanning punk freaks. By far the weirdest part of this band is that they hailed from Portland, Oregon in the '70s—I can't imagine who they would've hung out with? A real outsider quality seeps from this record, as do leather studs and marijuana—a really grab bag of the decade's living I guess. The A-side "Politico" is a deadpan political punk thump, the growl of the STOOGES multiplied by SUICIDE's electronic apathy. The B-side "Zytol Automation" is a curve ball epic electronic instrumental, extracting the synth-playing tendencies and shrugging off the dark vibes—coming off ten times weirder. It feels like some drinking game where CHROME ended up writing a John Hughes film soundtrack—the protagonist runs through the tape of the finish line in slow motion, then gets really heavy into Charles Manson or something? POTWW are out there like they existed in the Downtown NYC scene but couldn't kick their Floyd habit. So get on it, curious nerd! It looks like DeStijl is reissuing their first LP on vinyl and digital, and I have no idea where this record came from, it might be leaking out from founding member Patrick Burke who is still releasing records under his name on DeStijl? Our mutual friend "Google" might assist you… (JS)
(Criminal / DeStijl)

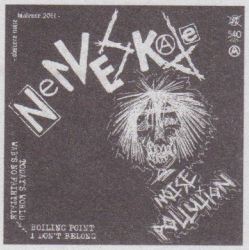
PENETRATION PANTHERS – "Perpetual '80s" EP

A slow distorted hardcore pile driver. Taking some of that disjointed violent herk and jerk of later BLACK FLAG whilst mixing in some sleaze factor ala early GG ALLIN. Bringing to mind some of the first AmRep outings minus any artsy overtones. This hits heavy, and stabs deep, taking no prisoners and asking for no quarter. Brutal, without being fast, slow without being plodding. Feel the menace. (SD)
(A389)

PINK COFFINS – "Attrition" LP

PINK COFFINS play some great hardcore that has a discontented, confused late '90s/early '00s feel to it, and likely draws from equal parts youth crew and HIS HERO IS GONE type stuff. I rarely pull the ex-members card, but there are certain subtle similarities I hear between the members' former bands—including FIGHTING DOGS, KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS (especially the final split 7"), R.A.M.B.O. (the first LP), and HYPATIA from nearby Allentown—and these songs, though there's definitely a dark cloud over everything here. I feel like this sort of dark more straightforward style has fallen out of vogue compared to a few years ago, but I miss it. (DG)
(self-released)





PIZZA OD – "Cigarettes" EP

Pop punk from Lyon, France (not Mississippi). The songs are very basic bouncy in structure, but this record suffers from a couple of issues. Firstly, the vocals are too clean and high in the mix, which makes them annoying. Secondly, the guitar is so thin and empty sounding that the songs come across kind of flat, which is a problem with such simple guitar. Altogether unsatisfying because of the production issues. (LP)
(self-released)

POLICE & THIEVES / REMISSION – split EP

I'd trace POLICE & THIEVES' roots back to DAG NASTY—melodic and well-articulated vocals, personal lyrics, guitar leads over (relatively) mild chugging riffs, and a triumphant / posi tone to the songwriting. To this they add a "some dudes-up-front" power choruses for maximum photo opportunities. They did record at Inner Ear, just like so many heroes of yesteryear. REMISSION, from Santiago, Chile aren't too far from this sound. They use rougher vocals and more melodic guitar leads, getting a little over- polished on the choruses. Each band does two songs, and REMISSION's "Empty Glass," about the emptiness of shallow hookup culture, is my favorite, but even this one wouldn't earn repeat plays at my house. There are just too many nice parts on this record, it makes me think of well-adjusted people. The bands are certainly capable and not bad at all, but the lack of danger, hatred, or bile keeps this outside my tastes. (JM)
(Amendment)

POPULATION – "Artifacts" EP

Synth-induced post-punk, dark-wave layered guitars, keyboards, and drums create a melodic yet haunting sound. I am craving way more reverb on the vocals to compliment the overall sound on the opening track. Track two and three work for me in a major way the voice is so much better and both are the winners on this disc. Guitars with hooks that lure me into some dark place from my past. If you're fishing for a comparison think early Factory Records. Great! (MS)
(BLVD)

POUR HABIT – "Got Your Back" LP

Fat Wreck Chords have always been an easy target for the smug "we only like obscure D-beat" creeps here at the compound. Back in the day I could stomach some of it for sure, but the sheen applied to most of their releases turns my stomach. This band fall somewhere between H2O, STRUNG OUT and an even more metallic PENNYWISE. It's OK, but the super precise triggered drums and stop on a dime guitars just make it sound like it was created in a factory or some shit. If you dig more recent Fat stuff go right ahead, I'll be listening to the CULTURE SHOCK CD. (TB)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

PSUDOKU – "Space Grind" LP

The artwork makes this look like a techno 12" and the album title has me a little afraid. But all fears disappeared when I dropped the needle—awesome grindcore with complex rhythms and not a modern shredding complex sound. This is another project (and one-man band) from the guy who brought us another great grind project, PARLAMENTARISK SODOMI. What PARLAMENTARISK SODOMI was to NAPALM DEATH, PSUDOKU is to GRIDLINK. That's a bit too simplistic. There is something terribly unique about PSUDOKU's sound. The way the multiple vocal sounds are done is amazing. The vocals are sort of barked but in the background and the high-pitched barks don't sound human. This is one of my favorite releases of 2011. (MH)
(625 Thrash)

PUKEOID – "Rabid" EP

This Mid West band rips through eight tracks of dirty hardcore that will please folks that like short, fast, and noisy HC/punk. The guitar sound is what kept me most interested on this EP—it gets loose and chaotic in the best of ways, Drumming and vocals move quickly and make this worth revisiting. For those that think this sounds cool don't hesitate in checking this band out. (MS)
(Not Normal)

PULLEY – "The Long and the Short of it" EP

Fuck, these dudes still play? I don't think I have heard of them since the first (and last) *Punk-O-Rama* compilation I bought in the mid '90s. Their music never really got my attention though, as I probably bought the CD for a NOFX or BAD RELIGION song or something. I probably hadn't heard any of the other bands at that point, and upon listening to the CD, probably wouldn't be hearing them most of them ever again. There were (and still are) myriad other bands that sounded just like one another. The only reason I actually still know of this band is their singer. Any baseball nerd who reads these fine pages probably already knows this, but Scott Radinsky was a relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox and the LA Dodgers throughout the '90s. He was pretty good too, with a career ERA of 3.44 and win-loss record of 42-25 with 52 saves. Not bad, considering he was never a closer. If only the music was as good (there is a BIG BOYS cover, but its not enough to make me want to listen again)... (BD)
(When's Lunch / X-Members)

RAD COMPANY – "Someone Should Be Fired" EP

Pop punk isn't dead, it just got off the Warped Tour and shacked up in Dayton, Ohio, apparently. What we have here is three songs of up-beat, fast poppy punk with melodic twin guitars and raw, introspective vocals. Shades of NOFX and DILLINGER FOUR with the basement PBR party aspect of TILTWHEEL and other "Fest" types. The recording is raw and sloppy enough to stop this from becoming Epitaph-ready modern radio Pablum. If any of that sounds remotely appealing to you, I can pretty much guarantee you will enjoy RAD COMPANY. (AM)
(Smiling Handshake)

RATIONAL ANIMALS – "Bock Rock Parade" LP

I'm nearing the end of my fourth, maybe fifth listen of this platter now, and still have no idea what to make of it any more than I did before I first separated vinyl from sleeve. Quite a confusing sound given the elements I'm hearing, and this is definitely one of the most challenging records I've had to dissect and discuss in my five-plus years as a reviewer at this mag. I really don't know what to say. It's like all the punk and hardcore bands I have ever liked (especially the '90s ones) got together and wrote an LP together at one end of a cave and I'm hearing it on the other side of the world at the far end of the cave for the first time now. But the problem is that somewhere along the line the echo of the original sound played a round of the Telephone Game with Brendan Fraser (*Journey to the Center of the Earth*, anyone?) and what I'm hearing is someone else's take on that original creation. Around every corner of these songs there is something very familiar but it's just never what I think it is. I am certainly picking up that *Bock Rock Parade* has a lot in common with the sounds made by all those David Yow-inspired groups of Y2K thrash retirees that they were churning out a little while back. But this is significantly faster and actually has a pulse, unlike a lot of that shit, which was basically just nearing blackout and chasing its own dick through the bar. There's tons of wild, acrobatic guitar shredding all over this thing that punctuates awkward rhythms, which on the surface seem fairly clumsy until you really listen and realize everything is pretty deliberate and thought out. So for the last four days I've been spending way too much time trying to think of what these vocals remind me of and since this review is already late, I think I'm just gonna have to wing it, and this will forever haunt me mentally as my biggest journalistic failure. I had been thinking all along that there is something very '90s, very ADMIRAL or FLAGMAN and bands of that ilk, but I'm not quite sure that that is much of a conscious intention or not. I bet in a week you will be able to hear it online everywhere if you can't already, and decide if it's for you, but I think this is a great fucking record and does what so many can't in creating something challenging that gets you thinking, and still sounds comforting and familiar. A near-the-top record of the year for me so far. (JU)
(Katorga Works)

RAW NERVE – "Midnight" EP

When your first record was as good as RAW NERVE's was, and each subsequent release has been more satisfying than the one that came before it, it's safe to assume you are a good band. What I'm getting at is that this record is *on fiyah*. What makes the 7" for me are two things; the talking/very-close-to-just-talking vocal parts—which sound fucking awesome—and the guitar tone... oh that guitar tone. It definitely helps that what the guitars are playing is cool, tight as *heeeeeell*, and interesting, but the actual tone couldn't be more perfect. They just sound so full and so huge but perfectly raw, triumphant, and climactic in a sexual way. All the parties involved in this band just seem to work great together. For the unfortunate unfamiliar masses, RAW NERVE's craft is a fairly even split betwixt breakneck thrashing hardcore that opts for lots of wanking in the gaps and sidesteps, but just as often slows it down and has to focus more on writing the powerful riff, and they do this

with little to no hiccup in flow or tension. In fact, it works better than it probably would if the lean was more towards one or the other. In the immortal words of another great Chicagoan, "Holy cow!" (JU)
(Youth Attack)

RAZORXFADE – LP

The Chicago straightedge nails it again. I missed out on their demo so I can't make a comparison, but this band sounds like they've simply listened to all subgenres of top-shelf hardcore for years, and applied this to their songwriting and musical aesthetic with expertise. When I can hear identifiable elements of *Boston Not L.A.*-era GANG GREEN, INFEST, SSD, and YOUTH OF TODAY flawlessly worked into a number of songs that still sounds like the band's own creations, I know that they're on to something that's more than enough to forgive their stupid name. Most of these songs go in unpredictable directions and will speed up or go into a mosh breakdown on a dime, yet the band is good enough at writing good songs and original riffs that there's no forced or herky-jerky anything to get in the way. All of this is backed by vocals that are, um, boiling over with spite and possibly spit, and in the red of the already abrasive recording that makes it fitting that this was put out by a member of RAW NERVE. Along with DURESS, POISON PLANET, NOOSE, and A SORRY EXCUSE, this band can be added to the list of Midwest bands that are redefining straight edge hardcore to mean something raw, raging, and with substance, no pun intended. (DG)
(Not Normal)

RECKLESS REASONS – "We Rule, Fuck You" CD

Fuck yeah! This is punk. As in the spiky haired, Mohicaned, leather-clad "fuck you" variety! These kids (and I do mean kids judging by the picture on the back of the CD) are tearing it up on this four-song EP with an energy and spirit that puts bands like the CASUALTIES and A GLOBAL THREAT to shame. I mention those bands because fans of bands like that should check this band out and if they don't think this is the best thing since sliced bread, er... 40s of malt liquor, then I dunno what to say. My only complaint is that this should be on vinyl guys! (ML)
(One Track Mind)

GRAHAM REPULSKI – "Into An Animal Together" CD

This sounds just like early GUIDED BY VOICES—lo-fi pop that does include other band members outside of the main guy. This is good since you don't hear much lo-fi in this neck of the woods outside of drunken garage. 24 songs that clock in at 32 minutes. Since the great GBV doesn't do a whole lot on a regular basis these days, this New Jersey band keeps the sound alive in decent fashion. (RL)
(Shorter Recordings)

RESIST CONTROL – "Dissipation" EP

I believe this band has been around for a while, but this is my first time hearing them, and I'm impressed. On this 7", there's an abundance of blast beats, double kick, and gang vocals, all of which often overpower the guitar and bass, and makes for a dense, powerful sound that walks the line of grind or powerviolence territory, but is still very much a hardcore record. A little more melody and variance peek through on side B, which arguably hints at both of the bands that played the song from which RESIST CONTROL draws their name, though much more the earlier than the later of course. The lyrics are intelligent, and often from the perspective of someone that hates the way things are, but has become aware of too much injustice to believe that resistance is anything other than futile. Like the LIEUTENANT LP reviewed a couple of issues ago, this band consists of people who have been playing in various Buffalo bands for many years, and it's probably why they're so damn good at what they do. (DG)
(Feral Kid / Shock to the System)

THE REVELING – "Tributaries" CD

This pop punk band from New York isn't breaking any new ground here. Vocals that sound like BAD RELIGION and musically a mix of ALKALINE TRIO and TAKING BACK SUNDAY. This is OK. Certainly not painful, but not so good that they stand out. Mohawks need not apply. (RL)
(Black Numbers)

RITES – LP

Heavy and sludgy/doomed out hardcore with crust and metal thrown in to make for a killer mix of brutality. Reminds me a bit of a stonier version of the SEPERATION as far as the music goes, but with a much more fuzzed out guitar tone. If you have long hair, you might feel inclined to bang that shit by the end of the first song. It took a minute to figure out any info about this band as this is their debut release (gutsy to do an LP first) but if you're looking them up, they are the RITES from Galway, Ireland and they slay. (BL)
(self-released)

RUBBER CITY REBELS – "Are Annoyed, Destroyed, Unemployed" EP

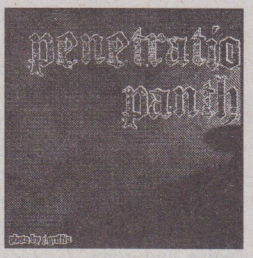
Apparently RUBBER CITY REBELS are still at it. They started back in Akron, Ohio in the late '70s releasing a killer split LP with the BIZARROS, moved out to LA to try and make it big. In LA they hooked up with JACK LEE after his NERVES fizzled, and together recorded one of the greatest LA power pop 45s doing a version of Jack's "Paper Dolls." After that they got signed to Capitol, released their "make it big" self-titled album in 1980 to mild acclaim (it has a few moments for us punk / power pop fans) and were mostly forgotten about until fanatics started buying their cutout LP in bargain bins of the '90s. They started doing reunion stuff around then, released an album in 2002 along with some posthumous CD collections. Now its 2011 and they put out a new 45. Lyrics have never been their strong suit, sadly I'm having a tough time swallowing old man attempts at catchy angst ridden lyrics circa now. That said, the recording is really loud and clear punky rawk and roll, and I imagine they're still a force to reckon with at your local dive bar. (GB)
(self-released)

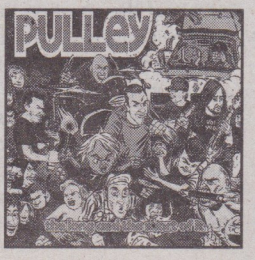
THE SCAM – "Sic World" CD

This discography presents the work of this mid-late '80s New Hampshire four piece. Some expenses were spared on the packaging, but you get their demo, the "Everything Ends In Rot" EP, and their unreleased eight-song LP, along with compilation and live tracks. Having been introduced to punk myself not far from this time and place, I found this material to be fairly typical for the era, which is to say, sadly, not very good. The songs are mostly ugly and mid-tempo, influenced by KILSLUG and PTL KLUB, with the double-time fast part two minutes in. There is a big improvement between the demo tracks and the LP, but not enough to make this a worthwhile purchase for those who don't miss it already. Twenty-six songs, 71 minutes, 1000 (!) copies. Perhaps this release is a tax write-off for the label owner. (JM)
(Welfare)

SCHIZOPHASIA – "1000" LP

These Canadian noise junkies are truly blurring the lines between punk rock and pure noise insanity—this LP is rudimentary UK via Japan '80s punk reincarnated with awe inspiring walls of reverbed guitar noise and childish vocal pouts. The guitar noise is obviously the focus of the record, while the





punk ramblings are just bass/drum/vocal presentations with ear shattering psychedelic axe manipulations in the foreground. The success is with the guitar noise, SCHIZOPHASIA have placed genuinely twisted and unique sounds in these grooves and the between song noise freakouts are by far the most engaging parts of the record. The failure, however, is that many of the songs are simply not that memorable. When you take the guitar completely out of the equation as an instrument, you are left with a completely exposed band, and all shortcomings are able to shine. This is not a dismissal of the record by any means, and fans of noise/raw punk will eat this shit up, I just wish that the time obviously spent making the guitars as ridiculous as possible had also been spent making the songs as killer as the guitars, because when they are (and they are on more than a few songs), SCHIZOPHASIA are unstoppable. (WN)
(SMRT)

SEAN / TIMES OF DESPERATION – split CD

After just one glance at the cover of this disc I knew it was going to be ridiculous, but in the best way possible. The graphic includes a full moon, a Native American woman, and a howling wolf's head, all stylized so it looks like a poster you would buy at a truck stop in New Mexico. Being a lover of such art, I had high hopes. Both bands deliver with a weird, progressive grind attack. SEAN is an instrumental two-piece featuring wild keyboard riffing over drums that alternate between crazy free jazz beats and gnarly blasts. While there's a bit of noise and some samples that sound like voicemail, I couldn't tell you how they came up with the song titles. TIMES OF DESPERATION are a bit more straightforward in that they use standard rock instrumentation but they are also mostly instrumental and unorthodox in their song structures and style. Their songs are generally longer than SEAN's and have a more varied feel due to a lot of slower stoner riffs sprinkled in with the grind. It does not hurt your experience at all to smoke some pot before listening to this record. (BL)
(Ladies Choice / Grindcore Ruins: no information)

SHENKIN PUNX – CD

Lots of things really bother me about this band/CD. They are from Tel Aviv. That's in Israel. That's a religious state doing it's best to commit genocide against the indigenous population they have displaced/are currently doing their best to crush. I spose one can't help where one is born. But then again, one has a duty, as a human, as a citizen of the world, to rise above such fate, right? I guess it's cool when bands sing in their "native" language. Even if that "native" language is a dead language, resuscitated to facilitate a colonial/settler state? If this was a white South African band, during the apartheid years, that did/said nothing about the situation they found themselves in, we'd be suspicious/critical et al, right? You benefit from apartheid; the onus is on you to take a stand against it. Otherwise you're complicit. I don't see these chaps taking such a stand. Now, that could be 'cause I just can't read, or understand Hebrew, but then again, all they mention on their myspace page (which is in English) is that they are punks, and they like to dance. Period. No mention of anything else. That they might be dancing on stolen land. On the expulsion and genocide of the indigenous population. Nope, I don't like. The music is shit too. (RK)
(self-released)

SISTER KISSER – "Vipers" LP

Mid-paced, thick-necked, ham-fisted sing-a-long pop-punk that is from New York but could be from Richmond, VA, Chicago, IL, Gainesville, FL, or San Diego, CA. In other words, you can be sure that at least some of these guys sport beards, tattoos of either the HOT WATER MUSIC logo, a slice of pepperoni pizza, or a Dodge van, and enjoy playing in living rooms or basements to a chorus of flabby shirtless dudes holding cans of PBR aloft. Okay maybe that's a little specific to glean from listening to a band's record, but if *you* sport any of the aforementioned tattoos, or enjoy any of the above cities' bands or the above activities, then SISTER KISSER is your new favorite band. (AM)
(Dead Broke)

THE SKINNIES – "I'm a Dullard/Out of Order"

The rare lone release by first-wave New Orleans punks the SKINNIES. Contains two songs, "(I'm a Dullard)" and "Out Of Order," and was originally released on their own 'Lectric Eye label. Now it's been reissued by Brooklyn archivists Last Laugh records. How many boutique reissue labels does New York have now? It's a wonder any current bands can get their records released. Basic driving '77 punk with hints at early BUZZCOCKS, especially in the vocal department. Good stuff if not essential, but if you've been considering paying spacebucks for an original, now you can experience New Orleans punk history at a discount price. (AM)
(Last Laugh)

SLATES / STALWART SONS – split EP

STALWART SONS are heartfelt and sincere in that way that boys from the Canadian plains can sometimes be...in that way that can sometimes be embarrassing and overwrought. They mean well, though. They definitely wear their SPRINGSTEEN, FUGAZI and HOT WATER MUSIC influences firmly on their sleeves, but it works for them. Their two songs remain firmly planted in the mid-tempo range and do not disappoint. SLATE, on the other side is just kind of weird. It sounds like half the band felt like "Hey dude, we're really into ALICE IN CHAINS and late '90s alternative rock" and then the other half of the band said, "Well, I guess that's cool, but I'm more into punk...you know, like the RAMONES and SCREECHING WEASEL." Then, they decided to form a band and play two decidedly different styles of music. The first song, "Fabian" sounds exactly like a late '90s alternative band opening up for SMASHING PUMPKINS. The second song, "Chinook" sounds like a late '90s pop-punk band opening up for LAGWAGON. Confounding and disappointing. (GH)
(Revolution Winter)

SLIT PLASTERS – "Get Plastered" LP

Big over produced garage rock from the Pope's hood, Vatican City. Maybe some holy robes will be thrown off to dance to this but there's not enough sacramental wine around to make me give a shit. Reminds me of some later era MAKERS stuff combined with really bad radio friendly indie rock. The '60s garage keyboard sound is great but I want the singer to die slow and painfully. Really. He's trying to sound all sexy or some shit, but it's so flat out cheezey that it ruins the few rocking songs. I need some communion wafers to kill the hangover this is giving me. (RO)
(Chorizo Loco)

SMART COPS – "Per Proteggere E Servire" LP

Super catchy tight fast punk rock from these dapper Italians. They have fingers in a bunch of pies – the backbone that holds them up is clearly '80s American hardcore from ARTICLES OF FAITH to JFA and AGENT ORANGE, but there's also a garage buzzsaw sound not unlike country mates TAXI. It's tough, but has soul (which could just be the addition of handclaps that I always like). The kind of band that'll punch you then hug you... I dig. (TB)
(Sorry State)

SMART COPS – "Per Proteggere E Servire" LP

Imagine a more Italian, less inspired and power-popped over RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS paired with that worn out COBRA SKULLS style CLASH worshiping. Consider the HIVES after wee bit of a watering down, clad in all the clichés: pristine leathers and nut-crackingly tight jeans. Throw in the wearing of your own band shirt and a pair of handcuffs displayed through your belt loops for full effect. This being said, I'm sure these guys have their charm live after a skin full of the alcohol of your choice. I'm sure there is a degree of energy live that would help these guys fluff up this pretty generic, punk n' almost rockabilly n' roll sound captured on this record. (GG)
(Sorry State)

SMASH DETOX – "Shanguri-la" EP

Is the term "supergroup" really appropriate to use in a punk setting? Sure it's cheesy as fuck, but at these same time this is an one-time only grouping of musicians from some of the greatest bands in hardcore (holy shit, seriously: DEATH SIDE, BASTARD, JUDGEMENT, FORWARD, WORLD BURNS TO DEATH, TETSU-AR-REI...) coming together to lay down two tracks of massive Japanese hardcore that melds the pop sensibility of later PAINTBOX (especially Andrea's vocals) with the raw aggression of DEATH SIDE / BASTARD, always driving, always building to a heavier part than what came before. Look, nothing is ever going to 100% live up to that fucking pedigree, but this is a fantastic single and is well worth a listen if you're remotely a fan of any of the aforementioned bands, or just heavy anthemic hardcore in general. (AU)
(H:G Fact / Prank)

SOCIETY'S ILLS – CD

I prefer the star-studded SOCIETY'S ILLS that covered entire 7 SECONDS records. This far, far inferior one has pretty much written this review for me in the song where they namecheck BAD RE-

LIGION, GOOD RIDDANCE, RANCID, and PROPAGANDHI. Evidently, the message of that last one whizzed past their goateed heads, given the naked woman on the cover of this CD. (DG)
(self-released)

SOREAZIS – "7" Cannibal" EP

The artwork makes me want to vomit. It's like new style skater graffiti crap. They're from Copenhagen. It's a little too slick for me but not totally without merit. The singer has an interesting voice that's a little JOHNNY ROTTENish at times and the song "No. 69" is catchy in a '70s punk ADVERTS kinda way. I recommend side A if you give a shit. (RO)
(We Sign 'Em All)

SPEEDBALL – "Three Seconds" CD

Seven short bursts of melodic, metallic hardcore, clocking in at under twenty minutes. The thanks list is in French, though the lyrics are all in English, touching on the typical hardcore topics of friendship, betrayal, trust, and the ol' stab in the back. I dig the STRUNG OUT-esque metal guitar arrangements. Not so keen on the de rigueur hoarse shouty vocals, but, er, I guess that's the French for you. (RK)
(self-released)

SPEEDBALL – "Songs Of Defeat" CD

Hardcore from France (vocals in English). These guys have the youth crew thing going on. I'm no expert on this stuff although I do enjoy it when it's done well. REFUSED and SINKING SHIPS are my common comparisons for this stuff. This is powerful, tight, and anthemic but that's a given for this genre. Recommended for completeists of the genre and locals from France. (RL)
(Don't Trust The Hype / Craze / Oni Red Chords)

SQUALORA – "Hell Is Other People" LP

Here we have a '90s style progressive crust assault from Portland. This platter opens with a George Carlin (to whom the LP is dedicated) sample on top of an acoustic riff, and immediately I had some idea of what I was in for. The songs are either both long and drawn-out numbers featuring several tempo changes or done-in-an-instant ragers. While they are speedy at times, I get the feeling SQUALORA aren't really concerned with thrashing your face into oblivion. Most of their riffs range from atmospheric and melodic to straight up sludgy. Lyrically they are definitely political, and present interesting ideas without coming across as too heavy-handed. For instance, there's a pretty badass song about the subversive potential of graffiti. NEUROSIS is the obvious musical reference point here, but ECONOCHRIST also come to mind at times. Like the aforementioned Bay Area quartet, SQUALORA's members moved from a podunk town (Missoula, MT) to a punk haven, and their roots show. Perhaps I'm generalizing, but bands comprised of people from isolated areas seem to have a more "all over the place" vibe than those closely associated with thriving punk environments. There are a lot of different ideas at work on this LP, and while not all of them hit the mark, there are certainly some memorable passages. If they ditched the blast beats and faster tunes (which sound like they were written in haste compared to the longer songs) and just focused on being a progressive melodic outfit I think they'd be better off, because the band is definitely tight. (KM)
(Minor Bird)

STALWART SONS / UNION OF THE SNAKE – split EP

STALWART SONGS play stop-start emo that takes influence from both Revolution Summer and the more melodic '90s emo-rock, somewhere between something on Jade Tree or Caulfield and say, JAWBREAKER. Not what I wanna listen to, but it's definitely a good representation of the genre. UNION OF THE SNAKE are also very '90s, reminding me of the TRANSMEGETTI and the VSS. Thick bass, bleeps and bloops and sort of mathy song structures with echoe-y vocals that *really* remind me of Sonny from the VSS. Nowhere close to as good as the VSS though. This record is intensely late '90s! Troubleman records fans from that era check it out! (LG)
(No Yes)

STARVATION – "Arm Against the Forces" EP

This nine track EP is definitely not the usual fare found on the No Idea label, but grindcore is associated with Florida almost as much as melodic emocore (and gulp…ska punk), so why not? I keep seeing the same recycled promo line floating around on the internet describing this as hardcore powerviolence featuring someone from ASSHOLE PARADE, but in truth this is way more on the grindcore tip and features a ferocious female singer who really should be the one getting the praise. The music itself is a pure aural assault that will bring out your inner misanthrope, and this just might be their goal. Dig their motto: "Death to the Hip! Destroy Everything!" Fuck yes! (BG)
(No Idea)

STOCKPILE – "Body Politic" EP

This is fast punk in the vein of Portland sound, some STATE OF FEAR, some WARCRY with hints of later faster incarnations of Swedish D-beat without the overt creeping metal. This is good, driving, fast and mean. The drumming is brutal. The vocals are rad and could take any of the Youth Attack kids out. The lyrics are great—figurative yet directly political and personal, intelligent, but not inaccessible. They make me cross my fingers that the dude singing holds true to them without being a self-righteous asshole. Someone said that this band has a member or members of WITCHHUNT? Who really cares, this is good. Not breaking any ground, but on fucking top within similar stuff coming out of its kind. I wanna see them play with MANIPULATION. This is a good record. (MB)
(Destroy Me)

STRUNG OUT – "Top Contenders: The Best of Strung Out" CD

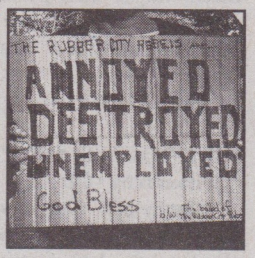
One of Fat's mainstays puts out a "best of" with three new tracks here. Ranging from speedy BAD RELIGION melodic punk to the pop sounds of THE ATARIS, these guys have never been a favorite of mine. I can't say anything bad about them, it is just that I have liked other bands doing the same thing way better. This does have some strong catchy riff heavy pop punk. This is best for those who are curious about these vets and die hard fans for the remix. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

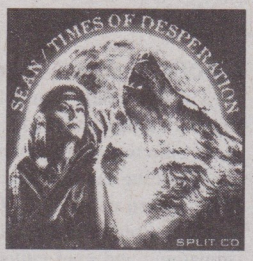
SWAN KING – "Eyes Like Knives" LP

Kinda puzzled how this got sent here for review, I guess I imagine them having a different fan base than spiky haired punks, but here it is. Kinda doom-y heavy rock, it's crazy youngsters of today can make such a pro-sounding record. The singer's voice reminds me of Mark Arm of MUDHONEY so it's hard for me to get over the "grunge" baggage. Whatever the case, they're obviously a tight highly proficient outfit whose sound would likely appeal to heavy rock / post-hardcore fans. (GB)
(Seventh Rule)

TENEMENT – "Napalm Dream" LP

I'm having such a hard time jotting down this review. So here's the deal: this record's good. It's a fun blend of pop punk and power pop that's all rock'n'roll-y. It's got songs





about heartbreak and shit *without* being whiney. The songs also have a good deal of variety, so I remained interested the whole way through. The recording is all very guitar-centric too, with some shedding and noodle-y bits. *Napalm Dream* is rockin' but never lame, sweet but not wimpy, fun and melancholy at the same time. It's good. (LP)
(Mandible)

THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS – "Burning Trash – 6/10/95" EP

Do you ever feel like you're being punished? I'm sitting here stunned, just having to type out their goddamned name one more time. I've considered not even listening to it. I have a hard time believing this ain't just two more throwaway tracks from this *extremely* prolific Columbus band. But here it is, so what the fuck. WOW. TJSA sounds better via shite '90s boombox than 87% of other musical outfits with a real recording/budget, and don't they fucking know it! Honestly, I dunno if I can call this "punk," these guys are too smart record store clerk rock-ists who already knew too much. Maybe "fake punk," err, no, "fake punks." I guess the catchall of late is "lo-fi" so I'll just use that and throw in a "charming" and "tone deaf singer." (GB)
(Negative Guest List)

NICK TOCZEK AND THRESHOLD SHIFT – "Britanarchy" CD

Bloody hell. Glad to see Mr. T is still ranting away. Back in the say, before there was spoken word, in the UK, in the late-'70s/early-'80s, it was called "ranting poets." Like JOHN COOPER CLARKE, SEETHING WELLS, and LITTLE BROTHER. NICK TOCZEK was one. He even did a 12" on Bluurg, if I remember correctly. In between researching the far right, he's written children's books, and performs all over the shop. What you get here is four tracks of sung/spoken word, almost sound poetry, with some rather excellent punk-y '77 style musical backing, courtesy of THRESHOLD SHIFT, whom I've never heard of, but by the looks of it, are the same generation as the TOCZEK chap—i.e. old enough to be your dads... Excellent the man is still doing it, and sounding better than ever. Top notch. (RK)
(Not-a-Rioty)

TODOS CAERAN – "After Dark" LP

I really, really wanted to love this record. In the end, I just kinda like it. This Edmonton band does emo and that's not a bad thing in my book. The opening number is a long drawn out number, with spoken vocals telling a nice story over guitars playing a pretty little melody that moves into the screaming and loud guitars. From there it follows the emo rulebook: loud/quiet, screaming, long intros. I like how the songs seem to be one long narrative and the artwork ties into this as well. This is generally the type of thing I could eat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. So where does it fall short? Well, it's just a little too pretty. There's just not enough chaos. The songs don't really build to that big emotional release, they just pleasantly move along. And the screamo vocals are just that. Other than the opening spoken part, it's just screamo. Just as in the music, the vocals don't really build or change much at all. Good enough for a lite brunch, but not the whole grand slam. (MD)
(Revolution Winter)

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP

The current wave of Australian bands are in competition to come up with either the worst art work or the worst band name. BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS!? EAGLE BOYS!? Urg. Australian punx may dispute this fact but TOTAL CONTROL has the baddest artwork award under wraps with this pixel and MS Paint created monstrosity. But they went ahead and made one of the records of the year. This is not an understatement but a statement of fact. The first song is a paranoid shuffle that sounds like it could be on a Target Video montage, the second song emerges instantly out of it with a subtle thuggish appeal, a million concepts buried under a dumb beat and explosive guitar bursts. Like a less earnest DESPERATE BICYCLES, early ULTRAVOX too, filled with hate and bile, visible disgust! *Pink Flag* with added *Real Life*. But there are so many ideas and possibilities, this isn't some corny replay reenactment scheme, these fucks are cagey and creative. Post-punk revival bands make me wanna eat my own puke, this is so far from that turgid sallow sadness... I know members of this band are in UV RACE, and I think it's weird that both bands make better LPs than they do 45s—most punks have the opposite problem... This is maladjusted, out of place music, transformative, uncomfortable and I have never been to Australia and have no real concept of what life is like there, but my stereotyped ideas are of a stoic happy go lucky macho people, more Bon Scott than this weirdo damage. Not sure what that added to the review! Buy this record chumps. It's so good. (LG)
(Iron Lung)

THE TRASHIES – "Space Jam" LP

I had previously pegged the TRASHIES as a SPITS rip-off band, as that's how their initial recordings came across. That opinion no longer holds any water. These guys learned plenty of new tricks on their hiatus and have returned wiser, weirder and far more enjoyable than I had expected. It's closer to UZI RASH than ever before (shocking, since both bands share the same brain trust), much more musical and manic than I ever expected. It's still totally absurd and generally uncomfortable, but you *can* dance to it. Disgusting. Good. (MC)
(Minor Bird / 24/7)

TRUE STEREO – "Hey" EP

A five song 7" from this Chattanooga band. This takes me back to the mid-to-late '80s when punk and college rock were crossing paths, bands like DOUGHBOYS or the NILS. Plenty of melody, but enough of a rough edge to keep things interesting. I also hear a bit of early SAMIAM in these songs. I dig the opening number and its laid back bridge of "Hey." "Lend Me Your Tears" is a speedy number, but TRUE STEREO sound more comfortable playing melodic rock. A solid effort. (MD)
(Dead Broke / Family Night)

TUCK AND ROLL – "Broken Radios" CD

An amalgamation of FACE TO FACE, (later) BAD RELIGION and a host of other melodic punk bands with raspy whoa-whoa vocals and those mysterious pop metal guitar leads. A lot of this is kinda moody, and I'm sure it's perfect emotional teen angst to at some lonely kid somewhere... (WN)
(NXNW)

TUHKAUS – "Sotatila" EP

I read that this is actually a two-piece, with one guy playing all the instruments on the recording and a singer. The super high-pitched vocals on this made me do a double take...they are awesome! It's some of the most grating vocals—think a higher pitched Martin from CRUDOS. This is D-beat, mostly mid-tempo with a few crusty moments with occasional melodic guitar work and a few squealing guitar solos harkening back to a metallic influence. This does not sound like Finnish HC as people like to think, but more a synthesis of second wave Scandi D-beat HC meets MOTÖRHEAD. The lyrics are in Finnish and sounds so fucking tough! The cover artwork depicts some of the typical war / politicians / rich fat cats / bishops, but in a really cool cartoon-y, but not cheesy way. Cool record but not essential. There are some really good songs on here, "Ulluh" and "Rintamauutisia" are fucking jams guys, so I am definitely curious to hear more. (MB)
(Roku / Psychedilca)

UNDERPANTS – "Drown In This" EP

So it looks like this month I'm on a roll with German bands... This one sounds more like a '90s US "punk" band however. The songs are upbeat with angular-sounding guitars and big vocals with lots of shout-y, melodic back-ups. Not bad but a little too "whoa-oh" for my liking... Kinda reminds me of an old late-'80s/early-'90s band from Minneapolis called the PORCELEIN BOYS and might appeal to more of a younger audience perhaps? (ML)
(Yo-Yo)

UN DIA MAS – "...Y Sufren" EP

The lone track on the A-side of this record sounds like a long lost TRAGEDY demo, except the vocals are in Spanish. It's derivative melodic crust, but fortunately, the song is really fucking good. The leads are ripping and they have several different vocalists who trade shouts throughout. The three songs on the flipside are more straightforward, blur the lines between hardcore and crust, and this time the vocals are in English. A bit confusing. The B-side tracks are disappointing and seem like lazy songwriting, especially when recalling how good the opener is. These Santa Ana natives put out this record themselves, which is awesome, but stick to the Todd Burdette worship dudes. (KM)
(self-released)

VILE INTENT – "Regression to the Mean" EP

It's really easy to throw monikers around, but Montreal's VILE INTENT is fukkn' powerviolence, in the purest West Coast tradition. Frustrated and anxious fast blasts meet slow lurches and a multi-vocal attack, distorted and legitimately ugly. After a crushing demo and excellent first EP, I

expected nothing less, and a got even more than I expected. Did I need the minutes long instrumental on the B-side that disassembled itself into feedback and never actually went anywhere? No, but I respect their commitment to the mission, and besides, the A-side is good enough to compensate for most transgressions. (WN)
(Diseased Audio)

VIVISEKTIO – "1984" LP

Finland produced so many amazing bands since the beginnings of punk. Many recorded some great records but like most countries the majority of bands that existed never put their work to vinyl, this is the case with VIVISEKTIO. They began in '83 and ended in '86. They identified as a hardcore/peace punk band, unfortunately I can't get into what they sang about due to the language barrier. Musically this is awesomely Finnish in sound and energy, great gruff vocals to rapid hardcore sounds. If this were to have had a release date of '84 with the typical production from that era everyone today would be shitting their pants to get a hold of one of these records. Good shit! (MS)
(Roku / Hoehnie)

VOLT GHOSTS – "Electric Blackout" LP

Damn! This shit rocks! VOLT GHOSTS are from East Germany, as a day-glo pink stickie on the jacket informs me, but they sound like they should be from Sweden! What I mean by this is that they play kick-ass rock'n'roll in a way that Swedish bands like the HELLACOPTERS or BACKYARD BABIES in the past have, which I am a *huge* fan of!! There is even a killer version of "Proud Mary" that would make Ike and Tina's heads spin! I usually find that anyone trying to cover that song is embarking on a failed mission as it's hard to improve upon that song, but VOLT GHOSTS managed to make it their own and do a very respectable version of it... Good stuff!! (ML)
(Destination Unknown)

VRIL – "Red Asphalt" EP

Ohhhh how I wish this lived up to its Mysterious Guy hardcore looks. Unfortunately, VRIL appears to be merely a punk band, inept in all the right ways. You get the sense they can barely hold it together in spite of how serious things seem to be. "Red Asphalt" and "SoulSnatch" are fairly dark, basic '80s LA style punk songs, drenched in echo and fuzz. "Howlin'" comes across like NOTHING PEOPLE stripped of any musicality, which works far better than it should. Decent effort, but won't rattle your world. (MC)
(self-released)

WHATEVER BRAINS – LP

The first full-length from WHATEVER BRAINS, following four 7" EPs that I missed and will now have to track down. Combine solid bedrock of noisy garage rock, a throbbing vein of agitated synth-punk, stylistic nods to the FALL, and a healthy disregard for whatever is considered "punk" or "hardcore," and you'll arrive at an approximation of the WHATEVER BRAINS aesthetic—at times jazzy and spazzy, at others driving and catchy. The proggy, noodly keyboard parts in "Whatever Helps You Sleep" remind me of PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY. The varied and disparate sounds of the album betray an ambitious surplus of ideas, but the end result can end up feeling a little unfocused. Maybe my attention span for a full and varied LP has been ruined in this era of one-sided 45rpm 12" "albums." My other minor complaint is that the nasal vocals started to grate by the fourteenth or fifteenth song. On the whole, though, good record: thumbs up for *ideas*! Remember them? (AM)
(Sorry State)

WHITE NIGHT – "Immortal" LP

Whiny infantile power-pop punk with garage undertones, coated with melodic BLINK 182 style guitar leads. The music is generic, sounds like every dude's first pop punk band, and the lyrics are reflective of that too. The first song has a very RAMONES feel, the charming "Doggface," unfortunately the lyrics are in Kanji on the lyric sheet so I am only going by what I can hear, something about a girl who's so ugly she should stay inside or call the police if she leaves?! More cliché dude-bro bullshit to follow! Nostalgic song about being a teenage boy that wanted to get laid but mostly masturbated in his room? Check! Song about wanting to have sex with some famous lady? Check! Song about some other guy that took your girl? Check! Fifty million songs about what bitches all the girls these dudes have ever been with are? Of course! Song about aliens? Oh yeah. When I listen to shit like this and there are like ten songs about how all their ex-girls have slept with their friends, it always makes me think about what shining noble heroes the choads that are in these bands must be. Seriously, if every girl you have ever been with has cheated on you with your friends, enough so you have material for an entire LP of songs about it, bud that reflects badly on you and your friends. You just be the champion of the creeps. A record made by and for Southern California pop-punker bro-dawgs, their band is called WHITE NIGHT for cryin' out loud. Doesn't get much more OC than that! If you grew up in a sprawling ranch house, maybe in Seal Beach, maybe in Costa Mesa, and spent your teenage years at Warped Tour then discovered the Agnew brothers and house shows in your later teens this is your band. I am gonna go cleanse my palate by listening to some actual good music in this vein made by Southern Californian youth, maybe the ADOLESCENTS or the DESCENDENTS, cuz this shit is depressing rich kid garbage that should have stayed at a Laguna Beach pool party. (LG)
(Dead Broke / No Breaks)

WOOLLEN KITS – "Maths/Out Of Town"

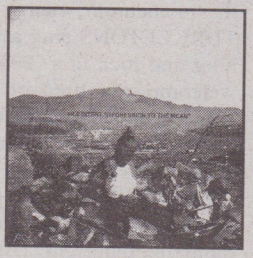
Distorted pop done with a C-86 flavor with more than a subtle hint of Flying Nun records. A garage undercurrent flows steady on both sides, keeping one foot in the indie camp whilst resting the rest of its pinkies in the In The Red school of rock'n'roll. Nice. (SD)
(R.I.P Society)

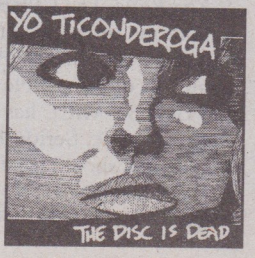
YO TICONDEROGA – "The Disk Is Dead" CD

Decent, tight, almost European sounding in an ACCELERATORS pop punk way, infused with folky almost SHANG-A-LANG like notes. Doesn't blow me away, but is listenable. Sleeve looks like this is going to be a COMETBUS project. (GG)
(self-released)

V/A – "Best of Unsound Bands 1983-85" LP

Whoa, here's one I never saw coming! I've heard *of* INSANITY DEFENSE and SATAN'S CHEERLEADERS (sorry, no girls here!), but I'm pretty sure this is the first time I've heard either of them, let alone SFN (STANDS FOR NOTHING), GLEN HEADS or FATAL VISION. These five bands made up Long Island (LIHC, brah!) based Unsound records' release roster circa 1985 on mostly tape-only releases as advertised in ancient punk rock fanzines like *MRR* throughout the '80s. Mass based Welfare records hooked up with the old label honchos to release this compilation, and I am once again pleasantly surprised with the quality of the material here. I'm most into FATAL VISION whose tracks are pretty brutal lo-fi skull crushing bonehead hawdcoaw, and GLEN HEADS super rad drum machine / synth punk / experimental jitters. INSANITY DEFENSE are solid if kinda marginal for '80s HC, the CHEERLEADERS are fun tuneful gutter punk trash, SFN is





melodic punk/core, kinda rad. Great full color collage style cover art should be the industry standard for this kind of posthumous release. I hesitate to say essential, but if you've graduated onto seeking out every second and third tier US Hardcore recording from the '80s, this is definitely worth your money. (GB)
(Welfare)

V/A – "Bloodstains Across Ontario" EP

Canadia's finest below sea level offerings are represented in this volume of the "Bloodstains across..." series. An aurally pleasing cross section of cute CHRISTMAS ISLAND like lo-fi, titty twister SOMETHING FIERCE sounding powerpunk and nicely executed DUCKS DELUXE style modern day pub rock (from SLIM TWIG, I'll be looking into him a bit more — his track is great on here) with a touch of '80s country/LIVE FAST DIE like shenanigans ending this nicely put together compilation. This is a great overview of differing music styles coming from this province. If your tastes are on the more varied side and any of the aforementioned bands tingle your crotch, check out this EP. (GG)
(Mammoth Cave)

V/A – "Box Of Sand" CD

This compilation starts off strong with Minnesota's HARD FEELINGS delivering a busy, exciting pop-punk rager. SEVERANCE PACKAGE, who I usually enjoy, suffers from a weird studio mix but I still like their song. "Biology" by SHANG-A-LANG is bouncy, raw and rockin'. THANKS keep up the momentum, energy and enthusiasm. The TURKLETONS sing at one million miles per hour and rock in a '90s pop-punk way that is welcome, not tired or boring. TOO MANY DAVES' brand of dude rock sounds way better on a comp than on their full-length records. It also sounds better when you're drunk. FOUND DEAD IN TRUNK is kinda fast and sloppy, but also kinda dumb. Punk is fast, sloppy and dumb though, right? (Am I going to talk about every band on this comp? Yes.) DIRECT HIT! I don't know anything about this band, but their song "Werewolf Shame" makes me jump around like the best FLESHIES songs. Sorry, the NEW MCCARTHY, but your SPRINGSTEEN-style rock is not moving me right now. UNFUN'S song "Weak" is good and rocking, but suffers from a weird mix where the drums seem louder than everything else. BOILERMAN is intricate and inventive. Shit is tight as fuck, actually. PEER PRECIOUS is bouncy, fun and awesome. After a lengthy into that goes nowhere, ABOLITIONIST offers up a straightforward song that is basically a book review of *The Road*. The UPBEAT NANCIES kind of remind me of the worst parts of going to bad pop-punk shows. The BLENDOURS serve to remind us of the terrible shit that GREEN DAY and GHOST MICE have done to the world of DIY pop-punk. Seriously, this song is fucking terrible and should have never seen the light of day. The DIRTY HITS sound kinda like a more punk SAW WHEEL. RATIONS finish it off with a live track that is energetic and spirited. It sounds like a good show. This compilation is pretty solid, but I feel like it suffers from its presentation. The label does not offer any info on the bands and tells you to just look them up on the Internet if you want to know anything. If that is your belief, why not just put the whole CD online rather than paying to release it in the first place? I like when a release is its own self-contained thing and all the information I need is right there in front of me. While the songs contained on this CD are mostly good, the product itself feels shoddy and rushed. (GH)
(Lost Cat)

V/A – "Bruised Knuckles vs. Savage Amusement: The Best Punk & Oi! In Town" CD

Good lord! This is a massive musical cornucopia!! Not exactly sure what that means, but I think I used that word right, and it makes me sound kinda smart, eh? Hmm, guess it kinda works as it means "an abundance," and that is what you get on this CD alright! This is a collection of all kinds of bands under the "punk" and "oi!" banners compiled by two European zines, including the long-running and splendid Savage Amusement which is the product of Trev of HAGL and Negative Reaction fame as well. Props to you Trev and to Bruised Knuckles as well for putting together a collection of 23 tracks clocking in at just over an hour that runs the gamut of pogo-ish punk rock to hard-as-nails Oi!—and even a couple of classic sounding ska tracks. There are of course a couple of dodgy (as in "not so good", not "right-wing"), but you kinda expect that on a compilation. Highlights for me on this CD are "Another Night" by BOOTSTROKE, JENNY WOO with "We Don't Need Their Respect" and of course PERKELE is always great with "Heads Held High" on this and wrapping up the CD is BOOZE & GLORY with "Swinging Fuckin' Hammers" which is not only a great song, but was recently included on a very special, fund-raising shaped record in memory of our dear friend Mr. Bruce Roehrs (RIP), so check that song out for sure if nothing else... (ML)
(Bruised Knuckles / Savage Amusement: no information)

V/A – "Illegal By Choice" EP

An amazing six-band, six track compilation released to raise awareness and benefit the Punk Illegal and No One is Illegal Network ("Ingen människa är illegal")—an organization supporting refugees and supporting a world without borders in Sweden. This 7" EP features exclusive tracks from some of the heavy hitters of the current Swedish Punk scene—MEANWHILE (here with an absolutely scathing cover of RIISTEYT), KVOTERINGEN with a blasting track of blown out thrash, a total detonating punk charge from VICTIMS and a surprising cover of an 1970s pop rock Albert Hammond song that was reworked to be a Swedish radio hit by native crooner Lalla Hansson and then is reinterpreted here with gusto, vigor and fire by ASTA KASK. There are great tracks from Vienna's DEMENZIA KOLEKTIVA—a pop flavored punker with female vocals, and ALERT! ALERT!—distorted noise, echoing vocalled hardcore from Poland. A great EP with an excellent cover by Crash Mange for a great cause! Mandatory! (KS)
(De Nihil)

V/A – "PML-Zine Compilation" EP

This comp came with issue four of the Finnish PML-zine, which was printed last year, but for some reason the record just recently found its way to us. Better late than never 'cause this is a pretty cool release featuring four newer, lesser-known Finnish bands. LEBAKKO start things off with an awesome track of fast and snotty garage punk presumably influenced by early '80s American degenerates—definitely the best song on here. ESCAPE TO DEATH and NO HEROES each contribute one song of youth crew influenced hardcore, which isn't usually my cup of tea, but both groups are fast and raw enough to avoid being lumped in with shitty, khaki-clad revival bands. ANVILS DROP close things out with a heavy, metallic hardcore jam that has a couple badass riffs (particularly the intro one), but overall the song's aesthetic is too close to bro-core for me. (KM)
(PML)

V/A – "The Rock Garage: Texas Live Concert Series Volume 1" CD

Fifteen bands, er, "showcase" a song each. I'm guessing recorded live in Texas. Liner notes are scanty, to say the least. It would appear that they were recorded in a bunch of different venues. The sound quality is actually pretty good, and some of the bands here are pretty rockin'. Wouldn't really say that many of them are rather punk. TEXAS SAPPHIRES sounds like a warped late '70s new wave band (à la MUTANTS). To be honest, the only bands I'd heard of before on this disc are NASHVILLE PUSSY, and DASHRIPROCK (who do a fairly inspired double-entendre song about New Orleans needing more dykes—geddit!?). Various forms of scuzzy rock, metal, pop and folk seem the order of the day on this one. Actually, tis not so bad. (RK)
(The Rock Garage)

V/A – "To Live A Lie Volume 1" EP

Get in line, grind maniacs. MIND AS PRISON, THE KILL, TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION, FUBAR, ARCHAGATHUS, SPOONFUL OF VICODIN and others all cram their way onto this slab of wax—and the level of quality for a grind comp is shockingly high. Sure there are some stinkers, but it's a fukkn' nineteen song comp, what the hell do you expect. Standouts: WORLDS...and WORLDS. There are good songs on this comp, but the two WORLDS tracks inject so much piercing intensity into their tracks—total crushing brilliance. Twelve bands, nineteen songs, blast this shit. (WN)
(To Live A Lie)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

540: timmy@chaosintejas.com
625 Thrash: www.625thrash.com
A389: www.a389records.com
Acid Reflux: acidrefluxrecords.bigcartel.com
Active Distribution: activedistribution.org
Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.alternativetentacles.com
Amendment: www.amendment-records.com
Animal Style: www.animalstylerecords.com
Antisociety: antisociety@yahoo.co.uk
Apocalypse Sunrise Productions: myspace.com/apocalypsesun
Armageddon: www.armageddonshop.com
Black Numbers: theblacknumbers.com
Bluurg: www.subhumans.co.uk
BLVD: www.blvdrecords.com
Bruised Knuckles: myspace.com/bkpunx
Bovine: PO Box 1322, Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54495
Bullshit Propaganda: myspace.com/bspropaganda
Cabeza De Vaca: cabezadevacarecs@gmail.com
Chambers: myspace.com/chambersrecs
Chaotic Neutral: chaoticneutral.bigcartel.com,
Chrorizo Loco: www.chorizoloco.com
Cintas Pepe: cintaspepe@gmail.com, www.mrobosubte.com
Coffee Grinder: c/o Nick Zapata 5854 Rue Pascal Montreal, QC H1G 1S9 CANADA
Craze: www.craze-records.com
Crecer: www.myspace.com/crecerrecords
Crucificados Pelo Sistema: crucificados.de
Dead Broke: 139 Huber Ave, Holbrook, NY 11741
Dear Healer: www.dearhealer.com
Désordre Ordonné: thedefonce@hotmail.com
DeStijl: www.destijlrecs.com
Destination Unknown: www.destinationunknownrecords.de
Destroy Me: destroymerecords.blogspot.com
Diseased Audio: diseasedaudio.blogspot.com
Don Giovanni: www.dongiovannirecords.com
Don't Trust The Hype: dtth.bigcartel.com,
Douchemaster: douchemasterrecords.com
Drag City: PO Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647, www.dragcity.com
Eradicator: 422 West 4th St, Bloomington IN 47404
Even Worse: www.evenworserecords.com
Failsafe: www.myspace.com/freemanrichmond
Family Night: 82-A N. Lexington Ave., Asheville, NC 28801
Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com
Feral Kid: feralkidrecords.com
Ghost Robot Ninja Bear: ghostninjarobotbear.wordpress.com
Give Praise: PO Box 40, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com
Goner: www.goner-records.com
Gruff Beard: 151 Hunter Ave, N. Babylon, NY 11703
Halo Of Flies: haloofffliesrecords.com
Harvcore: www.harvcore.com
H:G Fact: www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact
Hoehnie: www.hoehnierecords.de
Honduran: nothonduran@gmail.com
Iron Lung: www.ironlungrecords.com
Jornalero: jornalerodistro@yahoo.com
Katorga Works: katorgaworks.bigcartel.com
Kind of Like: kindoflikerecords.com
Ladies Choice: facebook.com/hateyouhumans
Last Laugh: 313 President St #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231, www.lastlaughrecords.us
Left for Dead: leftfordeaduk@yahoo.co.uk
Limited Pressing: PO Box 823, Manorville, NY 11949
Load: www.loadrecords.com
Lost Cat: PO Box 2121, St Cloud, MN 56302, lostcatrecords@gmail.com
Low Recordings: paco@lavidaesunmus.com
Maladroit: thebeatenhearts@hotmail.com
Mammoth Cave: mammothcaverecording.com
Mandible: 102 Ryerson St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11205
Minor Bird: www.minorbirdrecords.com
Mississippi: 4007 North Mississippi Ave., Portland, OR 97227
Munster: www.munster-records.com
Les Nains Aussi: le-nains-stillangry@no-log.org
Negative Guest List: negativeguestlist.blogspot.com, myspace.com/brisbanefanzine
Nightschool: nightschool.org.uk
No Breaks: 184 Rogers St NE Suite 301, Atlanta, GA 30317
No Idea: www.noidearecords.com
No More Saints: nomoresaints.com
Not Normal: notnormaltapes.blogspot.com
Not-a-Rioty: slaphead@1000rpm.freeserve co.uk
No Yes: www.noyesrecords.com
NXNW: nxnwrecords.blogspot.com
One Track Mind: www.myspace.com/recklessreasonsmilwaukee
Oni Red Chords: myspace.com/oniredchords
Overground: www.overgroundrecords.co.uk
Pan Del Muerte: www.myspace.com/pandelmuerterecords
Pangea: www.pangearecordings.com
Phatry: www.phatryrecords.com
Pink Coffins: 1623 S. Rosewood, Philadelphia, PA 19145, pinkcoffins@gmail.com
Pizza OD: pizzaod.blogspot.com
PML: lebakko@gmail.com
Prank: www.prankrecords.com
Profane Existence: PO Box 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418, www.profaneexistence.org
Programme Two: thefuckinghotlights.com
Psychedelica: www.psychedelica.fi
Red Scare: www.redscare.net
Revolution Winter: revolutionwinter@gmail.com
R.I.P. Society: ripsocietyrecord.tumblr.com
Rites: rites.bigcartel.com
The Rock Garage: www.therockgarage.com
Rockin' Dogs: myspace.com/rockindogs
Roku: moguli@rokurecords.com
Rowdy Farrago: www.destructors666.com, www.myspace.com/dun2def
Rubber City Rebels: rubbercityrebels.com
Seventh Rule: PO Box 42639 Portland, OR 97242 www.seventhrule.com
Shenkin Punx: myspace.com/shenkinpunx
Shock to the System: shocktothesystemrecs.com
Shorter Recordings: www.grahamrepulski.bandcamp.com
Skrammel: www.skrammelrecords.se
Skull Man: www.skullmanrecords.com
Smiling Handshake: www.myspace.com/smilinghandshake
Smog Veil: www.smogveil.com
SMRT: www.smrtrecords.se, smrtrecords@gmail.com
Snappy Little Fingers: PO Box 370602, Denver, CO 80237, www.snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com
Snax: www.myspace.com/givemesnax
Sorry State: 1102 N Greensboro St, Carrboro, NC 27510
Speedball: www.myspace.com/speedballhxc
La Societe Pue Prod: lasocietepue@hotmail.com
Society's Ills: societysills@hotmail.com
Sorry State: 111 Old Pittsboro Road, Carrboro, NC 27510, www.sorrystaterecords.com
Soul Exchange: soulexchangerecords.com
Step Down: stepdown98@gmail.com
Sympathizer: ladypiss@yahoo.com
Team Science: www.teamsciencerecords.com
Tian An Men 89: www.tam89records.com
To Live A Lie: c/o Will Butler, 2825 Van Dyke Avenue, Raleigh, NC 27607-7021 www.tolivealie.com
Tomorrow Belongs To Us: punkisaghetto@gmail.com
Un Dia Mas: aberster@hotmail.com
Video Disease: vdrecords.bigcartel.com
VIRL: rickydouglas09@hotmail.com
Way Back When: waybackwhenrecords.com
Welfare: 58 River Street, Haverhill MA, 01832, www.welfarerecords.net
We Sign Em All: www.myspace.com/soreazis
When's Lunch: PO Box 82013 Edmonton, AB T6J 7E6 CANADA
Whoa! Boat: www.whoaboatrecords.com
XMAS Cactus: 539 Taylor Ave, Bellevue, KY 41073
X-Members: www.x-members.com
Xuntas Pola Nestizaxe: www.nodo50.org/xpm
Yo Ticonderoga: yoticonderoga.bandcamp.com
Youth Attack: www.iahteyouthattack.com
Yo-Yo: PO Box 920105, 12414 Berlin, GERMANY

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Kevin Manion, Justin Briggs, Dan Goetz, Langford Poh and Matt Bleyle

2 PUNK CHUMP – Female fronted hardcore. Somewhat akin to CARNAL KNOWLEDGE, but not as wild as that band. Lyrics are kinda goofy but they're about unity and doing stuff and not whining so, ya know, that's cool. Thumbs up, dude. (Langford) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, $4 post paid c/o Clint, 2643 Cedar Ave Minneapolis, MN 55407)

3-D MONSTER – Weird pop songs by what seems to be a two-person bedroom project. Or is it not a bedroom band if someone else plays with you? Whatever. Sometimes these songs remind me of ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE, but less punk and more indie pop. And weird. This seems to take cues from all over the place, and then filter them through new wave to make kids music. Actually, some of these songs are creepy in a way only children's music can be. If you know them or are them, tell them to drop us a line because it came out of the demo bin without its envelope. (Langford) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact info)

AMBASSADOR / GUN ENABLER – ENABLER start off the tape with some semi-technical modern hardcore in the CONVERGE style, though much heavier on the grind and death metal, and the cymbal-heavy drumming and occasional soaring dis-lead make for a killer, chaotic sound. The production is powerful and rough enough around the edges for me to hang, and even some fans of grind and death metal that don't like COVERGE or modern hardcore (which is understandable on both counts) might be into this. AMBASSADOR GUN are similar but more of a mixed bag, though they get better over the course of their side. "Deathwish grind" would sum them up, and I could do without the vocals that alternate between parody black metal and Scott Vogel style, but you could do worse with these things. (Dan) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, enablermke.blogspot.com, ambassadorgun.blogspot.com)

A.M. PLEASURE ASSASSINS – Fuzzed out and drug induced lo-fi punk that owes as much to '60 psych rock as it does to anything approaching modern punk. Just when I was about to compare them to that one good song on the first JANE'S ADDICTION record, they went into this synth tune and then blasted off on a blown out guitar driven burner before cooling me down with a slow psychedelic number. Not sure what they are trying to accomplish (the business card reads "Intergalactic Music"), but I would happily put two of these songs on a mix tape...the other two were boring. You pick which ones you like. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, ampacommunity@gmail.com)

ANTHROT – The Fucking Tape – Motherfuck is this great. Right off the bat it reminds me of LEFT FOR DEAD and whether that is intentional or not, who gives a hairy rat's ass. One thing I liked about LEFT FOR DEAD was their pretty over the top lyrical attacks on middle class mediocrity and had a real vulgar way with words and I see similar tendencies there in ANTHROT as well. This is anti-social, negative, angry, spiteful music—both lyrically and sonically—at its best. Good riffs too. This might be too "new school" (I know, I hate that term too) for some purists, but I think it's a dog-gone ripper. (Justin) (11-song cassette, lyrics included. Cop Grave records, 7288 Pamona Way, La Mesa, CA 91942, loopthefeedback@gmail.com, anthrot.bandcamp.com)

ASPECTS OF WAR – "Total Disfuckers" huh? Yeah, I can dig it. It's noisy Boston DISCHARGE love, plain and simple. This also came with other goodies, including a zine (see the zine reviews section) and a poster (now hanging in my room) with a sketch of the Unibomber and the words, "Punk isn't dying, it's being killed. Those who are killing it have names. And addresses." My head is full of madness. (Langford) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, Total Fucker records, PO Box 82, Somerville, MA 02143)

BIBLE THUMPER – Hoarse and frantically crushing bass/drum hardcore from New Jersey. It's a nice change to not miss the other missing instrument (no mean feat in the two piece format) and their charging hardcore never once stops to get heavy or to make a crucial breakdown—these dudes just go. Think D-beat crust for a subgenre reference, but BIBLE THUMPER sound unique within the constraints of whatever category in which you choose to file them, and they will keep pounding until they shatter those narrow walls with which you have confined them... they are going to play their hardcore however the fukk' they want. And I welcome it. Also, the one dude's voice cracks a lot when he screams, and that's pretty awesome. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, biblethumpersaves.blogspot.com)

BIG TROUBLE – If Fat Mike sang for a band that was primarily Ben Weasel's brainchild, something along these lines would most likely be the result, though this is somewhat less polished than such a theoretical (or not so theoretical) effort would be. You've heard these vocals before, and you've definitely heard most of these riffs before, but it's decent for '90s style pop-punk if it's your thing. (Dan) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, facebook.com/bigtroubleforlife)

BROTTSKOD 11 – Swedish D-Tåkt veterans just keep cranking out top quality head spinning raw punk. This time with the moniker BROTTSKOD 11, members from DESPERAT, WARVICTIMS and TOTALT JAVLA MORKER deliver searing Scandi-hardcore of the variety that one would expect from their pedigree. Guitar leads cut through a primitive and distorted recording that serves to somewhat dumb down what are otherwise blistering numbers. There are moments of ENTOMBED style rock 'n roll (again masked by the presentation), but you are instantly transported back to the world of fist pumping kång before you can even suggest that BROTTSKOD 11 might be letting up. Just knowing the personnel involved sets the bar pretty high, and this demo does not disappoint. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, brottskod11.wordpress.com)

BUBBLEGUM SCREW – It's sometimes hard to review a disc solely on its musical merit and discount the intent, but sometimes the two conveniently align with one another. BUBBLEGUM SCREW play punk influenced cock rock, and present themselves as a sleazy rock'n'roll band, comparing themselves to GUNS 'N ROSES and bragging about supporting LA GUNS on stage. Even though these dudes are clearly trying *way* too hard, early NY punk comparisons are not out of line. A watered down candied version of DEAD BOYS might in fact sound like this, but would I want to listen to it? (Robert) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/bubblegumscrew)

CANCER / DIPERS – Two hardcore bands, one tape. CANCER brings the fast, manic, slightly screamy hardcore. Also, sometimes it sounds like the guitarist wants to play solos like they got in WEIRD TV. Cool. Next, DIPERS come back with more of their goofy take on burly USHC. They aren't the NA of joke hardcore, but I appreciate them for trying to fill that niche. This is a fun tape. Get high and play with knives. (Langford) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Eat The Life 4934 N. Winthrop Ave #BSMT Chicago, IL 60640, www.eattheliferecords.blogspot.com)

CHRIST WRONG – "Inland Cascadian Ashened Skate Punk" is proudly emblazoned on this CD-R's folded paper packaging, and that's pretty much what I'm hearing. Demo even starts off with the sound off someone dropping in (sssiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiick). These folks must really like DETESTATION and skateboarding. The material on this demo comes from the band's other demos and their two EPs. It gets more crust and less skate as the songs go on. Matt said it best, "Even their handwriting is hella crust." PS I just noticed the image of a pile of skulls on this demo's sleeve. (Langford) (20-song CD-R, lyrics included, ctrlforce.blogspot.com, myspace.com/christwrong)

COPHUGGER – The eternal quest for a decent band name has apparently reached a new low, but these discordant and manic tunes more than make up for the empty feeling I felt when I read the spine of this tape. Irreverent hardcore with an out of tune guitar that doesn't give a shit—off kilter weirdness that harkens MOHINDER, but with a modern fastcore attitude. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.gnarlyasiwannabe.com)

CROW BAIT – I am in no way an expert on this sound, but this makes me think of '90s pop-punk/emo type stuff like LEATHERFACE, RIVER CITY HIGH, ANN BERETTA, HOT WATER MUSIC, and I've never heard AVAIL, but I imagine they sounded like this at least at some point. You know the deal: morose riffs, beaten down vocals that sound like they're coming from someone that's been smoking and an alcoholic for 30 years, lots of "whoa-ohs," full beards on two out of three members (as I suspected), and at least in their case, decent songwriting and good

guitar lines. They've evidently been in a bunch of other Brooklyn pop-punk bands, if that's any extra indicator. (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, crowbait.bandcamp.com)

DEKODER – FUUUKKKK!! Best thing I've heard all month by a fukkn' mile!! Anyone who pays attention has certainly realized that The Punx have taken a head first dive into '80s goth/post punk worship, but few have pulled it off with this kind of success. Slow and moody, but with a driving pace that *commands* gyrations of the dancing persuasion, these four tracks are full of dark melodies and a banshee on the microphone that battles the guitar for constant attention. The up-tempo finish to "Like Men" is one of the most subtly brilliant pieces of punk I've ever come across — this tape rules beyond words. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, write dekoder.muzyka@gmail.com before sending $6ppd % 4854 Parc, Montreal, QC H2V 4E6 CANADA)

DIPERS / LITTLE ITALY – Here be two live radio sets from the aforementioned bands. The band called LITTLE ITALY is sparse female fronted punk, but not minimalist or airy. I'm not sure, but I think that some songs don't have bass on them. It doesn't immediately strike me as garage, but if I had to encapsulate it in one word, I guess that's the closest one I could come up with. DIPERS play meathead hardcore with lots of jokes. The singer got one of those cool growly yells, which makes it funnier to me that these songs are about farts and dancing puppies. Totally dorky. Also, you get to hear snippets of the bands talking about some inane bullshit (from their radio interviews). Only 30 made though. (Langford) (20-song cassette, no lyrics, shithawkpunks.bigcartel.com)

DISPOSABLE SOCIETY – The CD-R probably came in a envelope, and hopefully included the band's name and/or information at come point, but by the time it got to me there was just blank CD-R and a track list on a piece of paper. I'm reviewing it anyway, so the band that wrote "Piss Drunk" and "Life Is A Son Of A Bitch" can know that their live recording is pretty killer raw street punk—but apparently they don't care enough about their band to even scrawl it on the CD-R, much less make a cover for the demo. I had no idea what this band was called until I dug through the bottom of the demo bin at MRRHQ, through the promo packs and discarded jewel cases, and found another unmarked CD-R with the same track listing and a little note shoved in the generic paper Office Max sleeve. These bands don't give a shit, so why do I even bother? As of today, I will no longer review demos that do not come with at least some kind of cover, sleeve, or "package." And since there are only a few of us who bother with the glut of third rate CD-Rs around this place, bands like this are about to slip between the cracks completely. If you think your band is worth listening to, then please present it as such—if you don't, then I won't listen. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact)

DRUG LUST – Giving new meaning to the term "lo-fi," Pittsburgh's DRUG LUST charge through distorted and fuzzy romps about crime and drugs and Satan (I'm just taking a stab at the lyrical content based on imagery). Ten minutes of drunken punk anthems struggle through tape hiss like MOTÖRHEAD yearning to be heard through the haze of a four day amphetamine bender…but slower. I hope that this is in fact a demonstration of what's to come—sinister and disturbing sounds (Robert) (? song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd % 4936 Harrison St., Pittsburgh, PA 15201)

EVOLUZZER – This duo from Thailand plays catchy, punked up garage. The star here is the guitar work, which wanders in and out of surf and rockabilly styles during the leads, providing most of the band's spice. All the lyrics that I heard were in English, often with a lot of reverb but they are pretty sparse in some songs and overall I found myself following the guitar most of the time. The songs are solidly put together and each one has it's own flavor, keeping you interested throughout the first listen and encouraging another two or three spins. (Brad) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, evoluzzerbkk.blogspot.com, evoluzzer@gmail.com)

FOSSILS – Pretty cool instrumental math-y heavy shits. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, meatrush@gmail.com)

GALLERY – Stoner curst in the vein of BRAINOIL, EYEHATEGOD, or the slower STORMCROW riffs. Top quality shit in a genre flooded with unimaginative bandwagon jumpers. These gents have the chops to be masters at their chosen craft—excellent! (Robert) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, $7ppd % Alex Licausi, 937 Magnolia Ave. Apt #10, Long Beach, CA 90813, www.myspace.com/gallerysludge)

THE GARRISON – Straightforward Oi!/street punk with a light Japanese flavor from these Malaysians—or at least at first. On the fourth song they drop into straight reggae, and then a dub remix of that very same reggae song. Weird. (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.facebook.com/pages/KNOT-RECORDS/221759386260)

THE GETBACK – What do you say who you have listened to a CD-R start to finish— twice—trying to think of something nice to say, and then your wife asks you to please play something different? This is an attempt at commercial mainstream punk, not far removed at all from something I might hear on the radio and wonder what insane programming director thought that he/she was breaking the next "hot punk" act. It is more than competent, but watered down far beyond bland. "Two Years" is what ROSE TATTOO would sound like if covered by GOOD CHARLOTTE and AGAINST ME at the same time. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.lividrecords.com)

THE HOT STIFFS – Female fronted bar punk with a cow punk tinge. If you close yr eyes real hard, you might be a little reminded of ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT—but not that much. (Langford) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, thehotstiffs.bandcamp.com)

HUNGER – Ultra distorted lo-fi punk rock, like KBD on aural amphetamines. As near as I can tell, HUNGER are a two piece, but I could give a shit how many people it takes to make this racket, because everything is pegged in the red from the very first note and tweaked to the very verge of unlistenable. Buried beneath these sounds are hardcore tunes with snarky garage wherewithal—if you like it noisy (regardless of genre) then you have found your shit. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, sourgrapestowine@gmail.com)

INFERNÖH – This bunch-a Swedes has just rendered your failed attempts at classic Swede-core rehash obso-fucking-lete. My god, this thing a *monster*. Aaaarghhh!!! There are so many blasphemous things I wanna say about it but I would just get laughed off the planet so I will only go so far as to say that stylistically, and quality wise, this thing holds up right against *Raped Ass*. I just can't believe how good it is. I shouldn't have to say anymore than that, so I won't. If you only buy one release this month, make it this tape. I'm gonna play it again. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics in Swedish included. dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com, infernohpunk@gmail.com)

JUMP JETS – Slick, instrumental, modern, heavy emo. Is that even possible? Well this it. Reminds of FISCHER, but super clean. (Langford) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, $4 shipped from www.jump-jets.com, misner.patrick@gmail.com)

THE LAMPOSTS – I will keep repeating this missive in these pages every month: A CD-R with your name scrawled on the front and a piece of paper reading something like: "This is my band" is not a fukkn' demo. It is merely a digital representation of your digital bedroom emissions, and I am stuck spending more time analyzing its merit that you spent presenting it to the general public, you dolt. The LAMPOSTS (though I suspect the plural is misused in the context of this "band") have no cohesion whatsoever, jumping from fast poppy punk to chaotic MR. BUNGLE weirdness to noisy spaced out psych punk—just barfing up the joys of laptop home recording software. There are about six minutes in this half hour that are pleasant to listen to (track 07 is great, but the "artist" didn't care enough to supply fukkn' song titles). (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, JamesPeterCarroll@yahoo.com)

LANTERN – Looking at the cover of this, I was expecting some black/crust/hardcore brutality. Instead, I get country-blues garage. One person with a guitar and a kick drum stuff—also weird effects and feedback sometimes, as well as a harmonica song. Bluesy, country, reverby, psychedelic. A HASIL ADKINS cover—well-played, tricky Canadian(s). (Langford) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, Electric Voice cassettes & records, 94 Park St, Truto, Nova Scotia, Canada B2N 3J3)

THE LOVE TRIANGLE – I was gonna say that this band reminded me of the SHITTY LIMITS, but with more of a rock'n'roll swagger and/or filtered though the ethos of garage, and waddayakno? I see the last issue of this here publication has an interview with the LOVE TRIANGLE and it turns out that TLT and TSL share members (plural?). Well, you go, I already said it: A modern take on classic UK post punk filtered through a garage-y, rock'n'rolley screen. Boom, it's good. (Langford) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, triangleoflove.webs.com)

MOUTHBRREATHERS – Muddy, garage-y, modern post punk, strikingly similar to the LOVE TRIANGLE tape I also reviewed in this issue. Heavy reverb on the vocals, and everything else just kind of buried in itself, but the guitar pretty much dominates the other instruments. It's all very fast and wailing. Must a fun and sweaty show. (Langford) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 c/o Love Garden records 822 Massachusetts St. Lawrence, KS 66044)

MTTY KONKEROR – Fuzzy stoner rock with tinges of indie rock. Bluesy-ish guitars, low-key atmosphere and the whole nine smoke filled yards. Personally, I don't smoke weed anymore, so I'm gonna have to pass on this one, brah. (Langford) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.twinlakesrecords.com)

NARWHAL – This band does a bit of genre hopping on this tape, cranking out varying combinations of '60s-inspired garage stuff, feral stomp-y blues, a hint of '50s rock, and proto-punk stuff à la early STOOGES. The high-pitched vocals are sometimes snarling and other times unassuming, but she's prone to plenty of screaming and howling that makes me think that their live shows are a shit ton of fun. This reminds me a bit of one of my favorites, MR. AIRPLANE MAN, or similar Sympathy For The Record Industry type stuff, but this is way less quietly-

yearning-for-your-love and more I'm-gonna-get-wild-on-your-ass, however that's taken. This tape is well worth seeking out. (Dan) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, narwhalband.com)

NO STATIK – SF's best-band-to-mosh-to's two vinyl releases collected onto one tape. Punishing crusty hardcore, everything sounds great. What more could you want? The only part off their pedigree that matters is that the drummer was in JUD JUD. (Langford) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd US/$5 world 91 Bennington St. San Francisco, CA 94110)

OFF BALANCE – An excellent mix of burly NYHC influenced chugga-chugga and '90s Midwestern DIY hardcore. One track sounds like an ill advised marriage of DEMISE and EARTH CRISIS gone horribly right. I'm assuming these bros encourage lots of violent dancing and general fukking shit up, so I'll probably avoid the shows — but within the context of this style of mosh heavy hardcore, this is excellent. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, $3ppd from: 5204 N. Crittenden, Indianapolis, Indiana 46220, offbalance@yahoo.com)

ONION FLAVORED RINGS – Before I put this tape in and the opening track of "Used To It" spewed forth from my speaker, I had actually forgotten that ONION FLAVORED RINGS is one of the best pop punk bands of all time. At the lowest, they're top five. That's of all time, fuckers. They're great. This tape collects their two full lengths, the aforementioned "Used To It" and "Two Minutes Enlightenment." "Used To It" is the only record of theirs that is out of print right now, and that alone makes this tape super worth your time. And you could get the other record from No Idea, but fuck that, here it is on a tap with another kickass record. If yr not in the know, OFR wrote straightforward pop punk songs, emphasis on the punk, less the pop. The lyrics are sad, dark, twisted, and belie contempt for most other people on this planet and razor sharp cynicism and sarcasm. Get this, get the 7"s from Fred via Thrillhouse, and forward the cause of human extinction. (Langford) (24-song cassette, no lyrics, Dead Broke rekerds 139 Huber Ave. Holbrook, NY 11741)

PEZ FOR BREAKFAST – So this isn't folk punk in the way you usually think of it. I hesitate to even call it that because it's good and the songs aren't about learning how to stitch patches, naïve politics, or how to cure staph infections. It's a dude with an acoustic guitar playing songs with a sort of fast folksy style but think more in the vein of the DEAD MILKMEN or the LIZZARDS as solo acts. The lyrics are goofy and fun and the singer's voice is as cartoonish as the rad cover art. I all around enjoyed the fuck out of it. (Brad) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/doyoueatpezforbreakfast)

POBELSTUNK – The guy who plays guitar for this band is a shredder. His solos lend a classic hard rock air to the band that make it fun in a goofy, throwback way. The rest of the time this bunch from Vienna is mostly a punk band with a deep dirty rock'n'roll groove. They remind me of bands like the REBEL SPELL or the FUCK YOU UPS with that rocker sneer we all love POISON IDEA for. They also lapse into some very melodically slower poppy punk parts that sound almost DILLINGER FOURish before the band punches the gas through the floorboards again. (Brad) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.pobelstunk.com, contact@pobelstunk.com)

PROLETARIAT PUNCH – Damn good and ultra political *Oi!*/hardcore hybrid (by accident or design, that's how these songs come across). Lyrics voice frustrations of modern life, mostly social, while drums keep driving the pace like a steady metronome steering between rampaging D-beat and charged street punk. There is nothing on this tape that you've never heard before—just a fist in one hand, a beer in the other and three chords flying through the air. Fast and pissed with killer hooks throughout…into it. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, www.recluserecords.net)

RISE. – This is some competent metalcore from Poland that is a bit hard to put a finger on. I like the early CALIBAN-esque guitar riffs and how they have multiple singers that all sound crusty and pissed instead of the screamer/whiner combination. Most of the things that I like about this band come from how they remind me of the '90s hardcore bands that influenced what later became metalcore. It seems way more honest than the total shit that genre usually produces and I keep hearing surprising nuances like a raw black metal riff blasting through in the place of a stereotypical breakdown. The music is generally on the faster side, they take the metal influence seriously, and the song titles are all names of fictional characters. I'm down with it. (Brad) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/risecore)

SANDWORMS – Some newer bands are trying to recreate the dark punk magic of the MOB/ZOUNDS, VEX, and CHRISTIAN DEATH, and some are doing so with relative success. But obviously there were other bands around in the '80s, and who is going to try to recreate the sounds of the ALARM (and their twins U2), MODERN ENGLISH and CONCRETE BLONDE? Have no fear, SANDWORMS are here to fill that void in your musical heart, and let you relive the first wave of the music we came to know as Alternative Rock. Before that term was like a scarlet letter denoting everything that The Punx abhor, it was the moniker that The Establishment placed on the sounds from "our" world that they thought palatable enough to feed to the general public…and sometimes those bands were pretty good, and even though Pamela Pom Pom was choreographing a halftime routine to a GODFATHERS song, you knew the GODFATHERS were still kinda punk so you liked it. And then her boyfriend beat your ass, but that's a different story, and he was a football player, so what chance did a scrawny new wave punk have against a defensive tackle? Great songs, regardless of decade or classification (decade: 2009, classification: catchy melodic jangly punk), and obviously SANDWORMS conjured up a few memories. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.deadbrokerecords.com)

SLUDGE – Looking back, '90s hardcore was interesting because there weren't as many rules, no subgenres that every band seemed to need to fit into, and bands like Canada's SLUDGE were the norm in that they didn't sound like one another (or anyone else). I'm not sure why these two demos are being re-released now, but SLUDGE played mostly mid tempo and slightly awkward heavy hardcore with an introspective (if not quite emotional) bent. Think early '90s Midwest basement DIY…it's not earth shattering without the context, but I bet this band affected some people in their day. (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, % 848 Westwood St., Coquitlam, BC V3C 2L2 Canada)

THE SMELL – What's that, you little shit? You want some fucking gothy keyboards and shit? How about some no wave-y saxophone too? Oh yeah, and no guitars, because guitars suck, and that way Tosh can really wail on the bass. Some people call this band gothy, others say they sound like old SF electro-art-punk bands. It's both of those things and a lot more. I really like this tape and this band a whole bunch, and a part of that is because they're super hard to reduce to a few words and comparisons. It's super punk like that. They're totally "breaking rules" without trying to (god, I feel like a tool for meaning that). It's great. Fuckin' get it. (Langford) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, The Smell, PO Box 460207, San Francisco, CA 94146)

SPACE STATION 5 – This sounds like radio pop punk à la SUM 41 or something. I don't have anything else to say. (Langford) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, Livid records, PO Box 276132 Boca Raton, FL 33427, www.lividrecords.com)

SYNTHETIC ID – Right out of the gate, these retro-fueled jams will have you hooked. The vocals are awkward and hesitant, with an EDDY CURRENT vibe, but conjuring up classic Mould or Miller and cruising alongside driving, off-kilter guitars and a melodic, almost MINUTEMEN-esque approach to writing songs that don't sound like anything else. "Throwaway" is an absolute classic tune, smart and sharp-witted musically and lyrically. A bafflingly limited run of just 40 copies, this demo is short but an absolute winner! (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, synthid2crucial@gmail.com)

VÅLDSAMT MOTSTÅND – Ripping Scandi-crust tinged with grind instead of melody. Harsh and unforgiving mayhem, excellent. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, v.motstand@gmail.com)

VENENO LENTO – Stripped down street punk from São Paulo, great distortion free guitar that reminds me of YOUNG OFFENDERS but with basic song structures and gruff vocals. Gets catchier with every listen, definitely worth checking out. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/lentoveneno)

WOLFSNAP – Burly guitars churn through stoned riffs conjuring images of stoner grind and powerviolence demons floating through a cloud of weed. WOLFSNAP are all over the map, but concentrate on ripping hardcore and dual vocal driven blasts, with short shots of UK punk that are gone before you realize what is happening. Heavy as shit and a smart delivery—this two-piece blew me away. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $2ppd % 746 Jackson St., Oshkosh, WI 54901, thequickwolfsnap@gmail.com)

WÜRMTONGUE – Hardcore from southeastern MA. It's weird. Mostly, this tape's pretty straightforward '80s influenced hardcore, but with strange flourishes all over the place. Some VOID, some D-beat, some weird ambient shit. Dark. (Langford) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 7 Norman Ave Newbury Port, MA 01951, xgetxthrashedx@hotmail.com)

V/A "Son Of The Transcendental Maggot" – This CD-R represents the main interests of Tsuguri records, it would seem. The main body of this disc is taken up by stoner rock and metal as brought to you by the bands the WAYWARD, the GRAND ASTORIA, US CHRISTMAS, the ASOUND, PIGS, AKRIS, ENOCH, and SONS OF TONATIUH. The rest of the material is varied but in the same vein of interests and includes noise (SHIT AND SHINE), weird flamenco guitar (SHANE PERLOWIN), math rock (YELLOWTHIEF), strange electronic sounding drum and guitar (AHLEUCHATISTAS), and some spastic yelping LOCUST-esque punk (YUUGEN SYNDROME). Only one track I'd specifically call punk, but the other material seems like some punks might be tangentially interested. (Langford) (20-song CD-R, no lyrics, Tsuguri records, 2847 Doc Pugh Rd, Connelly Springs, NC 28612, tsugrirecords@yahoo.com, myspace.com/tsugrirecords)

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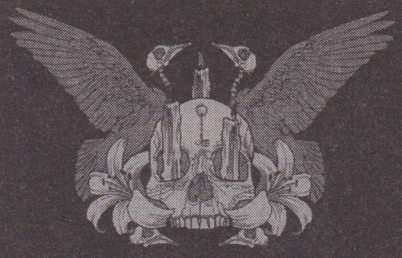

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All Pigs Must Die (APMD) is a group committed to uncompromising sonic warfare. It's sound and lyrics assault the listener in a fury of blackened death filled anthems. Owing as much to the **Cro-Mags** and **Discharge** as **Entombed** and **Celtic Frost, APMD** mix powerful riffs, relentless tempos and a dark presence to bulldoze a grim path of destruction. Recorded and mixed by KURT BALLOU (**Converge** guitarist and master engineer for bands such as **Black Breath, Nails, Trap Them, Disfear** etc....) at God City Studio in December of 2010, the end result is 8 violence-inducing shredders, steeped in utter filth.

Wolves in the Throne Room

CELESTIAL LINEAGE LP/CD

Celestial Lineage is the clans' new Astral Black Metal document. This new offering expands into a more expansive and visionary territory. The band's trademark long-form approach to arrangement remains intact, but there is a stronger thread of Popul Vuh-inspired underworld synthscapes and star-lit pulse woven with the intertwining guitar figures. Although it is obviously inspired by European Black Metal, **Wolves in the Throne Room** create music that is intensely local in its orientation. Rain drenched specters loom, echoes from the Astral Plane. Ancient cedar deities robed in moss.

Balaclava

CRIMES OF FAITH CD

Hailing from the filthy bowels of Richmond, VA, **Balaclava** play hardcore punk music with severe intensity. Their sound ranges from sludgy, crust-ridden dirges to restrained, ominous melodies to moments of blistering triumph. Their debut full-length, *Crimes of Faith*, is a thoughtful, multifaceted expression of seething animosity and fervent exultation.

Sarabante

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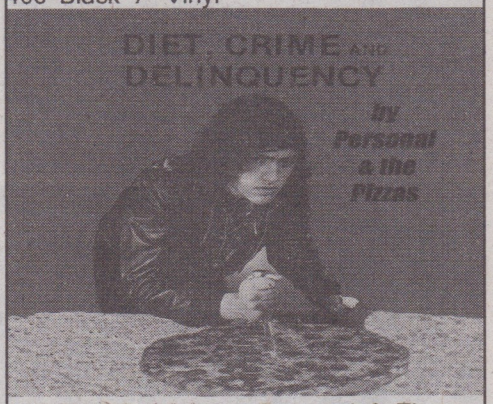

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(TB) Tim Brooks
(EC) E.Conner
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

616 ZINE #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
It seems like there is a lot of punk stuff happening in Grand Rapids if you believe what zines tell you. I've seen a bunch of zines from that area come through the *MRR* pile lately, all selling me pretty hard on that town. This is the first issue of this particular 'zine and they make a strong first showing. I didn't get a copy of their mission statement but they seem to be taking a wide focus on the genres of music they cover if a format can be extrapolated from the show review section. There are punk, math rock, ska, hardcore, sludge, post-everything, metal, and indie bands all represented, seeming to be a couple months of going to shows in someone's life. What I really dug was the long-format record reviews. They are essay length and really go into depth, way more interesting than the usual terse description and snap judgment style that is the norm in punk record reviews. There is also a page of historical date about Grand Rapids taken from Wikipedia that I was stoned enough to read and actually found very interesting. (BL)
616zine@gmail.com

616 ZINE #2 / #1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Damn, I also reviewed this zine's first issue and the improvement from one to two is huge. They really leveled up on the printing quality, the pictures look great, and the thing is more than twice as long. This is the July issue and they have a page of shrunk down show flyers for gigs happening that month. That is rad and shows a desire to chronicle a scene as it develops. That is the kind of fanzine model that I most get stoked on. There are a ton of show reviews in here. They are still covering a wide range of genres and sub-genres under the umbrella of underground rock styles. There are a few double page spreads of photos which is always awesome and a special section covering the Michigan Meltdown 7 fest and I'll read about any show Lotus Fucker plays. There are also a couple essays, one a critique of show flyers by an artist who makes show flyers and another a blog post by some dillweed club promoter about how local bands can buddy up to smarmy chumps like him by following his list of tips on how to open for a nationally touring band at his club. Then there is a response by a local musician. Still liking this 'zine a lot. (BL)
616zine@gmail.com

ACCEPT THE DARKNESS vol. 6 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Punk zine culture is thriving, and this zine is one of the best right now amongst a bunch of killer zines, and probably will be for years to come. In this issue are interviews with Crimen De Estado who talk about their DIY ethic and the synthesis of punk and politics as essential to the punk existence. Another with School Jerks guitarist Ben who is curiously whiny about punk, yet optimistic at the same time. He hates "politics" yet is worried about his future. He defends "generic" (his words) punk yet expounds on bizarre unique HC. Weird. There's an article about the NYC scene with detailed, moving descriptions of the releases of bands like Dawn on Humans, Perdition, Crazy Spirit, The Men, and Hank Wood and the Hammerheads. There are zine, demo and

record reviews. Now that you know what is in this, let me tell you that Shiva's writing is great, it's picturesque descriptive and inspired, inspiring the reader to either get a zine going or to at least seek out the bands and music mentioned. He creates landscapes and moods associated with the music and bands that he talks about, describing the effect and the feeling before you can hear it. It is a skill and one that is not achieved by many. (MB)
eggmangel@gmail.com

AFOLK #4 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
This is either a short fiction story or someone's abridged personal journal. Can't tell. It's written as though you're reading someone's journal, but in a stream of consciousness style. Like you flip to a random page, read a paragraph, flip ahead a few pages, read another paragraph, and so on. It contains no consistent plot, rising action or climax. Just a series of unrelated observations of living life in Brooklyn, riding bikes, playing chess, dealings with roomates, and post-breakup discontent. The writing style is good and engaging, but without some kind of common thread pushing the storyline, it's hard to keep interested in the daily life misadventures of our protagonist. Maybe there were common themes, but if there were, they were a bit too subtle to pick up on. It was cool, but not really a page-turner. (FS)
drudge@gmail.com

THE BLURRY LINE #16 / $1
6 x 4.75 – copied – 16 pgs
In an attempt to discover whether it is possible to recover the form, function and enthusiasm that drives one to create zines in their younger years, Loran emerges from a ten-year hiatus to bring a new issue of *The Blurry Line* which he admits was cobbled together in ten minutes. He traces the process beginning with the discovery of one of his old zines in a box, through the contemplation encouraged by red wine, to the consideration in the morning light over eggs—which he spends considerable time discussing—and finally to the creation of the zine. Reading this brief volume is somewhat like watching a zine created in real time. Whether that's an interesting thing is something for you to consider. (CR)
Loran / PO Box 600 / Golden, CO 80402

BROKE ASS #3 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Poor Broke Ass, some months past got an accidental reprint review of a previous issue instead of glorious number three. Just a classic, punk as hell, contributor based Newfoundland zine. I reread it and it just gets better. My copy of this zine is ruffly from being dropped next to the sink in the bathroom, but it seems appropriate since the intro claims it is piss in your bathwater, earwigs in your ointment, roaches in the toaster, and so on. There is an instructional editorial for reusing stamps, creepy/funny comix about compost fly eviction and how music is a drug, Mexico City scene report, stories about rambling and stealing and consorting with trash diggers, a teenaged

Green Day show memory, a fantastic story about a girl puking on the Vivian Girls, and so much more. Tears came to my eyes reading "Scalp Picker: A Story of Hope", and I *love* the B-List Mascot reviews so much I want trading cards. I am serious, Steve, just like Garbage Pail kids. Think about it. I highly recommend this zine. It is hilarious. (JB)
Towerofswine@hotmail.com

DAYGLOAYHOLE #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs
So, Scott Pilgrim went from the internet to making butt loads of cold hard cash, and now the kids wanna try and do that too, huh? This comic has an anime-ish look to it and a faint *Zap / Weirdo* feel to it (specifically *Checkered Demon* if that makes any sense to anyone) in that there's a lot of bonehead post apocalyptic action for its own sake and it's kind of disjointed and confusing. I would have liked this if it was more *Zap / Weirdo* like, i.e. with gore and sex and really really gross stuff, like it was trying to piss people off by being an adult comic that seems to have been conceived by a stoned teenager. Instead it's just cuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuute. (LP)
benpassmore@rocketmail.com

DSS #3 / $?
7.75 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs – Spanish
This is an Argentinean punk zine released through a collective effort of punks mostly from Argentina, with a few others from Uruguay and Chile. This is a powerful zine. The content here is mostly political but all very punk. There are book, record, zine, and periodical reviews alongside interviews with punk bands Da-Skate, Anormalidad, and MLC. There is an article about May Day, the fight for a place to skate in Buenos Aires, a short interview with skate artist El Barza, an article about three bands booking a DIY tour. All the material is good, but the most striking are their reports about Ruta Nacional 18—the development of this stretch of road owned by a Government linked corporation that's being deforested and exploited, the story of the Wichi people in Salta being continually marginalized and exploited, due to an oil pipeline that is continuing the destruction of the ecosystem. There are various articles about the plight of the people of Pueblo Nacion Mapuche, an indigenous people whose land is in both Chile and Argentina. It's a tragic continuing story, but it is a valuable one. Activism and punk… two worlds that are really one and this zine proves it. I hope to see more issues of this, because we have limited exposure to this part of the world in our media, and getting this type of info all rolled in to a well written, well thought out zine by people who care is awesome. The zine is part of a record label too! Cool! (MB)
www.discosdelsembrador.com.ar / delsembrador@gmail.com

EARTH FIRST! JOURNAL Vol. 30 #3 / $6.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
Those familiar with the political coverage of *MRR* are most likely at least familiar with the premise of *Earth First!*, and the *Journal* by extension. This issue is one of the first few after the journal's recent move to Florida, and transition from a newspaper to a newsprint magazine format, and the writing is generally informative, thought-provoking, and eye-opening, though I get the impression that many of the contributors have huge nerdy sides and could very well have devoted their lives to *Star Trek* had their consciousnesses not been opened to eco-activism (not dissing, just observing). The content ranges from reporting on issues such as the jaguar's status as an endangered species to report-backs and instructions for sabotage techniques to more fun (for lack of a better word) stuff like comics, poetry, and a crossword puzzle. (DG)
PO Box 964 / Lake Worth, FL 33460
earthfirstjournal.org

GET FIT FOR THE PIT #1 / $2 + 2 stamps USA / $3 int.
5.5 x 8.5 in. – copied – 36 pgs
I love this little zine. It aims to break down the stigmas behind working out and physical activities. This easy to approach zine helps promote the notion that fitness and exercise is not about being thin or fat or losing weight, but rather about how you feel. All stories are written by punks for punks, so reading this didn't make me feel uncomfortable or lectured to, but rather made me feel supported. All kinds of physical activities are covered, from roller derby, hula hooping, rugby, hiking, gym going, and marathon running. All are written in a frank and witty style. Making yourself feel good in a healthy manner is reclaiming your body image from society's predictated ideals. (DJ)
Get Fit for the Pit / PO Box 35501 / Richmond / VA / 23235 / getfitforthepit@gmail.com / clickclackdistro.com

GET LOST #1 / $?
8.25 x 6 – copied – 32 pgs
This is a rad skate/bmx/blade (uh oh!) punk zine that is a perfect representation of what one of those should be. Strictly locals only, small town Texas style, with goofy/killer Suicidal style drawings covering every inch of paper that doesn't have a pic of someone grinding some sick Texas street furniture. There's an in-joke fueled interview with a local Laredo band Dirty Laundry Boys, but most of the text in here is scrawled messages next to skate pix. This zine is for all the small town skate punks, kids who make shit happen in their towns, make their own kicks. Skate for fun or not at all, as JFA sez… (LG)
Louis Pacheco / 1706 Lowry Rd / Laredo, TX 78045

HEMOROID ZINEK #1 / postage
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 4 pgs – Polish
I see a picture of butts straight away, must be a hemorrhoid check. That is all I can decipher until I go to Maine in a couple weeks to visit my friend who claims to be learning Polish. This punk zine is the perfect one sheeter and I so badly want to know what is written on it. The layout looks sharp and that is not simply because the comics therein denote anti-Nazi sentiment; but because the Polish alphabet looks really cool. I won't be able to tell you anymore about it until after the trip. (DS)
Mariusz Tasarz / Ul. Nowowiejska 11/60 / 30-052 Krakow / Poland

HEMOROID ZINEK #2 / postage
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 4 pgs – Polish
This one has two men holding their cocks, with captions in Polish so I have to guess they are demonstrating another way to check for hemorrhoids. Polish zine looks good again, albeit unreadable. Cute anarchomics are all I can really digest. I hope I have the address right because it was also difficult for me to decode the penmanship. I used the address on the envelope in case someone traveling to Poland wants to hook up with these punks. (DS)
Mariusz Tasarz / Ul. Nowowiejska 11/60 / 30-052 Krakow / Poland

LOOSELEAF #2 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs
"Random occurrences and pointless observations" is how the author self-describes his zine. I find this to be true, but unlike other personal zines I have read lately, the author does not have an air of smugness about his zine. The writings are short little anecdotes and stories about his daily life that are written simply, and endearingly funny. Each anecdote is no more than a paragraph, and a page long at best. Stories include going to see the Ramones in 1991, hatred for Valentine's Day, future things to work on in life and much more. (DJ)
Mathew Y. / PO Box 330824 / Murfreesboro / TN / 37133

MONKEY SQUAD ONE #7 / $2.50
5.5 x – copied – 24 pgs
This is the seventh part to the super hero DIY comic *Monkey Squad One*, it features teenagers as heroes who go to the Kids Choice Awards where their benefactor / leader plays with his punk band The Fraud, because he is good friends with a famous rap star. They all return to St. Louis to find that it has been taken over by zombies. There is a cameo zombie T-Pac and Biggie appearance as these teens blast their way out with guns and a pair of sais. The drawings are very cartoon-y, but right on with proportion and perspective. The detail in drawing background, crowds and fight scenes is really careful; the author really cares about what you are seeing. The dialogue is pretty funny. Not mind blowing, but this person is very talented and has created a whole universe and funny characters with depth. (MB)
monkeysquadmailbox@gmail.com

MONKEY SQUAD ONE Annual #1 / $2.50
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
I like this issue better than the other issue, because it is more of a collection of different stories pertaining to the main saga. You find out some back-story about the characters, there are character descriptions of each person in the comic, fight scenes and more. There is so much

detail in the drawing, but it is still straight up cartoon-y. There's just so much weird funny, idiosyncratic shit that this comic is really charming. I also noticed that this guy doesn't use any swear words… It's not really enough to hold my interest, but someone at Cartoon Network should hire this guy to make his own cool kids show. (MB)
banddmichel@gmail.com

NEGATIVE REACTION #16 / 3 pounds PPD
5.5 x 7.75 – printed – 36 pgs
Newest installment of this British punk/Oi! mag, and it's a retro issue. When I saw what bands were interviewed for this zine and then started flipping through and realized all the interviews were recent, I thought this was gonna be a fucking train wreck. Discharge, The Lurkers, Blitz, the Undertones, Major Accident and the Disrupters are the bands I'm referring to. Just imagine if this thing came out in '82, kids would be shitting themselves. Unfortunately, this is 2011. Fortunately, it's not nearly as bad as I thought it would be... in fact I was pleasantly surprised by the content of the mag as a whole. It should be noted that *Negative Reaction* is coordinated by a bloke named Trev, who is an excellent politically-charged writer. This is important, because although I have little to no interest in any recent musical atrocities perpetrated by any of these bands, I did enjoy reading their shockingly eloquent responses to queries about punk and working class UK politics. Another positive is that the questions and answers read like a conversation between friends. Trev and the other interviewers seem to be acquainted with members of all of the bands they cover. In addition to the chats there are letters from readers, scribblings on British unemployment and the royal wedding, and reviews of records, zines and books. This issue of *Negative Reaction* feels particularly relevant given the political climate and recent uprisings in the UK. When asked if the current situation has become similar to the tyrannical right wing government that ruled Britain in Blitz's heyday, bassist Mackie responded, "Yeah as I said above its come full circle, all we need is summer riots and the cycle will be complete." (KM)
TREVHAGL@hotmail.com

ONT ROAD #13 / **GO FUCK YOURSELF** #2 / $2
5.5 x 7.5 – printed – 40 pgs
It's hard to be positive. But I'm going to try. *Ont Road* seems to be the personal scribbles of an English lad who goes to Greece to witness anarchist riots and then tours a bit and interviews some other dudes who play music. He reads Bukowski and (surprise! surprise!) writes about getting drunk and getting laid. (Jackie B. what were you thinking?). *Go Fuck Yourself* is a little more on the "introspective" narrative trip. It's composed of short snippets of a tour/travel diary. They all have these really great titles like "Stoned Misanthropy" and "Even Hookers Need To Eat Sometimes." As you can maybe guess there is plenty of Bukowski rip off hedonistic misogyny filling out this side of the split too. (EC)
ska1ska@yahoo.com /
www.myspace.com/positivebastard /
14 Hessle Mount / Leeds LS6 1EP/ United Kingdom

PLASTIC BOMB #75 / 3.70 Euro
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 82 pgs
Plasticbomb is a fantastic German punk zine that comes out regularly and each issue is packed with band interviews and articles that you would totally want to read; the caveat, of course, is that you must be able to read German! This latest issue has Violent Arrest, Raw Power, Nitad, Razzia (all hail), and Modern Pets among the roster. Outside of the exchanges with bands there is an article on gentrification and a cool write up on the best fifteen American hardcore albums (with Black Flag's *Damaged* ranking in first place); and of course there are the pages upon pages of record reviews that all of us punks always love to see. Did I mention the 30 track CD comp that comes with the issue? Like most zine comps, there are a few winners and a few duds, but it's always a great way to check out new music. And finally there's a funny looking article about searching for David Hasselhoff! Awesome. (BG)
Plastic Bomb / Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / GERMANY /
www.plastic-bomb.de

PROFANE EXISTENCE #62 / $2 via mail, free in some locations
17 x 11 – newsprint – 20 pgs
Twenty-one years of Profane Existence! This zine is old in more ways than one. It seems like a lot of the contributors are growing older and writing about the trials and tribulations of such. A lot of the interviews are with older bands as well. At first I was simply going to make some crack about this, but it's actually awesome that these people have been involved in punk in someway for so long and still care enough to put out new zines and records. Unfortunately, this zine is pretty thin, but those crusty folks still pack the content in pretty thick. Oh, did I mention that the main concern of *PE* is crust? Well, the main concern of *PE* is crust, as well as metal, D-beat and hardcore, just in case you didn't know. Interviews with RESIST, COLERA, ASTA KASK, NAPALM RAID, Mikhell, the artist that illustrated the cover, and Nickle Pierce, owner of studsandspikes.com. There are also letters, columns, new band profiles, reviews of music and print, and photos of bands. (LP)
zine@profaneexistence.org
PO Box 18051 /
Minneapolis, MN 55418

PUKKA JOINT MASSIF #3 / $1 + stamp or $2 World
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
What a great resource for the internet deprived! A total relic of the past—listings and reviews of all things printed and DIY, mail art-o-phile philosophizing, distaste for the computer "look", and zines zines zines. Kind of rambly, opinionated (but in that great way where you really get the sense of the refined taste of a dedicated print nerd) There are some other reviews of shows/fests and some beautiful copy and paste collage art, pick this up if you are looking for authentic and distinguishing coverage of what's what in the zine scene, or just need a penpal to trade your collages with and compare notes. (JB)
PO Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227-2632

QUICK DUMMIES #? / 1 Pound
11x 16 – printed – 12 pgs
This is a cool zine. Short and sweet. It's got an interview with John Active of the Active Distribution, which is a very cool anarchist literature distributor in the UK. You should check them out for sure. They also have an old interview (from 2003) with Welly of the zine Artcore. Eight years old but worth the read. There is also a very short interview with Bryan Kienlen of Bounching Souls and Tom Gabel of Against Me, while they are at Krazy Fest in Louisville. You can imagine how boring that is—those two fellows cannot say an interesting thing to save their lives. But maybe after years and years of countless interviews they have used up all their witty one-liners and delightful puns. All their A-material, gone. And now they can only fumble through questions about what they like better; fests or Vans Warped Tour. Put me to bed. The majority of the zine is actually a travel journal written by our very own Mykel Board during his recent trip through Mexico. You like his column; you'll love this article. All in all a quick enjoyable read. (FS)
www.quickdummies.com

THE RAGING PELICAN: JOURNAL OF GULF COAST RESISTANCE #2 / FREE!
14 x 11.5 – printed – 24 pgs
This is where it is! The Gulf Coast is too often underrepresented in the realm of radical thought/practice. This here is a collection of anarchist /radical activity in the long term strugglin' spot of New Orleans. Report backs from actions and groups fitting into the larger framework of revolutionary shit going down around the world. Highlights include a mission statement-esque piece from Boudin Taliban, a group of fisherpeople from Grand Isle, LA. who organized after the BP disaster, and a report back from the organizers of KREWE DE ERIS after this year's Marde Gras parade/riot. I hope this has many more issues to come! (EC)
ragingpelican@gmail.com / ragingpelican.com / facebook.com/ragingpelican

RAZORCAKE #63 / $4
8 x 10.5 – printed – 114 pgs
By this time you are probably familiar with *Razorcake* especially if you are a reader of

MRR. They are similar in format: ads, columns, interviews, reviews and such; but our package lacks the gloss of theirs. The music covered in *Razorcake* is also of a more commercial bent, yet it does talk mostly of punk, just not as good stuff. I'm actually still reading on this one because there is so much inside. Tutu & the Pirates interview was cool, also the coverage of the Found Footage Festival was most interesting, there is a rather large feature on a guy from Fucked Up and one with Jack Grisham of TSOL. That should help you decide whether or not you need this issue. (DS)
www.razorcake.org

THE RE(A)D ZONE #4, 5, 6 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – various
OK, this is mostly in French, a language I am not familiar with, and appears to be mostly about Oi! and rap, which seems like such a bizarre combination to me. There're three issues here, and one has an interview with a Italian skinhead band that claims to not be political and then a couple pages later an interview with a female rapper from Compton. Weird. There's a drawing on the front of one of them of a bunch of "thugs," one of them bearing a strong resemblance to Eazy-E, one of them bearing a strong resemblance to a KKK member, and they're just hanging out together. Even weirder. May I also mention that they took the time to make a one sheet but not the time to staple them together? Pet peeve. (MM)
no contact info

ROT #1+2 / $2 each
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – various
These zines rule! I picked them up at my work, and have been freaking out on the sick art ever since. Wolves skateboarding through space invader streets, punk girls hanging out talking about the male gaze, dead rats and pornography, shitty ex-boyfriends, street harassment, unnecessary deaths… It's the stuff of life depicted with black humor and a surreal vision, with a drawing style that is like creepy 1920s deco shit on PCP pushed through a Lynda Barry-omator. Both of these zines are so good, so inspiring and cool, I wrote her a fan letter and she is gonna do art for *MRR* in the future… (LG)
avocado@riseup.net

SING ME BACK HOME / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 50 pgs
This is a memorial zine for Tripp Norris, it's nonsequitor and really sad. There is some poetry, some half-written short stories; it's like reading somebody's notebook full of musings that aren't that maybe weren't ready to be published yet but that ends up happening anyways. Even before I got to the explanation that this was all the work of somebody who died it all felt ominous. It comes with a mix tape of his bands, which is pretty worthwhile. All proceeds from this go to a music program for underprivileged youth. It's really good but kind of dark. (MM)
i_hate_you_too@hotmail.com

STANDARD ISSUE #12 / Free
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs
This is my first exposure to this Canadian rag and I really dug it. The guys behind this zine are definitely capable of writing serious pieces about punk and politics, as evidenced by the introduction which talks about the powerless feeling that's permeated a large percentage of North America's population. They even offer a solution, which I don't necessarily agree with, but hey, props for trying to get people involved. Don't be fooled however, *Standard Issue* is a light-hearted, juvenile zine, and the creators are pretty damn funny. I could see myself having a drink or twelve with them. Some of the pieces they chose to include are a bit ill-conceived however. Two history articles—one on punk in Colombia and one on Indigenous Canadians—are both half-assed and not even worth reading. Conversely, the pieces on tattoos and shaving (yes, shaving), and a section called "Would You Rather?" are all funny, albeit in a dumb and ridiculous manner. Bands interviewed in this issue include Negative Approach, '60s influenced cretin-punkers Liquor Store, Montreal proto-punks Grand Trine, Ottawa power-pop darlings Mother's Children, and Calgary's premier beard-core band, Grown-Ups. The review section is rad and a bit different; everything (including each album's artwork) is given a rating of either, Shitty, Kinda Shitty or Not Shitty. So, in keeping with the spirit of punk and poutine, I declare this zine to be Not Shitty. (KM)
www.standardissuemag.com

STITCHES IN MY HEAD #1 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
This is the product of an Australian who's living in the US for a few months, and has her documenting some of her experiences abroad in the form of show reviews, shotgun interviews with bands she sees, writing about tapes (including recent tape comps – a great idea), records, record stores, and zines she comes across in Portland and beyond, and a recap of this year's Horrible Fest in Cleveland. The overall vibe reeks of boredom-induced inspiration, general nerd-ery, and digging for gems in the places where other people aren't, and the author has a knack for asking dry, funny, informed, and slightly smarmy interview questions of Mickey, Wiccans, and Women In Prison. She has a cool writing style that manages to be broad yet effectively descriptive and directly to the point, all backed by a decent cut-and-paste layout. I hope there's an issue two. (DG)
stitchesinmyhead.blogspot.com
christina_musiclife@hotmail.com

THE STUDENT INSURGENT vol 22, #5 & 6 / $15 for a one-year sub, free to prisoners
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs each
I guess as the semesters come and go, different youth staff this university-produced magazine. It's for the better this time around, as these issues are much improved from the last ones I saw. Issue five touches upon issues of gendered power, white privilege, police informants, and ability-related access in a way which would make me glad I had picked up a free copy. Number six isn't quite as strong but still has pieces I appreciated on immigration, trans/body issues, and the rights of sex workers. Because it's a vehicle for student writers and published on schedule, there still is shit that coulda been left out, but I'm still glad to see a much better paper this time around. (JM)
1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / www.theinsurgent.net

TERMINAL HEADACHE #1 / $3.00
5 x 8 – copied –32 pgs
Sloppy, cut n paste zine from the arse end of nowhere, and while a little slim for the duckets, it's a great first effort. Nice mix of interviews that are actually worth reading especially a recent one with Richard Brown who was singer of the Proletariat from Boston—really great. Also, decent interview with General Interest and some reviews. It's not gonna blow minds, but is worth checking especially for the Proletariat interview. (TB)
PO Box 5085 / Fargo, ND 58105 / terminal-headache@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #233 / ?
5 x 8.5 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
Summer fun? The cover illustration depicts a passed-out punk at the beach, and the welfare-dependent punk scene of Montreal, Quebec is examined. Shows, zines and music are reviewed; the photography reproduced a little darker than usual. The band Final Assault is interviewed, along with something called Osuuskunta 82 and something else, M!ka Vesterinen, I couldn't discern what these things actually are. Ads and show listings finish (ha) it up. They now have t-shirts. (JM)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
tv@punkinfinland.net

TRUST #148 / ?2.50
8 x 10 – printed – 72 pgs – German
This is like the third time I've got Trust in the past few months and it drives me nuts that I can't read a lick of it. All in German, super slick and super punk; this is a treat for all German speakers. I dunno how they've kept it up for this long. This issue is crammed with reviews, columns, photos, zines and interviews with Pettybone and Glasses, neither of which I've heard… and am still in the dark 'cos it's all German to me!!! Dig in. (TB)
www.trust-zine.de

UPTOWN PROBLEMS #2 / $5 ppd
8 x 5.5 – printed – 40 pgs
One guy pontificates and philosophizes for forty pages. He really seems believe that he has something important to say. And that he's right, goddamnit! The text is laid out with the individual statements separated by bullets, as if the author believes that every idea that he has is so poignant and important. The topics covered include Camus' superiority to Sartre, the end of the world, the nature of modern humanity, the author's thoughts on God and a defense / honoring of Kanye West. Ultimately, I found this zine infuriating. The author seems pompous, a lot of his points seem just plain incorrect, and the prose is masturbatory. (LP)
Uptown Problems / 1621 N. Kedzie Ave #3 / Chicago, IL 60647 /
uptownproblems@gmail.com /
uptownproblems.tumblr.com

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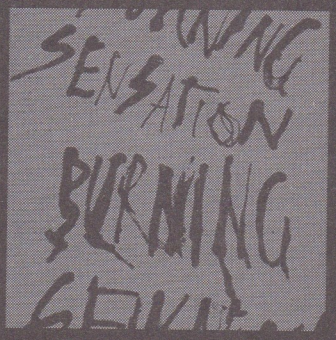

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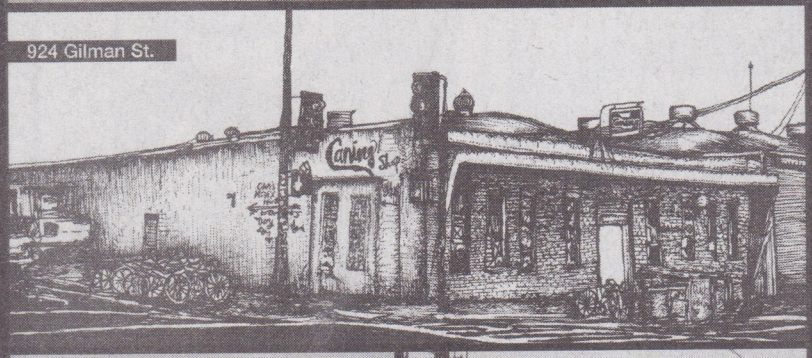

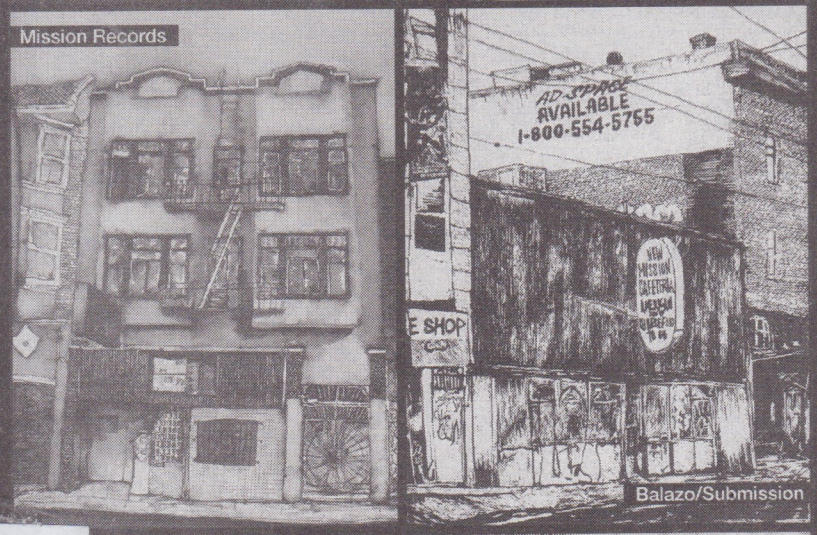

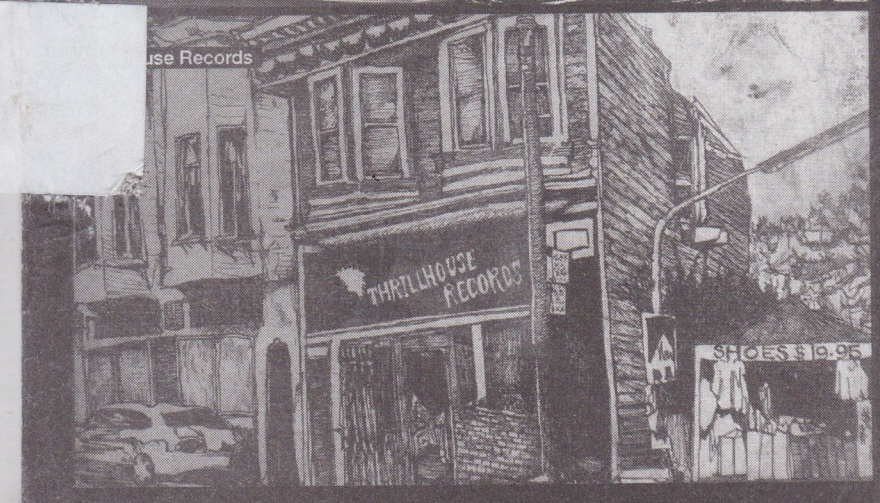

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